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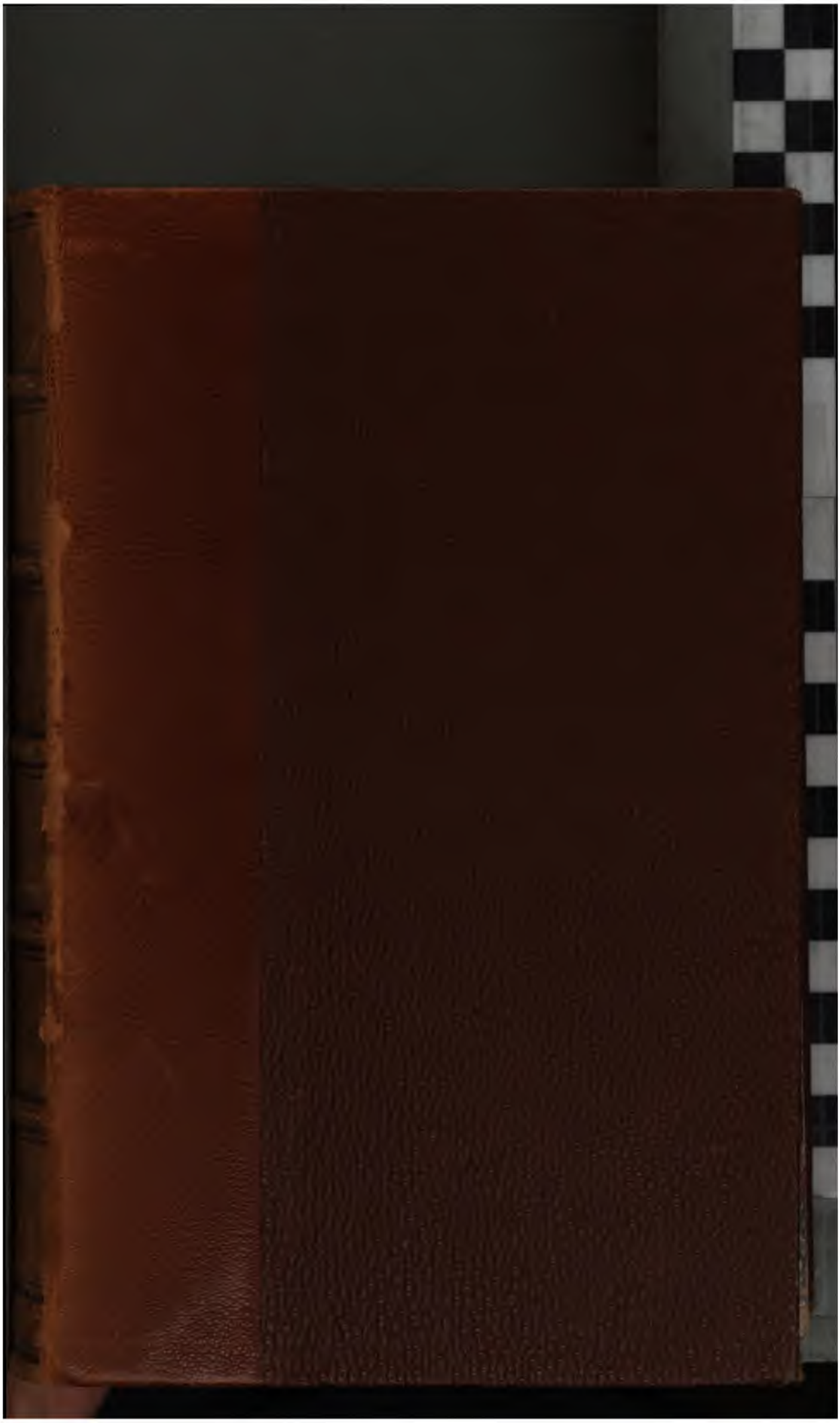

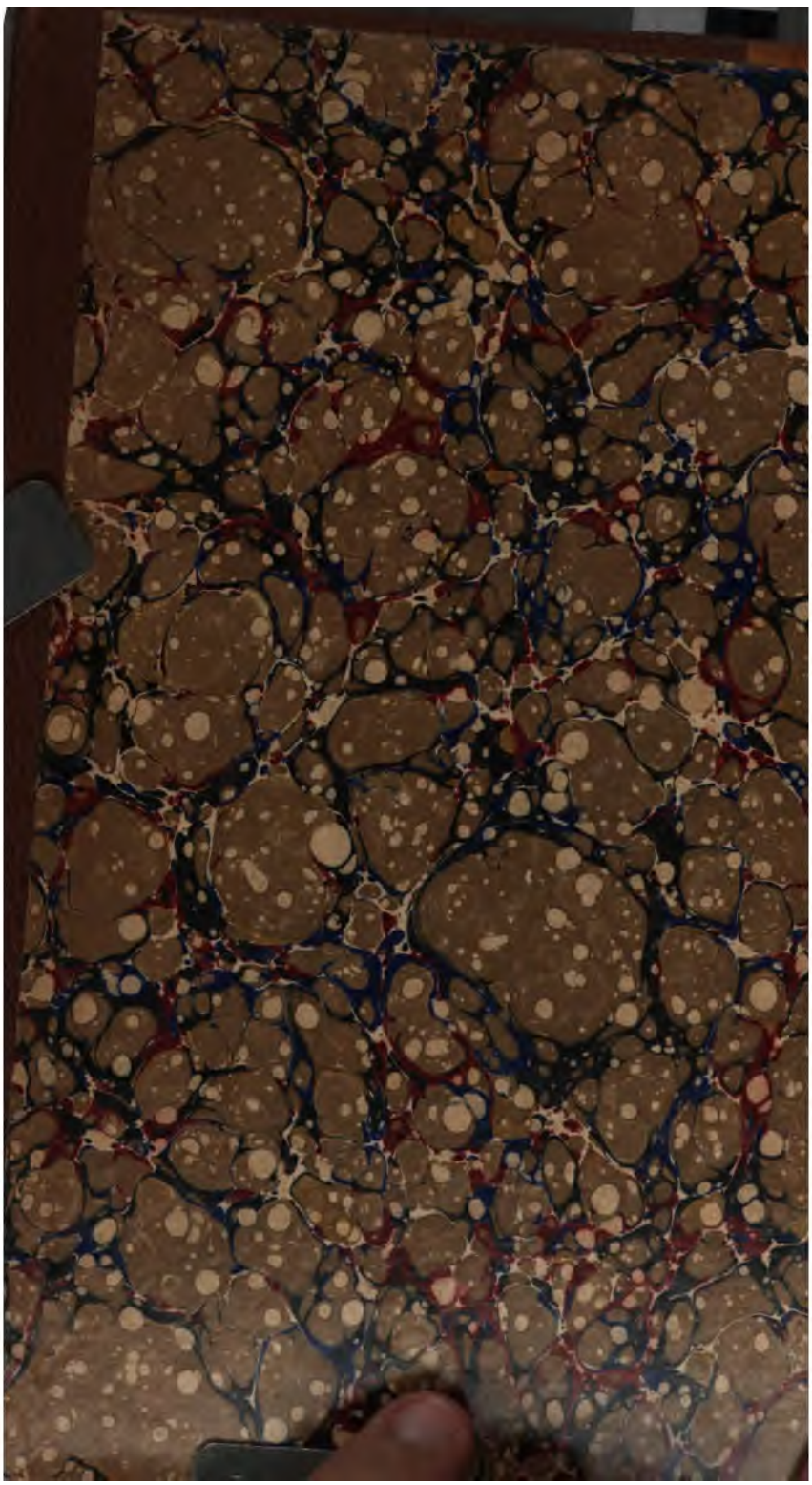

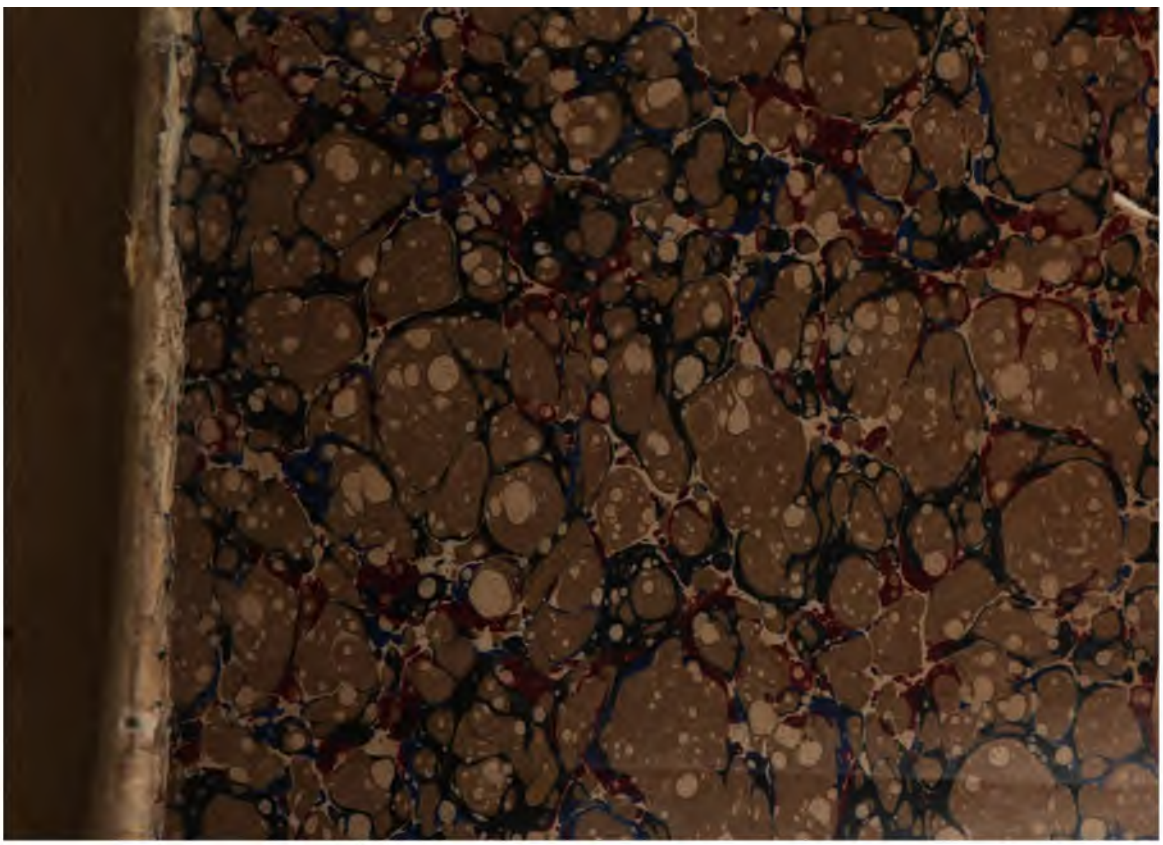

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The Bagford Ballads.

Second Division.

Frontispiece to Second Division of Bagford Ballads.

MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP, BY THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS, ON MAGUS MUIR, 1679.

(*From a Contemporary Engraving: see* pp. 682, 987.)

The Bagford Ballads:

ILLUSTRATING

The Last Years of the Stuarts.

EDITED,
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,
BY
JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A. CANTAB.
EDITOR OF THE REPRINTED "'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION;"
AUTHOR OF "KARL'S LEGACY."

WITH COPIES OF ALL THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

"In good King Charles's Golden Days,
When Loyalty no harm meant."—BERCHERIENSIS VICARIUS.

IN TWO DIVISIONS:

Second Division.

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Printed for the Ballad Society,
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.
1878.

STANFORD LIBRARY

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155681

The Bagford Ballads.

"What hast here? Ballads?"—*The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

I.

COME *around me, ye bountiful Masters,*
My ballads and songs, pray, now hear!
I've laid in a fresh stock of Disasters,
To make you all shudder with fear.
I could curdle your blood, with a many;
Or make your flesh creep, with a few;
I might shock you to death, for one penny:
And warrant the whole of them true.

II.

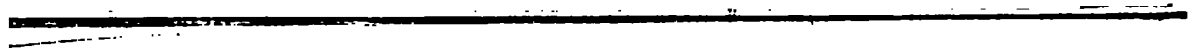
But, I see, you need change from such diet;
(*One remembers that* toujours perdrix!)
You shall have, if you'll only be quiet,
Some rare Battles, on land or at sea;
With as much Love and Mirth, for your money,
As a Cavalier Hector e'er knew:
Till around you the world becomes sunny,
And you fancy 'twas all made for you.

III.

Far away, from your present small troubles,
To the Past *of these ballads return:*
There are gay hues, methinks, on their bubbles,
Bright sparks 'mid their embers yet burn.
Let the cynic growl, "Soap-suds! all hollow;"
Or the saint mutter, "Brands, for the flame!"
Street-songs were not scorn'd by Apollo,—
Take some of them now, in his name.

J. W. E.

13 September, 1877.



Prefatory Notice.

Theseus.—"Come, now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?"

A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act v.

OUR Second Division completes the second volume of the original Folio Collection, and includes the whole of the third volume. The omissions are, as formerly specified, of Roxburghe Collection duplicates, reserved Civil-War Ballads, and some few broadsides not of lyric character. We have never felt ourselves restricted by a hard-and-fast rule, to the exclusion of everything that was neither song nor ballad. On one occasion, even such absolute prose as the Account of a Sea-monster found in Fleet-ditch (our pp. 59 to 62,) "claimed kindred here, and had its claim allowed." But we admit few of the rhymed verses that were not intended to be sung, and each of these exceptions gains favour for some special reason, independent of any literary merit.

Readers will see the interest of the final volume to be of a different sort from that of the earlier portions. The first volume was, in truth, of somewhat heterogeneous materials; for John Bagford had thrust into it many fragmentary leaves and loose sheets, promiscuously. The second

volume, here continued, showed miscellaneous subjects, grave and gay, but all were in a ballad form. They revealed the social life of Charles II.'s days, of James II.'s, and of the first years when William sat on his unquiet throne. Some described historical events, battles at sea and on land, but were always addressed for popularity to the middle and lower classes; not to recluse students, but to the average men and women of two hundred years ago. In these ballads we follow their varying emotions; we share their joys, their griefs, their boastfulness, their anger.

In the Third Volume, here reproduced, is more intimate connexion of the parts, so that they almost form a continuous narrative of the troubled times immediately preceding the Revolution of 1688. Here, if we choose to pay attention, are clearly written the contemporary records of how men felt and spoke during the mad excitement, the servile terror, and the ferocious hatred of the days when clamours echoed against the so-called "Popish Plot." Strangely enough, a due consideration of this time, with the reactionary struggle against the anarchists, was absolutely necessary to make the earlier volumes intelligible as historical documents. The materials are fortunately offered for study in the final portion of our Bagford Ballads.

We cannot afford to dispense with one broadsheet, entitled "The Car-man's Poem; or, Advice to a Nest of Scriblers." It offers so much assistance, toward a comprehension of the unquiet days following the expiry of the Licensing Laws for the Printing-press, that we include it here, although it be neither a song nor a ballad. It forms almost an Introduction to the remainder of the third volume. An account of the hailstorm of pamphlets and libels, which distinguished the year 1679, is prefixed to the "Ballad on the Licentiousness of the Times," on our p. 710: compare the beginning of the *Appendix*, pp. 925-929. The poem itself has rude energy, and effectiveness. It is a stalwart attack on the poisonous reptile Detraction, like Vivien transformed:—

"Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome sight!"

[Bagford Collection, III. 7.]

The Car-man's Poem;

Or,

Advice to a Nest of Scriblers.

CAR-men turn Poets now, why may not I?
Then Horse, and Cart, and Whip, stand you three by:
Nay, but I lack my Whip to lash those Cattel,
That by their Scribling bid the kingdom Battel.
Would I cou'd lash you with such mighty force,
As I have us'd to lash my drudging Horse.
It's the dull Satyrs of this envious Age,
That puts my Fancy in so great a rage;
They swarm in ev'ry Street, in ev'ry Shop,
They are the Froth of ev'ry idle Fop.
He that has nought to do, takes Pen and ink,
Calls for some Paper, and a Pot of Drink,

And then the Maggot works, and noddle rings,
And they'l not spare the best of *British* Kings:[1]
Malice, and Pride, and Drink are all agreed,
Then drive on, Car-man: but none cries, God speed.
Their wicked Wit's on wheels, but why so fast?
I am afraid you'l pay for this at last:
[Y]Our head-strong Fancy must be curb'd e're long,
The Judge will make you sing another Song.
A King's a puny thing in your conceit;
And all by reason of a shallow Pate:
A Duke's a Trifle, and a Queen's a Toy;[2]
'Tis death to you to sing out *Viv' le Roy.*
And a grave Bishop, or a learned Dean,
You do abhor as much as King and Queen:
Judges are next to nothing in your eye.
So boldly from all Government you fly,
That with your dirty, frothy, hair-brain'd Pen,
You lash our Kings, even like our Common men.
Touch not the Lords Anointed, it is said;
But when with Ale and Beer you're muddy made,
When with a little Drink your heads are warm,
You *touch the King, and do his Prophets harm:*
You rail, abuse, contemn, despise and jeer,
You lash them like your Horses without fear:
It matters not for Sence, be they but Rhimes,
Then there is hopes they'l suit with these sad Times.
Away they run to *Smith,*[3] and he corrects them;
That's a mistake, he Prints and he Protects them.

---

[1] It is the fashion in our days to paint Charles the Second in much blacker colours than he deserved; as though he were the worst sovereign that ever sat on the throne of England, even excluding the Tudor race and their predecessors. The reader may be usefully reminded of the abundant evidence accumulated which proves the sincere grief felt throughout the nation at his death. His faults were acknowledged by contemporaries, and are not denied or palliated in our pages. But, after due acknowledgment of them, there remains enough to make us esteem him highly, and forgive his errors, both as king and man. The more deeply we search into the materials of history, the less are we inclined to join in the ignorant and scurrilous clamour raised by a Puritanic faction against "The Merry Monarch"; whose heart and intellect were superior to those possessed by his detractors.

[2] These are palpable allusions to James, Duke of York, and to the Queen, Maria d'Este: whom Shaftesbury and his Protestant "ten thousand brisk boys" sought to destroy.

[3] Francis Smith, the Anabaptist bookseller and publisher, a man of immoral life, fiery zeal for conventicles, and hatred against the Romanists. See, particularly, p. 928. Another copy of the ballad, there mentioned, "The Leacheron Anabaptist," is in the British Museum, Press-mark 1872. a, fol. 91. The oth

From Friend to Friend they march about the Street,
And ev'ry Baptiz'd Brother's glad to see't:[1]
Oh how they shrug their Elbows with delight,
To see such dang'rous things appear in sight.
He's wise that's bold, the fittest man for th' Times,
That dare presume to write the worst of Rhimes:
Hang Sence, that's out of fashion, so is Reason;
Come let us see you write Sedition, Treason,
Move for a Commonwealth, cry down the King,
Another Royal Head to th' Block let's bring;
Rail at the Bishops, and the Common-Prayer,
Abuse the Papists, this is past compare:
Let us beat down all these too Loyal Elves,
Then we may hope we shall set up our selves.
This is the language of the Baptiz'd Beast,[2]
The heart of ev'ry *Presbyterian* Priest.[3]
Did they but fear a God, they'd love a King,
They seldom Harp on such a pleasant String:
They make long Pray'rs your Houses to devour,
They'l pray for half a day, and preach an hour;
They'l fast in earnest; turn up th' white o' th' eyes,
Ev'n like a Paraketto to the Skies:
They'l walk demurely, chatter like a Saint,
Their language is so zealous, smooth and quaint,
You wou'd not think that they cou'd act ought ill,
Much less that they their Sov'reign Lord wou'd kill.
Give them but pow'r, you'l find them greater Cheaters,
Then old *Nol Cromwell*, or his Chaplain *Peters*.[4]
What has our Law no limits for our words?
And shall our Pens cut like two-edged Swords,

---

ballad, "The Protestant Cuckold." on Ben Harris, is in a different volume, Press-mark 806. k. 16, fol. 113. Frank Smith had earlier written and published a book entitled "Symptomes of Growth and Decay in Godliness, in 80 signs of a living and dying Christian." London, 2nd edition, 1673. Our Second Index shows many references to him.

[1] The reprint of this in 86 *Loyal Poems*, 1685, p. 193, mis-reads "un-Baptiz'd," spoiling the rhythm. See next note and previous one.

[2] This, or line 42, is not meant as a sneer against persons who have been baptized while infants, but, although clumsily expressed, against the Anabaptists in general, and the "Münster Imp" Francis Smith in particular. As to him, see a previous note, and the pages therein mentioned. *Loyal Poem* reads "Baptist Beast."

[3] *Jack Presbyter* was by no means popular among loyal Churchmen. See some of the attacks on "Splaymouth," 1673, in the "Geneva Ballad," our pp. 649 to 652.

[4] Hugh Peters, concerning whom see pp. 191, 736, 995.

And none regard them? Shall our Libels swarm,
And will no Judge take notice of the harm?
Seditious Libels surely have a Charm,
There's not one Judge that dare put forth his arm.
Then let our Pamphlets swarm about the City,
Be deaf and do not shew Conformists pity;
Satyr them unto death, the day's our own,
Our Judges now we find are weary grown:
Spare neither King nor Subject, let all share
Alike that love the Mass and Common-Prayer:
Come, drive on, Car-man, set thy brains to work,
And write as if it were against the *Turk*.[1]
Puddle-dock[2] Coach-man, hold thy Dung-Cart Pen,
Spurn not against such great and pow'rful men;
They do but let you run to your wits end,
Now you must pay for what you wrote, my Friend.
Thou that didst sin against both Judge and King,
And stole the Honey, now must feel the Sting:
Thy Libels now are all upon the File,
That swarm like Hornets in a pleasing Isle.
Imprimis, Answer thy *Tom Ticklefoot*,[3]
I fear that that will put thee hardly to't:
Item, remember thy late *New-Years-Gift*,
Thy Neck thou from this Noose canst no way shift,
Unless it from a twisted Halter be,
Unto a Wooden Noose call'd Pillory:[4]
And thy late *Satyr* will not be forgotten,
When *Smith* and 's *Anvil* are decay'd and rotten.
Judgment has Leaden heels, but without doubt
At the long run 'twill find the Rabble out:
Then woe be to you, better you were choak'd,
Then deal with Judges that you have provok'd;
My life for yours, they'l stick upon your Skirts,
And pay you home for all your Jeers and Flirts:

---

[1] It was almost as much a party-cry to rave against the Turks fr to 1699 as it has been among later politicians, who ought to know Compare pp. 126, 339, 964.

[2] Puddle-dock was often mentioned of old in an offensive manner: a Countess of Puddledock." Like Deptford-Creek, Cuckold's-Point, and C Haven (see p. 923), it had an unsavoury reputation.

[3] *Tom Ticklefoot*, a libellous print, with the trial for publishing it, i in our p. 928, note.

[4] We have given several wood-engravings of the different forms of employed in punishment of alleged libel, etc., on our pp. 706 (Dangerfi (Nicolas Blunt), 986 (Elizabeth Cellier), 1012, 1013, and 1014.

You and your hireling Scriblers will repent,
That they their Time and you your Money spent.
One witty *Dolben*,[1] and a sharp *Recorder*,[2]
Will timely bring you all to better order:
A Pillory[3] will tell us you were Rogues,
To write against a Judge so just as *Scroggs*,[4]
Whose Worth and Judgment, Wit and Justice flies
With far more Fame, thanks to your Scribling Lies.

FINIS.

[In White-letter. No woodcut, printer's name, or date; but certainly 1679. Reprinted, by *Nath. Thompson*, in 1685.]

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[1] This refers to William Dolben, of the Inner Temple, who in 28 Car. II., 1676, was made Recorder of London (in place of John Howell, who surrendered); he was made King's Serjeant, in 1677; and Justice of the King's Bench, in 1678. He was succeeded, as Recorder, in 1680, by Sir George Jeffreys, Common Serjeant, who, again was followed by George Treby. Instead of "*Dolben*," we find "*Jeffreys*" in the book-reprint of "The Car-man's Poem," 86 *Loyal Poems*, 1685, p. 195. The name Dolben suggests remembrance of another and more distinguished man:

John Dolben, born in 1625, who early distinguished himself as a Royalist, having quitted his studies and served as an ensign at Marston-Moor, and at the defence of York; both times wounded severely. In 1646 he saw the hopelessness of the King's cause, and returned to College, where he dwelt until ejected by the Parliamentarians in 1648. He obtained ordination in 1656. He rose in position after the Restoration, became Bishop of Rochester, and was consecrated Archbishop of York in 1683. He died on the 11th of April, 1686. H. J. Rose says of him (*New Gen. Biog.*, vii. 101):—"He was a man of distinguished eloquence; but he left only some single sermons preached on public occasions before the King." Dryden has described him, in the first part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, as

> Him of the Western Dome, whose weighty sense
> Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.

[2] The Recorder of London specially alluded to was probably Sir George Jeffreys; who was elected in October, 1678, but, because he adhered to the party of *Abhorrers* (see pp. 749, 769), the Commons frightened him into resigning the office, December 2, 1680. It has been already noticed that Nat Thompson, in reprinting the present poem, substituted the name of *Jeffreys* for that of *Dolben*. Thomas Allen says of any one holding the Recorder's office (in 1828, with a salary of £2,500 *per ann.*), "he should be a grave and learned lawyer, skilful in the customs of the city; he sits with and advises the lord mayor and aldermen, and is a judge of their court, and attends the court of common council, and, when especially required, the several committees by them appointed, likewise the sessions of the peace and gaol delivery. He takes place in councils and in courts before any man that hath not been mayor, and learnedly delivers the sentence of the whole court."

[3] Alluding to the paper habitually affixed to the pillory, above the head of the culprit, declaring the person's name, and the offence for which sentence had been given. See examples, on pp. 706, 986.

[4] Scroggs was raised to the Bench in 1677. One libel against him, entitled "Scroggs upon Scroggs," after he turned upon the Plot-discoverers, caused the punishment of Jane Curtis. See p. 928.

Seeing that we have occasion to refer frequently to the unscrupulous publishers of libels, during the excitement of the days when fresh Plots were announced to terrify weak-minded citizens like Sir Thomas Player[1] (who had declared that he every morning expected to waken up and find his throat cut by the Papists), it may be useful here, as on p. 928, note, to mention a few of these men and their journals. Langley Curtis, in his *Popish Courant*, 1681, p. 263, reprinted the old poem on the Gunpowder Plot, beginning "And will this wicked world never prove good," which had appeared in the *Choyce Drollery* of 1656, p. 40. *The London Mercury*, in 1682, was printed for T. Vile, and published by Richard Baldwin. "Seditious Dick" (see

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[1] This was when he made application to the Lord Mayor, to have the civic-guards doubled, in terror of the King's brother, who had newly returned from Scotland. Player was Chamberlain of the City of London, in addition to being one of its Parliament members. His hatred and fear of the Duke of York's papistical designs rose to their height in 1679, when the words mentioned above were spoken. He was so zealously affected, in the ultra-Protestant cause, that no Romanist had a chance of fair-play with him. This zeal served him instead of morality, common honesty and continence, as it did with many other shining lights of the conventicle (like the Dissenting-preacher of our p. 30, compare p. 737). His lewdness was as proverbial as the unjust bias of "Barnardiston Juries," for irreconcilable hostility and disbelief towards all persons except their favourite Plot-discoverers. These gentry took their name from Sir Samuel Barnardiston, foreman of the grand jury that ignored the bill of indictment presented against the Earl of Shaftesbury for high treason, November 24, 1681. Barnardiston wrote on the back of it the thenceforward-notorious "Ignoramus," and it was thrown out. One of the 120 *Loyal Songs* begins,

Since Reformation
With *Whig's* in fashion
There's neither Equity nor Justice in the Nation,
Against their Furies,
There no such Cure is,
As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus Juries.*
Compaction of Factions,
That breeds all Distractions,
Is at the Zenith point, but will not bear an Action.
They sham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
And then in spight of Law, come off with Ignoramus!

'Tis such a *Jury*
Wou'd pass no *Tory*,
Were he as Innocent as a saint in Glory: &c.

Another, on "*Ignoramus* Justice," begins,

Did you not hear of a Peer that was Try'd, *With a fa la*, &c.,
That lookt like a Cask with a Tap in his side, &c.

p. 787), publisher, was probably Richard Chiswell. In 1681, R. Janeway[1] issued *The Impartial Protestant Mercury.* One C. B., in the Strand, in the same year, caused to be printed *The Mock Press,* which seems to have died speedily. An odd number has an "Address to Heraclitus Ridens"; by whom we understand Sir Roger L'Estrange, of the *Observator,* a licenser of the press until 1685. It begins, "Good Heraclitus, let's have no quarrel." The full title of Ben Harris's paper was *Domestick Intelligence; or, News both from Country and City, published to prevent false Reports,*[2] 1679,

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[1] In a parody on Ben Jonson's "Cook Lorrel" song telling of an intended civic banquet where "The chief of the Feast was a *Fop,* and a *Mouth* [*fop* being a common nickname for Mon-*mouth*], Cry'd up by the City *Cooper* [*i.e.* Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley C.,] and Player" [Sir Thomas = *Rabshakeh*], we find these publishers of libels are strung in a line, as guests:—

> Next came in *Janeway*, *Curtis*, *Vile*, and *Care*;
> With his *Packet* of *Lies* thrust under his Arm:
> Then *Don Dangerfieldo* more subtile by far,
> Than poor Mother *Cellier* that acted no harm.
>
> All sorts of *Informers* were bid to be there,
> And the damn'd *Ignoramus* Jurors too,
> To participate of this *Festival* Cheer:
> By way of *Thanksgiving* for what they did do.
>
> Some hundreds more were to be at the *Feast*,
> And all things thereunto were fitted,
> But in steps an Order which forestall'd the *Guests*,
> Disbanding the Cooks e're the Meat was half spitted. &c.
>
> 120 *Loyal Songs*, 1684, p. 223.

Another says "The Loyal Feast" was "the *Gaudy Fop* to entertain."

[2] "Mrs. F——, the Duke of Monmouth's sister," mentioned on p. 927, in connexion with Ben Harris, was Mrs. Fanshawe, whose touch was declared to have cured "King's Evil." This was Mary, daughter of Lucy Walter. She was twice married, first to William Sarsfield, Esq., of Lucan in the county Mayo (elder brother to Patrick, created Earl of Lucan by James after his abdication), "by whom she had Charles, and Charlotte, wife of Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. Mr. Sarsfield made his will April 20, 1675, but when or where it was proved we cannot ascertain. His widow married, secondly, William Fanshawe, Esq., of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Master of the Requests to Charles II., who was buried at Barking, Co. Essex, June 23, 1708, leaving by her a son, Thomas-Edward, of Great Singleton, Co. Lancaster; Ann-Dorothy, the wife of Mr. Matthews, a Barrister; and Ann-Mary, the wife of Mark Newdegate, Esq., of Ireland. Lucy-Catherine, another daughter, was buried at Barking, September 21, 1705. Mrs. Fanshawe died before her husband, who, in his will, dated August 26, 1707, and proved July 13, 1708, directs his body to be buried in Barking Church, '*by the side of his dearly-beloved wife, Mary, sister of the late Duke of Monmouth.*'" In the truly admirable volume of "*Althorp Memoirs,* printed for private circulation," 1869, by George Steinman-Steinman, Esq., F.S.A., from which we have made this extract, there is no mention of the claim

etc. The full title of Frank Smith's was *Protestant Intelligence, Domestick and Foreign.* Langley Curtis, already mentioned, in 1681 also issued, "at the sign of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey," the twice-a-week newspaper entitled *The True Protestant Mercury; or, Occasional Occurrences, Foreign and Domestick.* There was also a *Smith's Currant Intelligence;* but this came from John Smith, not Anabaptist Francis. Nat Thompson laboured hard against them all, with his *Loyal Protestant and True Domestick Intelligence,* 1679 to 1682, etc. His "*Choice Collection of* 120 *Loyal Songs,* All of them written since the Two late Plots, viz. The Horrid Salamanca Plot in 1678, and the fanatical Conspiracy [Rye-House Plot] in 1683; intermixt with some New Love Songs," was issued, without notes of music, in 1684. Much enlarged, and with the music added, later editions came in 1685 (when also the "86 *Loyal Poems*" was published by him), and 1694, as "180 *Loyal Songs.*" To this important group we need refer frequently, in the final portion of the Bagford Collection. The language of these *Loyal Songs* was bitter; but, let it be remembered, in an equal degree scurrilous and vindictive was the tone of the opposite faction. If a missile looked foul enough to make an ugly mark, it was flung vigorously; none the less because it soiled the fingers before delivery. Readers will find enough to reward them for traversing the City as here disinterred for them, with its cart-ruts, gutters, puddle-dock, and prisons; and need not feel shocked if the sound of quarrels be loud and coarse, for we are not all of us meek and forbearing in 1878, or entitled to fling stones against the combatants of two hundred years ago.

Readers will find some curious ballads that unwarrantably

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asserted in the contemporary pamphlet, as to her possessing the Royal power Touching for the Evil, or Scrofula. It is entitled, "A true and wonderf Account of a Cure of the King's Evill by Mrs. Fanshaw, sister to the Duke Monmouth, January 168⅘." This gift of the Royal Touch did not descen Mary of Orange, on her irregular accession to the throne, but was claime be possessed by the Stuarts until their final extinction. So far as human t mony goes, of it having been seen and believed by innumerable witnesses o wise entitled to credit, the records are interesting, and may be deemed perple Was it not mesmeric, like the stroking of Greatrakes? But if so, why co to the line of royalty? None of the Dutch or Hanoverian interlopers po the gift of healing. Their touch had a different tendency.

claim to be the "Last Farewells" of Notorious Highwaymen, Claude Duval, William Davis the Golden Farmer, and James Whitney. The number of these gentry plying their vocation during the Regency of Mary, while William was absent, was enormous. She was always ready, even impatient, to sign warrants for execution; so that, unless a criminal could break from hold, he had no chance of escaping the gallows. We read of as many as eighty in a gang, and the hangman was in constant requisition. Some of these freebooters were men of superior attainments, who, having dissipated their private fortunes, took to the road for an occasional replenishment of purse. They liked the risks and adventures, equally with the profits. Thus they kept to the profession, assisted by stout fellows who had long been "in trouble," until slippery fortune went against them, and some *bona roba* betrayed them, while under the influence of Bacchus and Venus, into the hands of javelin-men or tipstaves. Of Whitney we read, in the interesting Diary of Narcissus Luttrell, the following particulars:—

1st December, 1692: "WHITNEY, the notorious highwayman, offers to bring in 80 stout men of his gang to the King [William's] service, if he may have his pardon" (*Brief Historical Narration*, ii. 630). This pardon was not given, but the offer seems to have angered William. He sent a party of horse to apprehend Whitney, who resisted, and killed one of them, 6 December (p. 633). Some of the Lords met, on the 20th, and considered his offer. He was seized in January, 169$\frac{2}{3}$ (*ibid.* iii. p. 1). They laid 40lb. of iron on his legs (*ibid.* iii. 5; compare our p. 561, eighth verse of ballad). He ordered a dress for £100, but was not allowed to wear it. On 16th January he was tried at the Old Bailey Sessions, acquitted on two indictments (iii. 14), but found guilty on others. On the 20th he received sentence of death, along with Grosse, Fetherstone, Nealand, poor Holland, and two more (iii. 16). He was examined as to the charge of his having designed to kill the King (p. 23, etc.). "On Wednesday, 1st February, James Whitney was executed at Porter's block, near Cow Cross, in Smithfield: he seemed to dye very penitent; was an hour and a half in the Cart before [being] turn'd off" (p. 27). One of his band, who had witnessed against him, was taken, Oct. 31, 1693 (p. 216): his name was Stacy. Captain Alex. Smith,

in his *Compleat History of Highwaymen*, is habitually inaccurate, and gives the date of Whitney's execution as "the 19th of December, 1694." Luttrell is likely to be correct.

We mentioned on p. 235 our suspicion that FRANCIS WINTER was not a highwayman, but simply a rioter; and the tumult in which he figured as a leader proves to have been of political origin. Thus it is recorded: "The Sessions is now [viz. April, 1693], where Captain Winter who headed the mob about two years since in White Fryars against the Sheriffs of London, where 2 or 3 persons were killed, was found guilty of murder, and 2 persons swore at that time he proclaimed King James" (*ibid.* iii. 86). Winter was respited on 8th May, 1693, but the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were bent on his death, and he was executed on Wednesday, the 17th May, in Fleet Street. "He died very penitently" (iii. 100). An account of the Alsatian riot, of June, 1691, is in Macaulay's History, cap. xxii.; but without naming Captain Winter.

We have taken, for our motto to the present work, the initial lines of the racy old song which bears the title and burden of the VICAR OF BRAY. Southey and others have told the story of the original Vicar of Bray in Berkshire, one Simon Aleyn, Canon of Windsor, who enjoyed the living, and kept out of theological controversies, as well a from Smithfield bonfires of martyrdom. Mr. Chappell giv the music and words, and quotes Nichol's declaration t the song "was written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's tr of Dragoons, in the reign of George I." We possess a modern imitations of it. One is a jovial Bacchanalian di belonging to near the end of last century, beginning,

In Charles the Second's merry days,
For wanton frolics noted,
A lover of Cabals I was,
With wine like Bacchus floated.
I preach'd unto my crowded pews
Wine was by God's command, sir;
And damn'd was he who did refuse
To drink while he could stand, sir.
And this is law, I will maintain,
Unto my dying day, sir:—
That, whatsoever King may reign,
I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

The song does not lack point, and satirizes James t

"Will, the tippling Dutchman," "Brandy Nan," and the two earlier Georges. It ends with a laudation of the then reigning sovereign, George III.

There were time-servers and trimmers in all ages, no doubt. Quite distinct from "A Turncoat of the Times,"[1] and perhaps of the same date, 1661, is the poetic original of our ditty. To our thinking, the true inspiration of the Vicar of Bray song is found in one attributed (without trustworthy authority) to Samuel Butler. It is in the amusing, although for the most part fraudulent, *Posthumous Works of Mr. Samuel Butler, Author of Hudibras*, 3rd edition, 1730, p. 69. It is extant in a broadsheet of much earlier date, beginning,

I lov'd no King in Forty-One,
when Prelacy went down:
A Cloak and Band I then put on,
and preach'd against the Crown.
A Turncoat is a cunning man,
That cants to admiration;
And prays for any King, to gain
The People's approbation.

In regard to the waning Protestantism of Charles, he sings:

The King's religion I profest,
And found there was no harm in't;
I tugg'd and flatter'd, like the rest,
Till I had got preferment.[2]

The title of the broadsheet (earliest that we have noted, but probably a reprint) is, "The Religious Turn-Coat; or, a Late Jacobite Divine turn'd Williamite. To the tune of *London is a fine Town!* London, Printed for Richard Kell, West Smithfield, 1694" (British Museum Coll. of *Poetical Broadsides*, fol. 161).

The same publisher, and at the same date, printed the lively ditty entitled "A Trimmer's Confession of Faith; or, The True Principles of A Jack of Both-Sides." Tune, *Which no body can deny.* Printed for R. Kell, near West Smithfield, 1694. On the same leaf of *Poetical Broadsides.*

---

[1] "As I was walking through *Hide*-park," etc., Douce Coll., ii. 218 *verso.*

[2] To our mind this verse alone proves "The Religious Turn-Coat" to be the poetic forefather of "The Vicar of Bray." The coincidence is stronger than any possible accident could make it. Compare the later version,

In good King Charles's golden days,
When Loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High-Church-man was I,
And so I got preferment. &c.

Although this copy be dated 1694, it is probably
months' earlier date, but not before October, 1693:—

Pray lend me your ears, *if you've any to spare*,
You that love Common-wealth as you hate Common-Prayer,
That can, in a breath, pray, dissemble, and swear,
Which no body can deny.

I'm first on the wrong-side, and then on the right,
To-day I'm a *Jack*, and to-morrow a *Mite*,
I for either King pray, but for neither dare fight:
Which no body can deny.

The writer declares his abhorrence of the Scarlet-l
Babylon, and, also, of swearing; which he hates "l
Non-Juror." He professes love for "our graciou
William," yet acknowledges himself to take "side
Party that Prays for another." Thus he is wil
"drink the King's Health, take it one way or other;"
includes drinking *to the King—over the water!*—
Jacobites already began to do. Poor fellow, he has
easy time of it, alongside of his Conventicle associat
ultra-Protestant revolutionists, as he describes himself

Precisely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting,
Where Sighing I sit, and such sorrowful Greeting
Makes me hate a long Prayer and two hours Prating,
Which no body can deny.

And then I sing Psalms, as if never weary;
Yet I must confess, when I'm Frolick and Merry,
More Music I find in *A Boat to the Ferry*,[1]
Which no body can deny.

I can pledge ev'ry Health my companions drink round,
I can say, Heaven Bless, or the Devil Confound;[2]
I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound:[3]
Which no body can deny.

---

[1] Evidently the old catch, "A boat, a boat, haste to the Ferry, And
over to be merry, To laugh, and quaff, and drink old Sherry." With
John Jenkins, it is on p. 71 of John Hilton's amusing "Catch that Cat
1652—*many leaves of which book are gathered into the first volume of our
Collection.* The Catch, still popular, was mentioned in "Folly in Print,

[2] Byron declared that he had seen, and shook to see it, "The king
and caress'd;" but even he could "not presume to settle which was best.

[3] Near the close of the 18th century a song was sung, beginning,
right honest man, if you would know," of which the burden is, "*To
the Hare, and run with the Hound.*" Its title is, "The Countryma
trivance; or, a politic Turn-Coat." It is in *The Time-Server's Garland*

I can Pray for a Bishop, and Curse an Archdeacon,[1]
I can seem very sorry that *Charleroy's* taken;[2]
I can any thing say to save my own Bacon;
Which no body can deny.

Even the reign of "the People's William" does not bring happiness to William's own people, as the nation finds out in time; for our "Trimmer" whispers the desire of his heart to go back to such days as the Commonwealth, in preference to the tight rule of the Dutchman and his Whig Parliament, which was always impeaching somebody and quarrelling with everybody.

Sometimes for a good Common-wealth I am wishing,
O *Oliver*, *Oliver*, give us thy blessing!
For in troubled water now I love fishing:
Which no body can deny.

The Times are so ticklish, I vow and profess
I know not which Party or Cause to embrace;
I'll side with those, sure, that are least in Distress;
Which no body can deny.

With the *Jacks* I rejoyce that *Savoy's* defeated,[3]
With the *Whigs* I seem pleas'd he so bravely Retreated,
Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated:
Which no body can deny.

Each Party, you see, is thus full of great Hope,
There are some for the Devil, and some for the Pope,[4]
And I am for anything, but for a Rope:[5]
Which no body can deny.

Deny one? Oh, certainly not! While there is so much need of hemp among you, gentlemen Trimmers, it seems a pity that wide tracks of English land should lie idle, even with-

---

[1] Why he was asked to curse an archdeacon is as inexplicable as is the reason of his praying for a bishop; or, at least, it would have been if he had lived in the days of a Fraser and a Temple, who, however, sorely need somebody's prayers.

[2] Charleroi was taken by the French, soon after William's defeat at Landen (our p. 179), July, 1693.

[3] This refers to the defeat of the Confederates, with a loss of nearly 8000 men, under the command of the Duke of Savoy and the Prince Eugene, at Marsaglia, near Turin, 24th Sept., 1693. The British troops were commanded by Charles, Duke of Schomberg, who fell there. The French used the bayonet, for the first time, it is said, and were commanded by M. de Catinat. The Irish troops, united with them, distinguished themselves by bravery.

[4] Plain speaking. Like "God with us" and "Commonwealth:" *on different sides.*

[5] Of Shaftesbury it was sung, in 1682, "the time draws nigh, *Achitophel* shan't need to hang *himself!*"

out permitting our commons to be inclosed by spoliators. Give every one rope enough, and a happy despatch!

The ballad's first line suggested the probability of hearers having had some acquaintance with the public executioner (as appears to have befallen both man and horse, here depicted).

He lopt ears and slit noses of notorious libellers: to quote Macaulay's graphic description,

> Till the tir'd hangman, in despair,
> Shall curse his blunted shears,
> And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,
> Around their leathern ears.

This had been in an earlier day, it is true, but not so remote as to make it improbable that some of "the crop-eared rout,"

who had merited this mark of public attention, were still surviving to plague any existing government. Long after the Stuarts ceased to reign in England, there continued to be disaffected assertors of the Good Old Cause, who had been Irreconcileables, in opposition, whichever party held power. Yet were even these men more entitled to respect than the Time-servers and Trimmers: a race to which our Jonah Deacon, the ballad-publisher, belonged. Men may easily gain a character for moderation and tolerant opinions, if they are totally indifferent about the Truth. Politicians blush not, but publicly avow their selfishness. Yet even the Vicar of Bray had common sense enough to direct his sentiments (referring to 1705, on which see our "University Ballad"), when he sang—

> Occasional-Conformists base,
> I blam'd their moderation:
> And thought the Church in danger was,
> By such prevarication.

So now, Reader, fall to, on the viands provided. We hope that you may like our "little game." Not much of it is too *high*, although it has been kept a long time: two hundred years and more. It was worth the hunting. As shown on p. ix of our *First Division*, after such old ballads and broadsides "a hunting we will go, will go!" That gallant bugler may represent F. J. F., indispensable chieftain and whipper-in to the members of our Society, who are steady as beagles, ready to open full cry. Shy Puss may double, or cunning Reynard slink under the bridge-arch, but the horsemen are staunch, and will be in at the death. Both stand up for Church, although one is also zealous for Chappell. Are not their initials visible in portraiture?—the elder is W. C. and he who comes behind him answers to y^e^ Editor,

J. W. E.

Sursum Corda.

Denn jedem kommt Sie wie sein Liebchen vor.

Only one little song!
A few chords from her Lute,
Stop the pulse of your heart so strong;
Make the clamours of Folly and Wrong
In an instant be hush'd and mute:
For the days of old,
The Beauties now cold,
Live again in that ballad sung:
The world shines bright and young.

"Nous sommes bien contents."

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The work is arranged in Two Divisions, nearly equal in bulk, to be bound separately. The present Division holds the latter portion of the original second volume, and the whole of the concluding third volume (with certain exceptions specified, reserved for *Amanda Group*, or for *Civil War Series*). The pages here marked refer to the commencement of ballads, not of their introductions. Readers are directed to the *Second Index*, at end of the work, for some important additions and corrections, in regard to introductions and notes.

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[See p. 249.]

"Indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Tennyson's *Guinevere*.

The Bagford Ballads.

EDITED,

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

JOSEPH WOODFALL EBSWORTH, M.A., CANTAB.

EDITOR OF THE REPRINTED "'DROLLERIES' OF THE RESTORATION."

WITH COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS.

Part III.

HERTFORD:

Printed for the Ballad Society,

BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1877.

16.

HERTFORD:

STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS, PRINTERS.

Prefatory Notice.

MEMBERS of the Ballad Society may be pleased to learn that the last remaining portion of our work is now so far advanced as to be virtually completed. Almost all of the important *third volume* of the original folio Bagford Collection is in type; several sheets are printed: little remaining to be done except the Appendix of later discoveries, the Index to the text and notes, with a brief General Introduction on Street Ballads and Ballad-Singers. This will count as part of the subscription for 1878.

By the time the first snow-flakes are falling, to close us in with their white curtains for the night, and deaden the harsh noises of a world that grows sometimes wearisome, the Editor hopes to have reached the word Finis, and thus to let the light labours of a past twelvemonth speak a kindly message for him to those who now await the Third Volume.

Its interest will be found to be of a different sort from that which, he ventures to believe, belongs to the earlier pages. Those had been of miscellaneous subjects, social life diversified, but even they, for the most part, bore a relation to historical events; so that they brought us closely in contact with the men and women of two hundred years ago. We shared their joys, their griefs, their boastfulness, their anger; followed their ever-varying emotion. But in the third volume there is a more intimate connexion of the parts, so that they almost form a single narrative of the troubled times immediately preceding the Revolution of 1688. Here, if we choose to pay attention, are clearly written the contemporary records of how men felt and spoke during the mad excitement, the servile terror, and the ferocious hatred of the days when clamours echoed against "The Popish Plot." Strangely enough, a due consideration of this time was absolutely necessary to make the earlier volumes clearly intelligible, as historical documents. The materials are fortunately offered to us in the final portion of the Bagford Ballads.

J. W. E.

August, 1877.

The Bagford Ballads.

"What hast here? Ballads?"—*The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

I.

COME *around me, ye bountiful Masters,*
My ballads and songs, pray, now hear!
I've laid in a fresh stock of Disasters,
To make you all shudder with fear.
I could curdle your blood, with a many;
Or make your flesh creep, with a few;
I might shock you to death, for one penny:
And warrant the whole of them true.

II.

But, I see, you need change from such diet;
(*One remembers that* toujours perdrix!)
You shall have, if you'll only be quiet,
Some rare Battles, on land or at sea;
With as much Love and Mirth, for your money,
As a Cavalier Hector e'er knew:
Till around you the world becomes sunny,
And you fancy 'twas all made for you.

III.

Far away, from your present small troubles,
To the Past of these ballads return:
There are gay hues, methinks, on their bubbles,
Bright sparks 'mid their embers yet burn.
Let the cynic growl, "Soap-suds! all hollow;"
Or the saint mutter, "Brands, for the flame!"
Street-songs were not scorn'd by Apollo,—
So I offer them now, in his name.

J. W. E.

13 September, 1877.

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THIS ENDS THE ORIGINAL SECOND VOLUME.

The Two Faithful Lovers.

"In deep wet ways, by grey old gardens,
Fed with sharp Spring the sweet fruit hardens;
They know not what fruits wane or grow:
Red Summer burns to the utmost ember;
They know not, neither can remember,
The old years and flowers they used to know.

Ah, for their sakes, so trapped and taken,
For theirs, forgotten and forsaken,
Watch, sleep not, gird thyself with prayer.
Nay, where the heart of wrath is broken,
Where long love ends as a thing spoken,
How shall thy crying enter there? . . . .

Not for their love shall Fate retire,
Nor they relent for our desire,
Nor the graves open for their call.
The end is more than joy and anguish,
Than lives that laugh and lives that languish:
The poppied sleep, the end of all."—*Swinburne: "Ilicet."*

THE lamentable ditty which here follows, bearing title of "The Two Faithful Lovers," was probably intended for the delight of those who could "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs;" those who loved a mournful history, crossing their arms, looking woe-begone, and haunting gloomy solitudes out of mere wantonness. The deeper sorrows of life affect us differently from these fantastic sentiments. Except in the fatal ending there is a similarity of incident in this ballad and one already given in our volume (p. 250), "The Mariner's Misfortune;" but in the latter the faithful lovers are rescued after shipwreck, reunited, and, as the story-books often say, "live happily ever after."

A quite different ballad bears the same title of "The Two Faithful Lovers," but it gives "a merry praise of *Betty*," goes to the tune of "The amorous Damsel of *Bristol* City," is in Roxb. Coll., ii. 480; iv. 77; and begins "In a May morning as I was walking, I heard two Lovers together talking." It was written by T. B., who may have been either Tobias Bowne (one of whose ballads was the Doubting Virgin, mentioned so often, on pp. 336, 353), or, less probably, Thomas Brewer, who wrote Pepys, i. 196. Certainly not Thomas Bylle, who wrote "Behold,

O Lord, a sinner in distress," with the second part, "O God, who framed'st," &c. (Roxb. Coll., i. 136, 137).

The tune selected for our Bagford ballad (*Popular Music*, p. 370) was not favourable for pathetic ditties of tender affection, but must have had the disadvantage of suggesting burlesque. "*Franklin* is fled away" is in our Bagford Collection, ii. 69; as also in Pepys, ii. 76; Douce, fol. 222; and also in the Roxb. Coll., ii. 348. It is entitled "A Mournful Carol, or an Elegy Lamenting the tragic end of two faithful Lovers, Frankin and Cordelius; he being slain, she slew herself with her dagger. To a new tune, called, Frankin is fled away." Printed for M. Coles, Vere, Clark, Thackeray, and Passinger. It begins,

Frankin, my loyal friend, *O hone, O hone!*
In whom my joys do end, *O hone! O hone!*
Frankin my heart's delight,
Since last he took his flight,
Bids now the world good night, *O hone, O hone!*

Frankin is fled and gone, *O hone, O hone!*
And left me here alone, *O hone, O hone!*
Frankin is fled away,
The glory of the May;
Who can but mourn and say, *O hone, O hone!*

The following ballad, with "The Two Constant Lovers," ii. 140, precedes "The Lass of Lynn's New Joy" in the folio volume.

[This cut in the original stands to the left of that printed in Part II. p. 454.]

[Bagford Collection, II. 139.]

The Two Faithful Lovers.

To the tune of, Franklin *is fled away*, &c.

Man.] FArewel, my heart's delight,
Ladies adieu,
I must now take my flight,
what e're ensue;
My Country-men I see,
They cannot yet agree;
Since 'twill no better be,
England farewel.

Maid.] O be not so unkind,
heart, love and joy,
To leave me here behind,
breeds my annoy:
O have a patient heart,
I'll help to bear the smart,
E'er I from thee will part,
my turtle-dove.

M.] I'll leave thee gold good store,
thee to maintain;
What can'st thou wish for more?
do not complain:
Servants shall wait on thee,
I'll give thee jewels three,
That thou maist think on me
when I am gone.

M.] Your gold I count but dross,
when you are fled
Your absence is my loss
'twill strike me dead;
Servants I will have none,
When you are from me gone,
I'd rather lye alone,
from company.

M.] I am resolv'd to go,
fortune to prove;
Advise me what to do,
my dearest love:
For here I will not 'bide,
What e'er doth me betide;
Heavens now be my guide,
and lead the way.

M.] Then let me go with you,
heart, love and joy;
I will attend on you,
and be your boy:
If you will go to sea,
I'll serve you night and day,
For here I will not stay,
if you go hence.

[A woodcut, of ships being wrecked among rocks, comes in here, and will be found on p. 474.]

M.] The seas are dangerous,
strangers unkind,
The rocks are perillous,
so is the wind:

My care is all for thee,
As thou maist plainly see,
Dear heart go not with me,
but stay behind.

M.] Tho' seas do threaten death,
my heart's delight,
With thee I'll spend my breath,
nought shall affright:
With thee I'll live and dye,
In thy sweet company,
Though dangers shall be nigh,
both day and night.

In man's apparel now
to sea she went,
Because with him she'd be,
her heart's content;
She cut her lovely hair,
And no mistrust there were,
That she a maiden fair
was at that time.

To *Venice* they were bound
with full consent,
With sorrows compast round
away they went:
On an unhappy day
The ship was cast away,
Which wrought their lives decay,
friends discontent.

The ship being cast away,
fortune so frown'd,
He swam to land that day,
but she was drown'd:
Oh! his true love was drown'd,
And never after found,
And he encompast round
with grief and care.

O cruel seas (quoth he)
and rocks unkind,
To part my dear and me,
in love combin'd:

O cast her on this shore,
I may her death implore,
And mourn for evermore
until I dye.

You loyal lovers all
that hear this ditty,
Sigh and lament my fall,
let's move you to pitty:
She lies now in the deep,
In everlasting sleep,
And left me here to weep
in great distress.

Dear love, I come, quoth he,
heaven's me guide,
I long to be with thee
my only bride:
In *Venice* he did dye,
And there his corpse doth lye,
And left his friends to cry,
O Hone, O Hone.

London: Printed by and for *W. O*[*nley*] for *A. M*[*ilbourne*], and are to be sold by the Booksellers.
[In Black-letter. Date, probably about 1670–87.]

ANOTHER Love-tale closely follows after the unhappy "Two Faithful Lovers" in Bagford Collection. Although there are also two copies of it in the Roxburghe Coll., they are so far apart from the point already reached in the Ballad Society's republication that we give the ditty here, in smaller type. It is mentioned as the 106th song, "Samuel and Sarah," in Thackeray's Bagford list; also, most probably, as the 268th, where it is misprinted [Sam]"Hugh Hill and Sarah." Roxb. Coll., iii. 126, is printed for T. Coles, F. Vere, and J. Wright; that on 847, same volume, is by and for W. Onley, like our Bagford copy.

[Bagford Collection, II. 140; Roxb. Coll., III. 126, 847.]

The Two Constant Lovers;

Or,

A Pattern of true Love, exprest in this Dialogue between *Samuel* and *Sarah*, etc.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, &c. *Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.*

[The two woodcuts here are the same as on p. 471. Before the thirteenth verse occurs a small cut of two men, with swords and daggers, fighting.]

AS I by chance was walking, on a Summer's day,
I heard two Lovers talking and thus they did say,
With a mournful ditty, she began her tale,
Which mov'd my heart with pity her for to bewail.

Sarah] My Love, I have desired for to speak with you,
My heart within was fired, until that I knew,
Whether you were living in good health or no,
My heart it was grieved until I did know.

Samuel] Why Sweet-heart, what nails thus for to complain? [thee,
Let not ill befal thee, thou shalt me obtain:
Though I were absented from thee for a space,
I'll not be prevented of thy comly face.

Sar.] *Samuel*, my own Sweeting, I to thee must tell,
In a heavy greeting, what hath us befel:
My friends do grudge and murmur, and to me did say,
That we must part asunder, or else they'll thee destroy.

Sam.] My Love be not grieved, though thy friends do frown,
Thou shalt be relieved, none shall put thee down:
I for thy sweet favour will adventure much.
Though thy friends and brother do against me grutch.

Sar.] O my own dear Sweeting, I am griev'd in heart,
That I give thee such greeting, for to breed thy smart;
Barnwel my own brother, Captain being he,
Swears that of all other, killed thou shalt be.

Sam.] *Sarah* be not fearful,
though thy Brother swear,
Of thy life be careful,
I no Man do fear:
What care I for *Barnwel*,
though he a Captain be,
He shall find that *Samuel*
is as good as he.

Sar.] O my loving *Samuel*,
look where he doth go,
'Tis my brother *Barnwel*,
now begins our woe:
Would that we together
had not met this day,
O, my *Judas* brother
will thy life betray.

Now comes Captain *Barnwel*
to these Lovers twain,
And made account that *Samuel*
he should soon have slain;
But it prov'd contrary
to his bloody mind,
In the sight of *Sarah*
conquest he resign'd.

Then said he to *Samuel*,
What do you do here?
I'm with my Sweet-heart *Sarah*,
put her not in fear:
Barnwel in a fury,
swore he would prevent
His own sister *Sarah*
of her heart's content.

Sar.] O my brother *Barnwel*,
let me you intreat,
Not to wrong my *Samuel*
in your bloody heat:
He hath ne'r offended
you at any time,
Let him not be condemned,
save his life, take mine.

Ay, says Captain *Barnwel*,
Sarah thou shalt see;
Then he call'd to *Samuel*,
come and answer me?
I thy death have vowed
e're I further go.
Then sweet *Sarah* bowed
saying, Do not so.

Samuel being heedful
of his tyranny,
Says, *Sarah* be not fearful,
thou anon shalt see,
Though thy brother *Barnwel*
vow my life to spill,
Thou shalt see that *Samuel*,
hath both strength and skill.

Now these words being spoken,
they to weapons go,
Samuel gave him a token
with a dreadful blow;
And withal it closed
with his enemy;
Then *Barnwel* he supposed,
that himself should dye:

Then says loving *Samuel*,
Are you now content?
Ay, says Captain *Barnwel*,
and withal consent,
That my sister *Sarah*
shall be made thy wife,
So thou wilt but spare me,
and not take my life.

Thus in peace they ceased
for the present time,
Sarah much was eased
of her troubled mind;
And enjoy'd her *Samuel*
to her heart's content;
And her brother *Barnwel*
gave his free consent.

Now these Lovers twain,
live in joy and peace,
Pray Heaven upon them rain
plenty and increase:
And all true Lovers,
wheresoe'er they be,
Aid them with thy favour,
that have constancy.

Printed by and for W. D. an[d sold by] the Booksellers.
[In White-letter. Date, about 1650–89.]

Jockey's Farewell to Jenny.

"Then our leader rode before us,
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
'Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening-star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James.'"

W. E. Aytoun: *The Burial-March of Dundee.*

WE have not satisfied ourselves, as yet, regarding the date of this brisk Anglo-Scottish ditty. That it was not printed before 1653 is certain, the name of the tune being "General Monk sailed through the Gun-Fleet;" if we accept this as referring to some one of Monk's gallant actions against Holland in the June and July of that year. Or else it may apply to his much later engagements, in 1666. The doubt remains, owing to our not possessing the ballad, which seems to have perished. But it is by no means certain that our Bagford ditty (even if printed so early as 1653) refers to the Scottish Rebellion of 1639–40. If it were, we should feel inclined to omit it at present, reserving it for our projected volume on *The Political Ballads of the Civil War*, now being prepared for the Ballad Society. It could scarcely belong to 1651, connected with "*Jockey's* Lamentation" (see p. 330), of later date, unless delayed two years before printing.

If the date of Richard Burton's ballad-printing be correctly limited to 1641–1674, this must absolutely exclude what otherwise might have been guessed as the likely period, viz. 1689; the brilliant achievements of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, being possibly referred to, terminating with the victory at Killicrankie, in which the hero fell. With him faded the hopes of King James's party in Scotland.[1]

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[1] "When we look at the portrait of Claverhouse, and survey the calm, melancholy, and beautiful features of the devoted soldier, it appears almost incredible that he should have provoked so much calumny and misrepresentation. But when—discarding modern historians, who in too many instances do not

Yet a third supposition remains, that the ballad may refer to the year 1679, and the struggle to repress the Cameronians and Covenanters, who were successful at the skirmish of Drumclog, but defeated at the Battle of Bothwell Brig. This theory forms a mid-way accommodation, and is less absolutely contradicted by Richard Burton's date, which merely requires to be extended to a few years later than was already established.

Meanwhile, it appears best for us to print the ballad here, and await more exact information. In all these investigations we can but advance gradually and experimentally. The present editor would be immeasurably aided if possessed of opportunities for consulting the Pepysian, the Britwell, the Euing, the Ouvry, and other collections. Hereafter may be largely supplemented the account now given of these doubtful semi-historical ballads. But it is something for readers to possess them in exact reprint, for the first time collected and annotated.

We the more regret our loss of the music and words of "General Monk sail'd through the Gun-Fleet" (which line probably formed the commencement of the vanished ballad), insomuch that it was evidently full of life and spirit. The author of the following signs his initials I. P., or J. P. There was a Joshua Poole, who compiled *The English Parnassus* in 1657. John Philips in 1643 wrote a *Comical History of the Late Times*, from a Cavalier point of view; and in 1664.

Another ballad signed "I. P." is of about 1660, and in Roxb. Coll., ii. 442. It begins, "Now that bright *Phœbus* his rays doth display," is entitled "The Spring's Glory," to the tune "Monk hath confounded," and printed for W. Gilbertson. In all probability this is by the same author as our Jockey's Farewell; and thus increases the likelihood of the Bagford ballad belonging to the same date. Another by J. P. is Love in the Blossom; or, Fancy in the Bud. It is to the tune "Amarillis told her swain;" which Amarillis belongs to Thomas Porter's play, "The Villain," Act ii., and is probably of nearly the same date, 1660–1, but not printed until 1663. Here are the first and the final verses (fourteen in all) of J. P.'s "Love in the

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seem to entertain the slightest scruple in dealing with the memory of the dead—we turn to the writings of his contemporaries who knew the man, his character appears in a very different light. They describe him as one who was stainless in his honour, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action, and utterly free from that selfishness which disgraced many of the Scottish statesmen of the time. No one dares question his loyalty, for he sealed that confession with his blood; and it is universally admitted that with him fell the last hopes of the reinstatement of the house of Stuart."—Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, edit. 1863, p. 72.

Blossom," from Roxb. Coll., ii. 315. The printer's name has been shorn off by the binder:—

> One summer evening, fresh and fair,
> Walking out to take the Ayre,
> Near to the Court, where Gallants sport,
> I carefully did wander,
> Whereas in State, two Lovers sate
> Like *Hero* and *Leander*.

Ending thus:—

> Then I wisht that I had there
> Such a pretty Lady near
> To court and kiss, to hit and miss,
> As others had been wooing;
> But all in vain I might complain,
> For I could not be doing.

Roxb. Coll., ii. 85, signed "I. P." or "L. P.," is The Coy Shepherdess; or, *Phillis* and *Amintas*, with the same "Amarillis" named alternatively for the tune. Its own first line indicates the other tune; if, indeed, they were different. It begins thus:

> *Phillis* on the new-made hay,
> On a pleasant summers day,
> She in a wanton pasture lay, [*sic*, not "posture."]
> thinking no shepherd nigh her,
> Till *Amintas* came that way,
> and threw himself down by her.

The woodcut at top, of a man and woman, is the original of what appeared (from a later and poor copy) on our p. 71, R. It is printed for R. Burton, like our Jockey's Farewell: so they are probably by the same "I. P." or "J. P." Another ballad signed J. P., but printed for W. Thackeray, etc., is in Roxb. Coll., ii. 90. It is entitled "*Cupid's* Courtesie: or, The Young Gallant foiled at his own Weapon. To a pleasant Northern Tune." Of its fourteen verses this is the first:—

> Through the cool shady Woods,
> as I was ranging,
> I heard the pretty Birds
> notes sweetly changing.
> Down by a meadow side
> there runs a River,
> A little Boy I espy'd
> with Bow and Quiver.

In fact, a woodcut of a chubby Cupid, thus armed and flying, adorns the ballad. A different impression, without the signature J. P., printed by and for W. O[nley] for A. M[ilbourne], is in Roxb. Coll., ii. 58.

A still more important ballad, bearing the same "J. P." at the end, is "The Loyal Subject's hearty Wishes To King

Charles the Second. To the Tune, *When Cannons are roaring.* Printed for John Andrews, at the White Lion near Pye-Corner." This, of the date May or June, 1660, will appear in our forthcoming work on "The Civil War and Commonwealth, illustrated by the Ballads and Poems of the Time," now being prepared for the Ballad Society. It is one of Sir W. C. Trevelyan's discoveries, the six Restoration ballads found in the lining of an old trunk, and subsequently known as the "Trunk-Ballads." It begins:—

True Subjects all rejoyce
after long sadness,
And now with heart and voice
shew forth your gladness,
That to King *Charles* were true,
and rebels hated,
This Song, onely to you
is Dedicated.

For *Charles*, our Sovereign Dear,
is safe returned,
True subjects hearts to chear,
that long have mourned:
Then let us give God praise
that doth defend him,
And pray with heart and voice,
Angels attend him.

It has ten more verses and four woodcut portraits. Now, who was this "J. P."? If a John Philips, not one of Milton's nephews. Possibly, but not probably, John Playford, who in 1655–6 signed these initials to the dedication, and also the preface, to the "Courteous Reader," in *Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems*, printed for Nath. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill. Certainly it was not John Price; who had written *A spirituall Snipsarke for the Parliament Souldiers*, &c., 1643, and *The City Remonstrance Remonstrated*, 4to. 1646. We must leave the J. P. open for further discoveries.[1]

[1] It seems probable that a song, printed in *Pills to P. Mel.*, iii. 280, may have been intended to follow our Bagford "*Jockey's* Farewell," and precede our "*Jockey's* Lamentation." It commences thus:—

Jockey was as brisk and blith a Lad,
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden true;
But I fear that I shall die a Maid,
And never taste the Joys of Love as others do:
When the Wars' alarms
Call'd him forth to Arms,
And the Trumpets sound
Made the shores rebound.

[Bagford Collection, II. 142.]

Jockey's Farewel to Jenny;

Or,

The Scottish loath to depart.

Stout Jockey must now to the Warrs be gon,
And leave poor Jenny for to weep and mourn.
Her strong perswasions could not move his heart,
But he must go: And so they kiss and part.

To AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE, OR General *Monk* sail'd through the Gun-Fleet. I. P.

WHen first Rebellion pusht at the Crown,
The Summons did pass through every town,
We muster'd our troops upon the down,
with a fa la la la la le ro,
And many a gallant did prepare,
In glittering armour so brisk and rare,
'Tis better to gang than tarry befare,
with a fa la la la la le ro.

And *Jockey* he, amongst the rest,
To fight for the King he thought it best,
He would not refuse at any request,
with a fa la, &c.

And wilt thou be gone to the wars, quoth she,
And leave behind poor helpless me,
Alass for grief my heart will dee,
with a fa la &c.

Such looks as these gave *Adam* his fall,
Tempt me no more, for by my Saul,
'Tis fit that love give honour the wall:
with a fa la &c.
Then there will be a question arise
Which is the greatest number that dies,
By *Jockeys* sweard, or *Jennys* eyes,
with a fa la &c.

My bonny lad, quoth *Jenny* so free,
What am I better for loving thee
Since thou wilt be gone and cares not for me,
with a fa la &c.
Ther's men enough else, and let thee remain,
Therefore I wish thee tarry at heame
For fear at the last thou come again lame,
with a fa la &c.

SWeet *Jenny* cease to trouble me now,
For I will gang to the wars I vow,
I'l leave thee at heame to milk the Cow.
with a fa la la la la le ro.

I'le fight for my King as weele as the best,
And draw my sweard I swear and protest,
And therefore think not *Jenny* I jeast.
with a fa la &c.

When I am drest in armour so bright,
O it will be such a seemly sight,
I'le look very big upon all I meet.
with a fa la &c.
I boldly will venture honour to win,
When trumpets and drums do make a great din;
Whatever betide me I care not a pin.
with a fa la &c.

O *Jockey* my honey, my love and my joy,
Tarry behind and be not so coy,
Weel huddle and cuddle, weel kiss and toy,
with a fa la &c.
I'l feast thee with bannacks and bub of the best,
With puddings and Sowings[1] so daintily drest,
And so we will Frolick as well as the rest.
with a fa la &c.

What grief it will be when thou art gane,
For me to hear my *Jockey* were slain,
And that I should never see thee again.
with a fa la &c.
O be not so cruel to leave me i'th lirk, [*i.e.* lurch.]
For thou dost ken we are cryed in the kirk,
I'l take away beath thy sweard and thy dirk,
with a fa la &c.

O *Jenny*, why makes thou all this sad wark,
Thou kens I love thee all in thy sark,[2]
But now I must leave thee in the dark.
with a fa la &c.

---

[1] "*Sowens:* flummery, or oatmeal soured amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter." Gardner's excellent edition of *Poems by Allan Ramsay*, 1877, ii. p. xix, Glossary. Halliwell mentions it, ii. 777, as a Northumberland dish, and quotes the proverb (equivalent to implying an impossibility) "to sup *sowens* with an elsin," *i.e.* a shoemaker's awl.

[2] Readers of the malignantly-forged and scandalous "Casket Letters" will remember the expression of Queen Mary's willingness to go to the arms of Bothwell "in her Sark," or *chemise*.

My fingers doth itch to be dealing of blows,
I fain would be cutting and slashing of foes,
To strip of their Linnen, their Rings and their cloaths,
with a fa la &c.

O *Jockey*, thou makes my heart for to bleed,
Methinks thou art so doing indeed,
Thy deadly wounds my sorrows will breed,
with a fa la &c.
Once more I prithee intreated be
To tarry at heame with helpless me,
Least in thy absence I should dee,
with a fa la &c.

My *Jenny*, I hear the Trumpet sound,
Now I must march with honour crown'd,
Keep for my sake this ring so round.
with a fa la, &c.
If fortune favour that I come back,
I'l bring my *Jenny* what she doth lack,
Of Gloves and Ribbands a pedlers pack,
with a fa la, &c.

Then *Jockey* kist his *Jenny* that tide,
And *Jenny* she sight and sob'd and cryd,
To see him gang she could not abide,
with a fa la la la la le ro.
But now he is gone to the wars so fell,
When he'l come back I cannot tell:
I hope ere long if all prove well,
[*with a fa la la la la le ro.*]

London: Printed for R. Burton at the Horse-shooe in Smithfield. With Allowance.

[In a smaller Black-letter than usual. Date, probably May, 1679; but possibly before the end of 1653.]

An Elegy on Sir T. Pilkington.

"The *Skinners* they a Company be,
As gallant Men as be the rest;
Their Duties they perform truly
As honestly as do the best:
Their Antients, then Drums, then Trumpets be there,
Attending still upon the Lord Mayor."

Old ballad of "Room for Gentlemen."

UNFORTUNATELY, we know not any other copy of the ensuing "Elegy on the Death of Sir Thomas Pilkington" than the imperfect specimen in the Bagford Collection; not even in that made by Narcissus Luttrell, rich though it be in such elegiac verses and epitaphs. We possess no more than the two upper quarters of the sheet, which have been preserved for the sake of the ballad of the "Young Man's Counsellor," printed later, on the back of the half-sheet. The ballad begins "All thoughts of confusion forbear," and was printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel, in Guiltspur Street. Another impression is in Roxb. Coll., iii. 558, but the *verso* is blank.

Unless we inconveniently delay the printing of the sheet, while continuing our search (and even then with but slight hopes of success), we have nothing better to offer than the reprint of the two fragments, trusting to a possibility of recovering the other portions hereafter.

We the more regret the imperfection of the printed Elegy, because it possesses an historical importance, owing to the position of Sir Thomas Pilkington himself, and the stirring times in which he lived and died. He was not only a Lord Mayor of London, but he was, like Dick Whittington, thrice the holder of this honour. A man thus distinguished may be safely regarded as having possessed either uncommon merit or uncommon power of conciliation and tact. Probably both. Pilkington was sufficiently energetic and opinionative to thrust himself into situations of dangerous notoriety. He suffered such inconveniences of persecution as might easily have crushed a weaker man, although he was ultimately rewarded by municipal honours for what many persons considered to have been a kind of martyrdom. He was one of the confessors in the cause of that never quite fossilized Dagon, "Civil and Religious Liberty." The verses that remain allude, with no uncertain sound, to the imprisonment he bore for his expressions of opinion against James Duke of York and the Papacy. "Yet though, alas! he suffered for a while," he survived into a third term of office as Lord Mayor.

He welcomed the arrival of the Orange "Deliverer" in 1688; here designated "the ever blessed year of Jubilee." Heavy as had been the fine laid upon him (£100,000,—which was not exacted, however), and bitter as was "the strict Confinement of his Foes'" infliction, these proved to be a good investment of capital, when fortune turned in his favour. Thrice was he elected to the Mayoralty in 1689, 1690 and 1691, and he died clothed in the purple.

There is little concerning him in Wm. Herbert's *History of the Twelve G. L. Companies*, 1836. A good account of the earlier events, which made the name of Thomas Pilkington celebrated, is given by James Foster Wadmore, in his *History and Antiquities of the Worshipful Company of Skinners*, 1876. The germ of this was produced in his paper in the Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, read 1874.

"Sir Thomas Pilkington, son of Sir Thomas Pilkington[1] and grandson of John Pilkington of Okeham, was descended of a good Northamptonshire family. He was thrice Master of the Company [of Skinners], in 1677, 1681, and 1682, and three times Lord Mayor of London, viz. in 1689, 1690, 1691." A portrait of him, full-length, in his Mayoralty robes and chain, with sword and mace beside him, hangs on the staircase of his Company's hall; and a photograph of it adorns Mr. Wadmore's elegant and interesting volume, p. 68, with a woodcut of the shield. ARMS: *Argent, a cross patonce, voided gules.*

Mr. Wadmore's account is so good that we may be pardoned for quoting from it largely.

"He was elected as Member of Parliament for the City of London, 1680, and again in 1689. He appears to have lived in times of great political excitement, and to have been violently opposed to the Court party in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second . . . [In 1671] Pilkington was elected Sheriff. Not long after we find him, on the occasion of the King's return from Newmarket, and that of his brother the Duke of York from Scotland, expressing his opinion somewhat too freely, for which he was accused and prosecuted by the Duke of York for *Scandalum Magnatum*, because at a meeting of the Court of Aldermen Sir Henry Tulse and Sir William Hooker swore to his having used the words, 'He [the Duke James] hath burnt the City, and is now come to cut the people's throats' (Cobbett's State Trials, ix. 194); for which he was prosecuted, and the case tried at Hertford. Mr. Pilkington made very little defence, and the jury after a short interval found for the plaintiff, damages 100,000*l.*; a sentence, as Macaulay observes, tantamount to perpetual imprisonment, although the execution of it was for some cause or other deferred. The severity of the sentence, however, does not appear to have damped his ardour for the Protestant cause, and we next hear of him taking a prominent part in the election for Sheriff, A.D. 1683.

"From time immemorial the Lord Mayor had exercised the privilege of

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[1] Herbert says "son of Thomas Pilkington"; Wadmore, "of Sir Thomas."

nominating one Sheriff, by drinking to him at the Bridge House feast, the Livery electing the other (Stowe, i. 353). This custom the Lord Mayor determined, as it had fallen somewhat into disuse, to revive and to exercise, and was backed by the power and influence of the Court party.

"At this time there appear to have been two parties, of whom Sir John Moore, the Mayor, sided with the Court, while the others were continually meeting at coffee-houses and raving about the state of affairs, using the cries of 'Popery,' 'French,' and 'arbitrary power' frequently.

"The difficulty was, however, to find some one to stand for Sheriff who would not fine off; the opposite party denounced all who were inclined to do so, and 'hanging,' 'knocking out of brains,' 'hell and damnation' (if they might presume so far), was to be the fate of those who might stand. While this was going on, my Lord Mayor according to custom sent the cup to Mr. North, afterwards Sir Dudley North, who was not at the Bridge House feast. The opposite party desired the election of Papillon and Dubois. On the day of the election the dispute ran so high that curses and threats were used at the Common Hall; and, as the Court of Aldermen could not agree, the Lord Mayor desired to adjourn; this was disputed, but after much clamour an adjournment was made, and Sir John Moore left the chair. Pilkington and Shute with the liverymen of their party thought fit not to obey the adjournment, and held on the Common Hall, and afterwards proceeded to election by setting up a poll, and elected Papillon and Dubois. *The illegality of the act is obvious*, and warrants were immediately issued by the King in Council to take up the two Sheriffs and their accomplices, to be prosecuted at law, using force if necessary; they were accordingly sent to the Tower, but afterwards (on *Habeas Corpus*) bailed, prosecuted, convicted, and fined.[1]

"At an adjourned meeting the opposition party, supposing they had obtained their end, failed to appear in sufficient numbers, and Sir Ralph Box's election was carried, but Box was frightened and paid off; finally, North and Rice entered upon office.

"For this, together with the alleged liberty of unlicensed printing on the part of the City, the charter of the City of London was declared forfeited.

"Of this says Stowe, 'Many did make but a matter of sport, and songs were merrily sung at entertainments in the City on this occasion to the tune of Packington Pound:

> Ye Freemen, and Masters and Prentices mourn,
> For now you are left with your Charter forlorn,
> Since *London* was *London*, I dare boldly say,
> For your Riots you never so dearly did pay.
> In *Westminster*-Hall
> Your *Dagon* did fall,
> That caused you to Ryot and mutiny all.
> Oh *London*! Oh *London*! thou'dst better had none
> Than thus with thy Charter to vie with the Throne.'[2]

"The cause was twice tried before the Lord Chancellor on a writ of *quo warranto*, first by Mr. Finch, the King's Solicitor for the Crown, and Sir George Troby, the Recorder for the City; and, again, by Sir Robert Simpes, the King's Attorney-General, and Mr. Pollexfen for the City."

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[1] "Principals 2,000*l*., bail 1,000*l*.; Pilkington, because in prison, 500*l*.; others 1,000 and 500 marks."—Wadmore.

[2] We find the whole of this ballad, with music, entitled *London's* Lamentation for the loss of their *Charter*, in N. T[homson]'s Collection of 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, pp. 40-42.

Evelyn relates, in his Diary, June 18, 1683, that he beheld the humble submission of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen, when they offered a humble petition to His Majesty "on the *quo warranto* [1] against their Charter, which they delivered to His Majesty in the Presence Chamber," after which the King returned into the Council Chamber, when the Mayor and his brethren were called in: "And my Lord Keeper made a speech to them, exaggerating the disorderly and riotous behaviour in the late election, and polling for Papillon and Du Bois after the Common-hall had been formally dissolved; with other misdemeanours, libells on the Government, etc., by which they had incurred His Majesty's high displeasure," etc. Terms were then made with them, they resigning the privilege of electing Mayor, Sheriff, Alderman, Recorder, etc., without His Majesty's approbation; and conceding that to their presentation a veto might be given.

Attempts were made by King James II. to conciliate the City. His Lord Chancellor Jefferies was appointed to carry back the Charter to Guildhall, but this did not overcome the antipathy, Jefferies having been in ill odour and esteemed an enemy of the civic liberties. When William came, the City lost no time in petitioning that an Act might be passed for restoration of their Charter, and the obtaining this "made Pilkington the most popular man of the day." His elevation to the Mayoralty in 1689 was a natural result of his zeal, and the presence of William and Mary, of Anne and her husband George, the Bishop of London (Compton, of warlike proclivities), the Judges, and Ambassadors, increased the honours of the occasion. The pageant, "at the proper costs and charges of the Right Worshipful Company of Skinners," was by Matthew Taubman, and is still extant in print with its songs.

As might be expected, there were numerous ballads written, and publicly sung on all these riotous commotions of elections, libel-cases and perjury-provings, with the installation of political demagogues on either side. Several of these ballads are preserved in N.T.'s 180 *Loyal Songs*; others, of the Anti-Romanist class, in the various *Collections of Songs and Poems against Popery*, 1689, and the *Poems on Affairs of State*. Our "Groaning

[1] The judgment in the London Charter case, *Quo Warranto*, was delivered in the Michaelmas term of 1683. The senior Puisne Judge of the King's Bench, Mr. Justice Jones, declared that for a Corporation aggregate "to assume the power of making bye-laws to levy money is a just cause of forfeiture; and that the Petition [against King Charles dissolving the Parliament] in the pleadings mentioned is so scandalous to the King and his government, that it is a just cause of forfeiture. Therefore, the Court doth award that the liberties and franchises of the City of London be seised into the King's hands."

Board" ballad, p. 99, is connected slightly with them, but of earlier date. The whole of the succession of party-squabbles is of historical interest, and deserves to be illustrated fully. Thomas Allen gives a summary of the events in his *History and Antiquities of London*, 1827, vol. i. pp. 444-468, but with a strong bias against the Court. The truth is, neither side showed any nobility or zeal for truth and justice. We shall have to return, finally, to the subject when considering "the Plotter's Ballad," 1678, "Dangerfield's Dance," 1685, "The Waking Vision," 1681, and "Since counterfeit Plots," 1679, on later pages, Bagford Coll., iii. 50, 51, 64, and 44.

If a complete copy of the "Elegy" be found, hereafter, it can be reprinted for insertion.

[Bagford Collection, II. 143 *verso*.]

An Elegy

On the Death of the Right Worshipfull Sir THOMAS PILKINGTON.

Late Lord Mayor of *London*; who departed this Life on the 16th of *November*, 1691.

NOW shall the Good, the Great, and Vertuous dye,
And Death the keenest of his Darts let flye,
Laying the lofty Cedars level low,
And not our Eyes like Chrystal Fountains flow?

Sure no, the Grief and Sorrow which we feel,
No living Soul is able to conceal:
Let all the Streets be hang'd with Sable now,
As Grief is plac'd on each dejected Brow.

Sir *Thomas Pilkington*, our late Lord Mayor,
Who Govern'd with a constant Christian Care;
He's dead and gone from us, or fall'n asleep,
. . . . . .

[*Some verses intervened.*]

Yet tho' alas he suffer'd for a while,
At length the God of Love was pleas'd to smile,
And let this worthy Christian live to see,
The ever blessed year of Jubilee.

Freed from the strict Confinement of his Foes,
And *Joseph*-like to Dignity he 'rose;
After he had been thus afflicted sore,
His Glory shin'd more brighter than before.[1]

[Plac'd] on a Seat of Honour, Care, and Trust,
In which he prov'd faithfull, upright and just;
Which [caused the] Citizens so to rejoyce
. . . . . .

[*No more preserved.*]

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[1] This double comparative had earlier been common. Thus we find, in the *Tempest*, Act i. sc. 2, Miranda is reminded of being ignorant of her father's condition—

> "Nor that I am *more better*
> Than *Prospero*, master of a full poor cell,
> And thy no greater father."

The West-Country Counsellor.

"Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny nonny."

Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3.

WE have already had occasion to mention the tune "Fond Boy," or as it is here printed "Fond Boys," &c., on p. 219, at that time still doubtful. The bracketted addition thereunto, "Fond Boy, [why dost thou dally?]" which was supplied to it, was erroneous. It resulted from a mistaken remembrance of the Roxburghe Ballad,

"Fond Love, why dost thou dally
And mocke my passions with thy disdaine?
there is no blisse
where coynesse is,
Seeke not thy pleasure in my paine,
But let the chaste torments of my desire
Kindle in thee propitious fire:
So shall the pleasures of thy sweet imbraces
Conquer the griefe of my former disgraces;
Then those stormes past, shall mercie appeare,
And thou of cruelty goe quit and cleare."

We give this first verse to indicate the metre, which is evidently quite different from that of either our Bagford ballad, ii. 62, "The West-Country Miser; or, an Unconscionable Farmer's Miserable End" (p. 221),[1] or the following "West-Country Counsellor." The former of these had an alternative tune, "If Love's a sweet passion" (see p. 179). But the Roxburghe ballad, in Roxb. Coll., i. 126, is conjoined to the tune of "The Mocke Widdowe," of a rhythm bearing no resemblance to ours. "Fond Boy" belongs to about 1684, or a little earlier. It is found in the

[1] Another ballad with a similar moral, in reproof of "unconscionable farmers," should be read in connexion with this. It is in Roxb. Coll., ii. 396, beginning, "A wealthy man, a Farmer, Who had of corn great store." 1685-88. It is entitled, "The Rich Farmer's Ruine, who murmured at the Plenty of the seasons, because he could not sell corn so dear as his covetous heart desired." Tune, "Why are my eyes still flowing?" See our pp. 86-91; and, thanks to this Roxb. ballad being licensed by R. Pocock, we limit our Bagford date, on p. 91, to 1684-88. We gradually narrow our circle to a point of certainty.

Pepys Collection, v. 184, a ballad of six long-line stanzas, in two columns, entitled "An Excellent New Song, of the Two Happy Lovers; or, The Young Man and Maid's Constancy. To an excellent New Play-house Tune, much in Request." Three lines of music are given, and it was printed for Philip Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, etc., no doubt between 1672 and 1685. It begins,

"Fond Boy, what dost thou mean,
Thus my Heart to surprize?"

There is a smack of "Packington's Pound" about our ballad. We know not of another copy existing, and are well pleased that this one has come down to us. It is a good-humoured bantering warning, and the utterer well knew that the advice was likely to be taken by none except those who had no chance of a lover. Old maids, and such disagreeable young women as are loudly clamouring for feminine rights, and the removal of all disqualifications from their becoming surgical operators, Lord Chancellors, M.P.s, Archbishops, Poor-Law Guardians, and Salaried Executioners, are always ready (when no offer of marriage comes their way) to rail against naughty young men,—

"For a true-hearted lover there's scarce one in ten!"

But the writer of this, The West-Country Counsellor, was of masculine sex, we may be sure, and well furnished with common sense and sound feeling. His "Advice to the Lasses of London" is by no means out of date. Male-flirts are shown up by him, and those greedy cormorants who plunder women, but never marry except for money. Sensualists, rakes, and hypocrites escape not scot-free, and the sixth verse gives a manly rebuke of the base seducers who are unsatisfied until they have ruined "a poor innocent maid, Then with scorn and derision they will her degrade." To the specially discriminating diagnoses in the three last verses we offer no objection; seeing that our individual temperament is in favour. The red-haired, the yellow-haired, and two-colour-bearded men may object; but we, the dark-brown, who received such certificates of good-behaviour, constancy, and tenderness, feel that our market-value is above suspicion.

There is a still more exhaustive and depreciating catalogue *des femmes dangereuses* in the "Merry Drollery" Advice to Bachelors, 1661, ii. p. 343, beginning "He that intends to take a wife."

[Bagford Collection, II. 145.]

The West-Country Counsellor:

Or,

The *Devonshire* Damsels Advice to the Lasses of *London*, In their Choice of Kind and Loving Husbands.

To the Tune of Fond Boys, &c. Licensed according to Order.

PRetty Lasses, attend to the Lines which I send,
As a Token of Love, from the Hand of your Friend;
And be sure you take heed, when the same you do read,
It will profit you much in the great time of need:
Have a care of Young Men, for there's scarce One in Ten
But are False and Deceitful; be careful, O then. 6

Some will court half a score, whom they swear they adore,
Nay, and others, perhaps, will have Twenty and more,
Whom they swear they love by the Powers above;
Ev'ry one by themselves they will call their dear Dove:
Thus they'll flatter ye then, have a care of such Men,
For a true-hearted Lover there's scarce One in Ten. 12

They will strive to make bold with your Silver and Gold,
And, without special care, of your dear Copy-hold;
Having rifl'd your Store, and they find you grow poor,
'Tis a thousand to one if they come any more:
Have a care of such Men, for there's scarce One in Ten
But are False and Deceitful; be careful, O then.

Once my Father's Man *Ned* he came to my Bed,
Where he begg'd and entreated for my Maiden-head,
I did presently frown, and I crack'd the Knave's Crown,
From the top to the bottom I tumbl'd him down;
Faith, I fitted him then, have a care of such Men,
For a true-hearted Lover there's scarce One in Ten.

Now it happen'd one Day that a Friend *Yea* and *Nay*
Came to court me, and fain he would frollick and play;
But I put him to flight, and it being dark Night,
He slipt into the Well where he put out his light:
Have a care of such Men, for there's scarce One in Ten,
But are false and deceitful; be careful, O then.

Some will dwindle,[1] and cry, swear they love till they dye,
When, alas! they dissemble, nay flatter and lye;
When they once have betray'd a poor innocent Maid,
Then with scorn and derision they will her degrade:
Have a care of such Men, for there's scarce One in Ten,
But are False and Deceitful, &c.

Such Deceivers as these, you may know, if you please,
When they proffer to cuddle and tickle your Knees,
Strait their Company shun, for the further they run,
You may quickly be ruin'd and clearly undone:
Have a care of such Men, for there's scarce One in Ten
But are False and Deceitful; be careful, O then.

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[1] *Sic*, in original, not "swindle," to which it is equivalent, even as *dwindler* is Northumbrian for *swindler*. Quite distinct from "dwindle," a term used in Kent, for a miserable sickly child; from dwine or dwyne, to pine and wither away: thus in *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 3, we read,

"Weary se'ennights nine times nine
Shall he *dwindle*, peak, and pine."

Used still in Yorkshire, with this meaning.

Nay, I further declare you may know by their Hair,
If it be Red or Yellow, then then you may swear
They will never prove true, but will love more than you;
And the sandy Complexions are Flatterers too:
Have a care of such Men, for there's scarce One in Ten
But are False and Deceitful, &c.

Of a two-colour'd Beard, you had need be afraid; [? afeard]
Now if by such a one you by chance are ensnar'd,
You'll have Sorrow and Woe, they'll be Jealous I know,
And will watch, peep, and haunt you where-ever you go:
Have a care of such Men, for there's scarce One in Ten
But are False and Deceitful, &c.

But the Black and the Brown, both in City and Town,
Are delightful and pleasant, they seldom can frown;
By the Powers above, they are all over Love,
And as Loyal they are as the dear tender Dove:
Lasses, these are the Men that will honour you then,
There's not one of them false in full Fourscore and Ten.

Printed for *J. Deacon* at the *Angel* in *Giltspur-street*, without *Newgate.*

[In Black-letter. Date, probably, about 1684–5.]

Amintas and Claudia.

"After the pangs of a desperate Lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah, what a pleasure it is to discover
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain.

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
Ah, what a pleasure to press it again.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture,
Ah, what a trembling does usher my joy.

When, with a sigh, she accords me the Blessing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah, what a joy 'tis, beyond all expressing,
Ah, what a joy to hear, 'Shall we again?'"—*Dryden.*

THIS song is by "glorious John" himself, JOHN DRYDEN, and appears in his comedy "An Evening's Love," Act. iv. sc. 1, 1671. The music to it, composed by Alph. Marsh, is given in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1676, Part i. p. 8. It is also in *Pills to P. Mel.*, iii. 161, and (words only, but not in first edition of 1661) twice in *Merry Drollery, Compleat*, 1670, 220, 292.

Only three of the verses belong to Dryden's song, as given in the comedy; the commencement, and those beginning "He blushed to himself," and "I knew 'twas his passion." The rest have been added to fill out a broadside, as was generally done for the populace, quantity being sought more than quality. Not for this reason were "Answers" added, as they seldom occupied the same leaf. The comedy of "An Evening's Love" is rich in songs, possessing three besides "Amyntas and Claudia" (there called *Sylvia*), which is sung by Beatrix to provoke Wildblood, who on hearing it declares, "If you dare be the *Sylvia*, Lady, I have brought you a more confident *Amyntas* than that bashful gentleman in your song. (*He goes to take hold of her.*)" But the ladies, in those days when the Restoration was ten years old, were not scrupulous as to what they sang, or said. As to conduct, they were probably no worse than their predecessors or successors. Human nature varies little, although conventionalities are always changing. Dryden and his contemporaries took no pains to individualize the songs, and make them suitable to the characters and places with which they are conjoined. They have no more appropriateness in general than the "song introduced here" of

modern vocalists, or the dance that was needed for the Infant Phenomenon by Manager Crummles. Shakespeare's songs appear to grow spontaneously, and are in harmony with the occasion. Dryden's, Wycherley's and the rest, are capital songs in general, but merely in their place by accident. They are cut-flowers, stuck into gimlet-holes. They suit anywhere else, equally well or ill. We should be sorry to lose them, however, and can feel certain that they were welcomed by the audience. They plainly showed the sentiments of the day. Thus, in this very comedy, one singer begins with a confession that his passion was increased, or even awakened, by the piquancy of the knowledge that the lady belonged to another. The Seventh Commandment was not forgotten: it was usefully remembered to lend fresh zest to the pursuit.

> You charm'd me not with that fair face,
> Though it was all Divine:
> To be another's is the Grace,
> That makes me wish you mine.

After all, there was more of idle talk than of actual criminality. Men and women had grown somewhat shameless; sickened and disgusted by the hypocritical pretence of the Puritan faction, whose mask of devoutness and heavenly-mindedness had been well known to cover gross sensuality, money-greed, cruelty, and a bigotry devoid of true religion. In the re-action, it seemed, to those of Cavalier manhood, almost noble to make a boast of being worse than they really were. Like Byron in much later days, they laid to their own charge sins which they had never committed: half in a simple repulsion of the pretence that they were exceptionally virtuous, and half in the desire to make some hypocrites shudder in sanctimonious horror.

Another of the songs in this same comedy, Act ii., forms a good example of the warmth and eagerness which "glorious John" threw into such lyrics. In justice to him, so undervalued and neglected, we have placed it, on p. 496, at the head of this introduction: "After the pangs of a desperate lover."

Barry Cornwall, excellent song-writer and dramatic critic though he were, never gave sufficient attention to Dryden and the other dramatists of the Restoration to enable him to see their special excellences. He admits this himself. Robert Bell need not be mentioned in the same breath, but he also disparaged them. Ritson better knew their value. He writes:—"The reign of Charles the Second is the Augustan age of song: no period having produced so great a number of excellent writers in this species of poetry. This prince was not only the admirer and

patron of the art, he cultivated it hisself. We have a song of his, beginning

I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,

which, though by no means remarkable for poetical merit, has certainly enough for the composition of a king. *Dryden was undoubtedly great in every species of poetry*, but the songs of Etherege, Eaton, Sedley, Rochester, Dorset, and Sheffield (afterwards Duke of Bucks) are master-pieces in this; some of them being absolutely without equal in the language. Amongst these is to be ranked Dorset's incomparable address to the ladies, written at sea, on the eve of an engagement" (*Historical Essay on National Song*, 1783, p. lxi). Charles the Second's song, referred to above, appeared first, we believe, in the *Westminster Drollery*, 1671; which also contained several of Dryden's, and is indeed the richest collection of the love-songs and mirthful ditties of that period. Few of the later *Drolleries* were without this dramatist's lyrics. Feeling admiration, as we do, for the masterly satires, "Absolom and Achitophel," &c., we by no means desire to have exchanged Dryden's lively comedies, full of movement, raillery, and love-songs, for that unwritten epic of King Arthur which he had projected to have written. We have quite enough of "the blameless king" without Dryden: yet he would have given us, perhaps, a more manly representation of the hero than our boarding-school ideals of later time. We prefer man undiluted: not man-and-water. Dryden had his faults, but he was not effeminate. Now turn we to his song, racked out to fill the ballad measure.

[Bagford Collection, II. 147.]

Amintas and Claudia:

Or, The Merry Shepherdess.

Shewing whatever he from Vertue did not draw,
She circumvented with a ha, ha, ha.

To the Tune, called, *Calm was the Evening, and Clear was the Skie.*

CAlm was the Evening and clear was the Sky
when the new budding flowers do spring,
When all alone went *Amintas* and I
to hear the sweet Nightingals sing.
I sate and he laid him down by me,
and scarcely his breath he could draw,
But when with a fear,
He begun to draw near,
He was dasht with a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
He blusht to himself and lay still for a while
and his modesty curb'd his desire,
But strait I convinc'd all his fears with a smile
and added new flames to his fire:
Ah *Silvia*, said he, thou art cruel,
to keep thy poor lover in awe,

And once more he prest
His hands to my breast,
But was dasht with a, &c.

I know 'twas his passion which caused all his fear,
and therefore I pittied his case,
I whispered him softly, there was no body near,
and I laid my cheek close to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
a Shepherd came by us and saw,
And just as our bliss
Began with a kiss,
He burst out, &c.

Come my own dear, lets retire a while,
and hasten us down to the Grove,
Where, in some shade,
That nature hath made,
We'l make a rehearsal of love,
And when with love tales we are tired,
and occasion does bid us withdraw,
We then from our feat,
Will make a retreat,
And laugh out, &c.

[The cut in the original, at this place, is the same as on our p. 482, but we substitute a copy of a still earlier one, to show whence it was taken.]

I Having consented, away we did go,
and found out the thick of the Wood;
But when we came there,
I began for to fear,
His meaning portended no good:

My beauty likewise he would oftentimes praise,
for the rarest that ever he saw,
And there he would skip,
From my hand to my lip,
But was dasht with a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. 49

Sometimes he wou'd sigh, and sometimes he wou'd weep,
and pray me to pitty his case;
But I found out by that
What he would be at,
His meaning I read in his face: 54
I bid him desist and give over his suit,
For I told him my Will was a law,
And if he were pleas'd
To have his pain eas'd,
He must laugh, &c. 59

You know, said *Amintas*, how long I have lov'd,
and ever restrain['d] my desire,
And now with your scorn,
Which cannot be born[e],
You seek to extinguish my fire. 64
My vertue will justifie all that I do,
to keep you at distance and awe:
And your loose desire
Will sooner expire,
Then mirth, &c. 69

He sat like a Mute, and was still for a while,
consulting what answer to make,
When all in hast
He imbraced my Wast,
And no more my denyals would take. 74
He vow'd, though my heart it were frozen,
his indeavor he'd use, it to thaw;
If the heat of your blood,
Cou'd do any good,
Which made, &c. 79

I found that his passion began to Rebel,
and Reason no more could prevail,
Thought I to myself,
I am now on a shelf,
And know not which way for to fall; 84

But if by my Policy I can get off,
and my honor preserve without flaw,
Ile ingage me no more,
On such dangerous shore,
But at home, &c.

I used some perswasions that Evening was nigh,
for the Sun it began to decline,
And fearing some Swain,
Of the neighboring plain,
Might come for to water his Kine;
I pray'd him return and walk softly along,
when 'twas dark i'd submit to his law,
Where in my own Bower,
For the space of an hour
He should kiss, &c.

His thoughts being transported with joy, he conceiv'd,
ne're feared, but my promise i'd keep,
But instead of a Wench,
He found such a Drench,
As charm'd all his senses a sleep:
The vertue whereof through his vitals disperst
and his faculties purer did draw;
And when I had done,
Away I did run,
And laught out with a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray, T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood.*
[In Black-letter. Date, 1671.]

A Merry Discourse: Billy and his Mistress.

Quickly. "Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be," etc.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. sc. 1.

This addresses itself to such low minds as delight in stories of cornuted citizens and shameless women. We have not found a ballad with the burden, "Lye still, my dear Shepherd." But compare Roxb. Coll., ii. 12, John and his Mistress, beginning "Come, *John*, sit thee down," an earlier version.

[Bagford Collection, II. 148.]

A Merry Discourse between

Billy and his Mistris.

To the Tune of, *Lye still my dear Shepherd.*

[In the original are three cuts; that to the left is printed on p. 507.]

COme sit thee down, *Billy*, I have something to say,
In my mind I have kept it this many a day;
Your Master, you know, is a Fool and [a] Sot,
And nothing he minds but the Pipe and the Pot:
And if they pursue us, to the Gazette[1] *we'l flye,*
I'le pull off my Pattens, and on my back lye. 6

Till twelve or till one he seldome comes home,
And then he's so Drunk that he lyes like a Droan;
Such usage as this would make any one mad,
And a Woman must have it where 'tis to be had:
And if they pursue us, &c. 11

O my dearest Mistris, this never can be,
That you should affect such a Fellow as me;
But Heaven forbid, though I am but your Man,
That I should refuse to do all that I can:
And if they pursue us, &c. 16

[1] Gazette in original, not Garret. It is probably a summer-house, or *Belle-Vue*: a Prospect room.

You[r] Master's diseased with Gout and with Stitches,
And nothing he can do but pull down his Breeches;
And then he stands shaking as though he was dead,
And so like a Woodcock he hangs down his head:
And if they pursue us, &c.

O my dearest Mistris, I cannot deny,
For I find my self able your wants to supply;
And if you'l support me with Coin and with Cash,
We'l drink while my Master shall bray like an Ass:
And if they pursue us, &c.

Prithee, my *Billy*, now do not mistrust,
In Pocket and Placket to thee I'le be just;
Keep touch with your Master, and then you shall see,
We'l make his baggs flye all where ever he be:
And if they pursue us, &c.

O my dearest Mistris, but here lies the touch,
My Wife at our pleasure will grumble and grutch;
She hath a quick eye, and her passion is strong,
She'l shake our foundation or e're it be long:
And if they pursue us, &c.

O my dearest *Billy*, why dost thou love she,
If thou dost, *Billy*, thou canst not love me;
For I never knew it all [th'] days of my life,
That any man lov'd both his Whore and his Wife:
And if they pursue us, &c.[1]

To make him a Cuckold none's fitter than thee,
For the fool won't believe it although he doth see;
A pint of burnt Brandy, a Pipe, and a Cole,
Here's a good health to *Billy* and to *Billy's* Hole:
And if they, &c.

What though I do fight and endeavour to kill,
Yet my brave *Billy* will take my part still;
And I will do with him as long as I can,
So long as I know he's a lusty young man:
And if they, &c.

[1] Here seems to be a break, and the story is left incomplete; like that on p. 71, which may be from the same author.

I thank thee now, *Billy*, for my flat Fish,
And long did I think it e're I had my wish;
And if we do meet at the *Bird in hand* door,
We'l call for a Room, and we'l dance on the floor:
And if they, &c. 56

Then *Billy's* Wife she lookt in at the door,
What a Devil, quoth she, do you down on the floor?
A dressing of Flounders which you sent me last.
What a Devil, quoth she, do you make sauce with your arse?
And if they, &c. 61

As for our Neighbours they are but all fools,
To meddle or make, because we use our own Tools;
Pray then will you tell me wherefore they were made,
And if to use 'um we should be afraid:
And if they, &c. 66

As for the small Hob-Nails, I have had none of those,
To spoil my cold face, nor to hurt my red Nose;
The great ones are they which I most do fear,
If they come below they will spoil my best Ware:
And if they, &c. 71

And still we'l be merry, and leave off all passion,
I had rather be dead than to live out of fashion;
My Father and Mother they were of that Trade,
And I for that purpose so Brazen was made:
And if they, &c. 76

But as for the *Gazette*, we'l come no more there,
For why? they do keep an old screeking Chair;
Beside that, the Woman's a blab of her tongue,
And we'l find out another place e're it be long:
And if they pursue us they shall ne'r find us out,
And yet we are resolv'd to have the other bout. 82

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Jordan*, at the Angel in *Gultspur-street*, without *Newgate*.
[In Black-letter. Date, about 1684.]

Answer to the Unconstant Shepherd.

"Sing me no more such ditties: they are well
For the last gossips, when the snowy wind
Howls in the chimney, till the very taper
Trembles with its blue flame, and the bolted gates
Rattle before old winter's palsied hand.
If you will sing, let it be cheerily
Of dallying love. There's many a one among you
Hath sung, beneath our oak trees to his maiden,
Light bird-like mockeries, fit for love in spring-time.
Sing such a one."—*T. L. Beddoes: "Death's Jest-Book."*

ANOTHER copy of this "Answer to the Unconstant Shepherd" is in the Pepys Collection, iii. 90, and perhaps "Phaon, the Unconstant Shepherd," may be there also.[1] We read here the story of his penitent and loving return to Cynthia, and may take our choice of the two portraits as representing his appearance. We certainly prefer the costume of the single figure, with his curled locks, and lace-cravat nattily tied. There is the look of a substantial citizen in the other figure, howsoever ungainly may be his gorgeous raiment and straight fell of hair. And he has secured the prettier lass.

There is evidently no connexion between this Bagford ditty of *Phaon* and the Roxburghe ballad, "The Constant Lover's mortal Mistake," which tells of *Phillis* slaying herself, and begins "Young *Phaon* sate upon the brink" (Roxb. Coll., ii. 65, 69). Nor is there any with Dr. Charles Davenant's song of Circe's women, about 1677, to which Bannister set the music: "Young *Phaon* strove the bliss to taste, But *Sappho* still deny'd."

Congreve's Lord Froth, in the "Double Dealer," was thinking of a different *Cynthia*, when he sang:—

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vexed if I give over;
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover.
Thus in doubting, she refuses.
And not winning, thus she loses.

---

[1] The full title of the antecedent ballad is this: "The Unconstant Shepherd; or, The Forsaken Lass's Lamentation. To an Excellent new Tune." London, Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible, in Pye-Corner. With three cuts. Thus the same publisher issued both the song and its answer. It is in the Euing Collection, No. 365. The first verse, if not the whole, we hope to give in Appendix.

Prithee, *Cynthia*, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you;
Then too late desire will find you,
When the power does forsake you.
Think, Oh, think! Oh, sad condition!
To be past, yet wish fruition.

The dramatic poets of that date, 1694, had almost lost conception of love in its purer sentiment and delicacy. But they well knew how to skilfully combine the warmth of amorous desire with a graceful play of fancy, and the most flowing melody of verse. Our broadside ballad is of a different class, yet has a charm of its own. It is a fair specimen of such love-songs as could win favour from youths and maidens whom the world had not spoiled. The rancour and intrigues of politicians affected them not. They loved flowers and sunshine, the songs of birds, the shady recesses of the grove, the winding path across the field towards the river, the quiet country-house with drowsily cawing rooks, and sheep or deer around it: such as we see roughly sketched in the woodcut pictures. Above all, they loved one another, and were willing to hope for themselves as happy a future as that which had opened before Cynthia and Phaon, when "the Unconstant Shepherd" made his "Lover's Return."

[This cut in the original stands to the left of those printed on p. 503.]

[Bagford Collection, II. 150; Pepys, iii. 90.]

An Answer to the Unconstant Shepherd:

Or,

Fair *Cynthia's* grief and care crowned with joy and happiness, by her Lover's Return.

To an excellent New Tune.

MY Dear, let nothing trouble thy Heart,
for here I am returned again,
In order to cure that killing Smart,
of which thou so often didst complain.

'Tis true I was banish'd from my Love,
which was a Torment and grief to me;
Yet now I will ever Loyal prove,
so long as I have my Liberty.

As I am thy true entire Friend,
thy faithfull and ever loving Swain;
There's no evil Tongue shall thee offend,
so long as I do alive remain.

In Kisses and sweet Embraces still,
our Minutes we'll freely pass away,
As void of the thoughts of any ill,
as innocent Lambs that sport and play.

Thy Wishes at length are come to pass,
my Chamber and all I have is thine;
I never did see a sweeter Lass,
thy Beauty has won the Heart of mine.

By wandring shady Groves about,
expressing true Sorrow, Grief, and Care,
Thy wandring Heart hath found me out,
now I am thy Captive, charming Fair.

'Tis true thou saidst thou sett'st Love as light
as the Wind that blew from Tree to Tree,
But thy former Wrongs I now will right,
and we'll live in Love and Loyalty.

Love, dry up thy flowing Tears, he cry'd,
and bid all thy Sorrows and Cares adieu;
Tho' Fortune a while did us divide,
yet I'll Love none in the World but you.

The whistling Winds did soon convey
thy scornful Sighs, and Groans to me,
And therefore I made no more delay,
but readily came, my Love, to thee.

And now in the Circuit of mine Arms,
the former delights thou still shalt find;
For viewing thy Youthful pleasing Charms,
Young *Phœon* he cannot prove unkind.

I pittied thy bitter Sighs and Cries,
and sorrowful Groans that fill'd my Ears;
My Senses was struck with a strange surprize,
and straightways my Eyes did flow with Tears.

Such killing Torments I then did feel,
which neither my Tongue nor Pen can tell;
No longer I could my Love conceal,
to hear thee taking thy last Farewell.

And now my sweet *Cynthia* and charming Fair,
if thou wilt but pardon but what is past,
Thy *Phœon* do's solemnly declare,
he'll love thee as long as Life shall last.

Printed for Charles Bates next to the Crown Tavern in West-Smithfield.

[In Black-letter. Date, 1690–1702.]

The Complaining Shepherdess.

The tune named, "Ah, Jenny Gin," refers to "Charlot's Scotch Song," by Mrs. Aphra Behn, in the third act of her comedy, "The City Heiress," 1682. It is found, with the music (composer unnamed), in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, v. 25, 1684: also in *Pills to P. Mel.*, iii. 262. Extended, as a broadside ballad, Roxb. Coll., ii. 304; iv. 18, it bears title "*Jockey's* Lamentation turned into Joy; or, *Jenny* yields at Last": to a new Playhouse tune. Elsewhere, "The Loves of *Jockey* and *Jenny;* or, the *Scotch* Wedding." The original, as found in Mrs. Behn's Plays, ii. 218, has no more than two verses:—

AH Jenny, gen your Eyes do kill,
You'll let me tell my Pain;
Gued Faith, I lov'd against my Will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair Face of yours
Betray'd the Freedom ence I had,
And aw my bleether Howers.

But noo, ways me! like Winter looks
My gloomy showering Eyne,
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time.
I call the Stream that gleedeth on,
To witness if it see
On all the flowery Brink along,
A Swain so true as Iee.

This passed as a "Scotch song," in the days of Tom D'Urfey.

[Bagford Collection, II. 152; Pepys, iii. 117.]

The Complaining Shepherdess Satisfied at last: Or, Love lost and found again, Being a most pleasant New Play-Song.

Phillis mourning long, at last does find
A Lover far more then her former kind,
Who to her dear Embraces is assign'd,
Which unto Virgins may a Maxim be,
Not to lament tedious Virginity,
For if one fails, the next ['s] more kind and free.

To the tune of, *Ah! Jenny Gin*, &c.

ONe Summers night when all alone
I wandred o're the Plain,
I heard a Nymph that made sad moan
For loss of her dear Swain:
Alas! she cry'd, my *Strephon's* gone,
what must poor *Phillis* do,
When sadly thus she's left forlorn,
her harder Fate to rue?

How oft he swore he wou'd be kind,
and constant to his Love,
But now like to the flying wind,
his deepest vows do prove:
For he alas! is fled and gone,
with one he loves more dear,
Then why should I poor *Phillis* mourn,
and keep such heavy chear?

Whilst he does Revel with his Joy,
whom more then me he loves,
Whilst they rejoyce, shall I destroy
my self 'cause false he proves?
No, no, I now have griev'd so long,
too long I sad have been,
But he, forsworn wretch, did me wrong,
yet pardon Gods his sin.

I envy her no happiness
who has him in her arms,
Yet let her look to it, unless
at last he slights her Charms:
For he's unconstant as the wind,
or wandering Clouds that flye,
To any Nymph can prove unkind,
and let her sigh and dye.

What if he be a comely Youth,
there's falshood in him still,
And hence I will be kind and true
if I may have my will:
Be he ne'r so mean a Swain,
that feeds his bl[e]ating Sheep,
In the Woods or flowery Plain,
that man my heart shall keep.

If he an honest meaning have,
and constant still will prove,
For I too long have been a slave,
to one that could not love:

Farewel, my falsest *Damon* now,
I throw thee from my breast,
No more of grief for thee allow,
but take my quiet rest. 48

And wish all Maidens to beware
how they too smooth tongues trust,
Who to break vows do never fear,
and prove but seldom just: 52
But to a down-right honest Swain,
rather incline their mind,
Who being lov'd can love again,
and ever more prove kind. 56

These words she hardly did express,
but *Hylas* he came by,
And on the pritty Shepherdess,
he cast an amorous eye: 60
And little *Cupid* with[1] his Bow,
was ready at that time,
Who straight a Golden Shaft let go,
which caus'd loves flames to climb. 64

And fir'd the homely Shepherds breast
he could no farther move,
Till he himself to her addrest,
and told her of his Love: 68
Which the faint Nymph at first deny'd,
yet longing to be Wed,
Alas! can you prove true, she cry'd,
if you enjoy my Bed. 72

Fear not that, my lovely Maid,
the Swain did then reply,
If that my Love with Love be paid,
you'l find my constancy: 76
I'le trust thee once, kind Swain, she said,
let us to love proceed,
And whilst they tript it o're the plain,
I could their Wishes read. 80

Printed for *I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray* and *T. Passenger.*

[In Black-letter. Date, not later than 1682.]

[1] In original, by oversight, "*at* with": from the line below.

The Lover's Mad Fits.

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk:
The best of life is but intoxication."'

Byron, *Don Juan*, c. ii. st. 179. 1819.

IT is not improbable that the following song is by WILLIAM CAVENDISH, first Duke of Newcastle (died 1676), husband of the Duchess Margaret, whose heavy folios sent many a reader to the Land of Nod. At any rate the ditty is quoted, sung by Sir John, in the Duke's Comedy of *The Triumphant Widow*, Act iii. The date of the play is doubtful, but not so late as 1677, when it appeared in 4to. It had previously been acted at the Duke's Theatre, but when first written is not ascertained; it was before 1660, during exile. Only a few lines of the song are given by Sir John. The whole of it had appeared many years earlier: in *Wit Restored*, 1658 (1870 reprint, p. 287), where the title is "The Drunken Lover. J. D. Delight."[1] Again, it appears complete, in *Merry Drollery*, first edition, 1661, Part ii. p. 53; and in the *Loyal Garland*, fifth edition, 1686 (in the mutilated Percy Society Reprint, from which eleven songs are omitted, it is on p. 59, "an excellent song"). We ourselves reprinted it in *Merry Drollery, Compleat*, p. 237; there entitled "Drunk with Love": and in the Introduction, p. xxix, asserted that "it is certainly in his [Wm. Cavendish's] spirit, and, until the claim to it of another author has been proved by demonstration, we may hold it to be his." Yet I. D. has nearly equal pretensions to it. Who was this I. D. or J. D. let us inquire.

We can at once dismiss from consideration the J. D. of "Iter Boreale; or Tyburn in Mourning for loss of a Saint," 1682, beginning "Behold, great Heaven's protection," Roxb. Coll., iii. 915. Also, a different I. D. of 1629, who wrote religious verses. One of these, Man's Creation, Adam's Fall, &c., beginning "Almightie God made by his word," was printed at London for Thomas Ellis, 1629, and is in the Ouvry Collection, i. 12: it has been privately reprinted (fifty copies only), with its illus-

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[1] This "J. D.['s] *Delight*" perhaps refers merely to the tune, not to the authorship. But the song next following it, in *Wit Restored*, "O mother, chave bin a batchelour," bears title "*To the Tune of The beginning of the World.* R. P. *Delight.*" As to the tune called "The beginning of the World," see our p. 407. If "R. P. Delight" signifies (improbably) that R. P. are the initials of the writer, then the other Delight, viz., our Bagford ballad, is indicated as having been written by some J. D. It is too early, and the lines are too good for Jonah Deacon. "Tom Brown's *Delight*" is in Thackeray's List.

tration of Moses receiving the Tables of the Law, in J. P. Collier's 4to. *Broadside Black-Letter Ballads*, p. 108, 1868. *This* J. D. was, we doubt not, the same as John Davies of Hereford; the works of whom are now being first collected and reprinted (100 copies), with notes, in Dr. A. B. Grosart's *Chertsey Worthies*. Mr. Chappell queries the F. D. of Pepys, i. 456,=Roxb. Coll., i. 14, as being a misprint for T. D., Thomas Deloney. If a misprint at all, we think it more likely to have been intended for J. D., the capital J. and F. being written similarly. Of another J. D. two ballads were printed by Richard Harper, 1635–42; viz., 1.—Doctor Do-Good's Directions, "If any are infected," &c., Roxb. Coll., i. 76; and 2.—The Praise of Brotherhood, "To fashions strange the world is bent," Roxb. Coll., i. 338. Neither of these can possibly have been by the same author as our "I dote, I dote." We, therefore, finding no rest for theoretical inquiry in any J. D. (John Dryden included), return to the Duke of Newcastle.

Although so small a portion appear in the "Triumphant Widow," there is no reason why the author of the play should not introduce his own song,—if his own it were.

We note a few variations, gained from the *Merry Drollery* version and a Restoration MS. that formerly belonged to Percival Fenby, of Oriel College. A copy of the broadside is in Wood's Collection, E. 25, 39; same publishers.

In line 22, *Merry Drollery*, 1661, reads, properly, "dribble." Percival Fenby's old MS. has "driuell." Our text had misprinted "driuen."

In line 23, *Merry Drollery* reads "About my" for "Upon my."

The MS. and *Merry Drollery* give "With hipps and with Lipps" for our line 28.

The Fenby MS. and *Merry Drollery* read "trips" for "steps" in line 63.

P. 518. The efficacy of *small* beer in allaying the thirsty discomfort, often felt by a boon-companion in the morning after a night's debauch, had long been recognized. Christophero Sly, the hoaxed Tinker, in the Induction to *Taming of the Shrew*, before 1598, calls repeatedly for a "cup of your smallest ale." One jovial Catch, 1652 (probably from "Si par trop boire lendemain"), begins, "If any so wise is that Sack he despises, Let him drink his small beer and be merry," and seems to disparage the cheaper beverage, even as a medicine, when compared with Sack:

> "But, be sure, overnight if this dog do you bite,
> You take it henceforth for a warning,
> Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
> Take a hair of his tail in the morning."

While "B. and S." was a compound unknown, small beer was no bad substitute.

[Bagford Collection, II. 153; Pepys, iii. 117.]

The Lovers mad fits and fancies.

To a Delightful New Tune.

I Dote, I Dote, but am a Sot to show it,
I was a very fool to let her know it;
For now she doth so cunning grow,
She proves a Friend worse than a Foe;
She'l neither hold me fast, nor let me go,
For she tells me I cannot forsake her;
Then straight I endeavour to leave her;
But to make me to stay,
She throws a kiss in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.

Then I retire, salute, and sit down by her,
Then do I fry in frost, and freeze in fire;
'Tis Nectar from her Lips I sup,
Although I cannot drink all up:
Yet I am Foxt[1] with kissing of the Cup,
For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
When first I began to miscarry;
Her Breasts of delight,
Are two Bottles of White,
And her eyes are two cups of Canary.

[1] Foxt means made drunk. Thus in *Merry Drollery* version, 1661, pp. 237-240, our 43rd line reads, "I have been Fox'd with Duck and Deer."

Drunk, as I live, dead drunk without reprive,
And all my secrets driuell through a Sive,
Upon my neck her Arms she layeth,
Then all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I lay hold on with my fudled faith,
For I find a fond Lover['s] a drunkard,
And dangerous when once she flies out;
With lips, and with sips,
Black eyes and white thighs,
Blind Cupid sure tippled his eyes out.

She bids me rise, tells me I must be wise,
And be like her, for she's not in love, she crys;
Then do I fume, and fret, and throw,
Shall I be fetter'd to my Foe?
Then I begin to run, but cannot go:
I prethee, Sweet, use me more kindly,
'Tis better to hold me fast,
if you once disingage
Your Bird from his Cage,
Believe me he'l leave you at last.

I Like a sot [sit,] that fil'd the town with wit,
But now I confess I have most need of it,
I have been Drunk[1] with Duck and Dear,
Above a quarter of a Year,
Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small Beer;[2]
For I think I can number the months too,
July, *August*, *September*, *October*:
thus goes my account,
but a mischief light on't,
For I'm sure I shall go when I am sober.

My legs are lam'd, my courage is quite tam'd,
My heart and [all] my body is inflam'd:
Now by experience I can prove,
And swear by all the Gods above:
'Tis better to be drunk with wine then love;

[1] See note on p. 516.

[2] See note on page 515.

For good Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning;
and although we do grope,
yet there is some hope
That a man may be sober next morning.

Now with command she throws me from her hand,
She bids me go and knows I cannot stand,
I measure all the ground by trips,[1]
Was ever a Sot so drunk with Sips,
Or ever man so overcome with Lips:
I pray Madam *Fickle* be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging:
either love me, or leave me,
and do not deceive me,
But let me [go] home to my lodging.

I have too much, and yet my folly is such,
I cannot leave [hold], but must have tother touch:
Here's a health to the King, ... how now,
I'm drunk, and shall speak [T]reason I vow,
But Lovers and fools, may speak any thing you know,
I fear I have tyred your patience;
But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't:
my wit is bereft me,
and all that is left me
Is but: just enough to make a Song on't:
my Lady and I,
shall never comply,
And that is the short and the long on't.

FINIS.

London, Printed by *A. P*[. . . . .], for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *F. Clarke*.

[In Black-letter. Date of composition, not later than 1657.]

[1] In original, "steps": but (see p. 515) read "trips."

Time's Darling.

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
Oh, sweet Content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
Oh, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed,
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
Oh, sweet Content! Oh, sweet Content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest Labour bears a lovely face.
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney."

Decker: *The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill*, Act i. sc. 1, 1599.

THE blessings of Contentment have been duly felt and valued by many who "died and made no sign" in verse. The lover who is quietly happy seldom strikes the lyre in celebration of his own successful wooing. To some despairing rival, or to those whose hearts are lifted for an hour by the rapture of fancied triumph, he leaves the alternate songs of joy or grief, in praise or in reproach of their fair Enslaver. Even so is it with the men who are wise enough to choose Content "as a fit companion, abroad and at home, at bed and at board,"—and who are strong in resolution to abide by their choice. Not often do we hear their lowly hymns of thankfulness, their gentle whisperings of joy in the communion with nature and their own tranquil hearts. Such happiness is, for the most part, undemonstrative; and if a word is spoken it is never loud and vaunting, for such noisy self-proclamation is certain to be of short continuance, if not actually false. Some of the sweetest tributes to the holiness of contentment have been offered by men like Cowley,[1] whose own lives were passed amid turmoil and excitement; amid the glitter of Courts, where disquiet wore the mask of frivolity and pomp, or amid exile and poverty, surrounded by intriguers, unrelenting foes, and insincere friends. With other and more robust men, he cherished the hope of one day escaping into a peaceful seclusion from all that harassed and disgusted him. But he who waits a

[1] Readers of Cowley's delightful *Several Discourses by Way of Essay*, published posthumously in 1668, know how constantly in them reappears the love of rural peace and beauty. Thus, when addressing the "Old Patrician Trees, so great and good," and the "Plebeian underwood," wherein the birds "for their quiet

long time in the busy world, and who joins in the striving for power, wealth, fame, or pleasure, is seldom able before existence ends to enjoy retirement from the Vanity Fair which had seemed to him a purgatory or a quarantine. Disappointed courtiers, defeated warriors, deserted statesmen, poets whom none can read, or placemen whom none will bribe, all unsuccessful busy men, may sing praises of Content—never having really found happiness in their attainments. But others who have quietly held by the life of temperance and meekness, resisting temptation, and feeling happy in self-communion, even while remaining a part of the crowd that laboured in motion, these are they who truly know the blessings of content, such as our Bagford ballad celebrates.

That we have the privilege of (to the best of our belief) being the first to draw attention to it, while here reproducing it with exact fidelity, is no small triumph. In all honesty, we reprint some ditties that are not free of offence. In bringing together materials for students to arrive at a just estimate of our England two hundred years ago, we do not hesitate because at times an ugly word meets the eye, or some vicious characters give utterance to such foul thoughts as were habitual with them. We need all that we can learn, truly. We have no wish to exaggerate either the lights or the shadows of the Past; to lay on the colours too brightly, or to reduce them all to a dull monotone and misty dinginess. Let us see the world as it was, and recognize its varieties, discordances and harmonies, to have been as rich then as they are now. Historians and political satirists take no account of the existence of such quiet virtues as are shown in "Time's Darling," or of the pure affection that speaks in "The Faithful Squire" and "The Answer to the Unconstant Shepherd."

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nests, and plenteous food, pay with their grateful voice," he expressed the long-abiding wish,

> Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
> Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
> With all their wanton boughs dispute;
> And the more tuneful Birds to both replying:
> Nor be myself too mute.

In his Essay vi., of Greatness, he writes,

> If ever I more Riches did desire
> Than Cleanliness and Quiet do require,
> If e'er Ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish, so mean as to be great,
> Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that Life I love.

Comment on the several verses is unnecessary here. But we may notice the forcible reference in the final verse:—

> Inquire where *Conscience* keeps his Court,
> And where Plain-Dealing doth resort;
> Then Truth will lead you by the hand,
> And bring you where *Content* doth stand:
> Imbrace him then, and you shall find
> *No wealth to a Contented mind.*

Let the reader, if he has chanced to pass it unread, at once turn back to our two ballads, "The Sorrowful Complaint of Conscience and Plain-Dealing," with "The Destruction of Plain-Dealing,"[1] pp. 431–436. Also read "Robin Conscience," and our Appendix.

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[1] As helping to show the injury done by *clipping* and counterfeiting coin (in connexion with Bagford Coll., ii. 131), and also the dangers of the highway (ibid. ii. 73, 74, and 164) for travellers to London in 1690, take the following extract from the *Autobiography of Wm. Stout, of Lancaster*, 1665–1752. Edited by J. Harland, 1851:—

"Intending to go to London, . . . I bought a horse, and about the middle of the third month set forward, accompanied by John Bryer and several neighbours, tradesmen, . . . eight or ten in company. At Preston, I was doubtful my horse would not perform the journey, . . . and at Dunchurch, my neighbour Bryer, having occasion to stay, gave me the charge of his money, which, with my own, amounted at least to £100, and most in silver, gold then being scarce, and silver money beginning to be much impaired by clipping and counterfeiting, especially the standard money, coined before the restoration of King Charles II. Most payments were made in that money, upon which at that time people were obliged to have saddle-bags to carry it behind them, which I then had, and we having occasion to call at Cony, some persons observing us who we doubted were not honest, gave us some fear of robbery, and after a few miles they overpassed us, swearing 'There's a troop of these men;' and about the same time we met at least a hundred pack-horses, in a suspicious place, which prevented them stopping us there, so got well to Barnet, where many travellers stopped, being told that robbers were upon the road; but seeing us come up, and determined to go forward, they joined, so that we were about twenty in company, and betwixt that and Finchley-common we met with abundance of waggons and carriages of King William's, who was then going towards Ireland, to head his army there, [which] prevented any attempt upon us, and although they [the suspected persons] passed us several times, they at last rode off to the west of Finchley-common, and we got safe to Highgate, and so to London, although late, having travelled fifty miles that day, from Bassiter to London. But we after understood that the next day they made a great robbery, about the same place, of all that came by, taking them out of the road to a private place, till they had finished their robbery." Bassiter is Bicester.

The frequency of clipping coin is alluded to in *Pills*, ii. 165, by D'Urfey: before 1699:—

> The *Clippers'* Trading is at an end,
> I wish it may our condition mend,
> They've no Coin to clip now, nor we to spend:
> Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation!

[Bagford Collection, II. 154; Pepys, ii. 11.]

Time's Darling:

Or, A Love worth liking.

Being a fit Companion for all Men, abroad and at home, at bed and at board, that lacketh good Company.

TUNE OF, *If you love me tell me so;* OR, *Loves tide.*

YOu Lovers all, where e're you be,
Draw near and listen unto me,
Here in this Song you may behold,
That which I more esteem than Gold:
No fond delight, nor fictions strange,
Shall make my constant heart to range;
Search through the world, & you shall find
No love like a contented mind.

Perhaps you'l ask where you may see
One in these times content to be?
Or where that treasure may be found,
Now in this Age on English ground?

Yet by experience I can tell,
Where a contented mind doth dwell:
Read but these lines, and you shall find
No love like a contented mind.

If thou art Rich, then be content,
Forget not thou from whom 'twas sent;
If God hath lent thee treasure store,
Thou art but the Steward for the Poor,
One day, be sure, thou must appear,
To give account what thou didst here:
And when these lines thou true shalt find, [*Sc.* And then]
No Wealth like a contented mind.

If thine Estate be took from thee,
And thou art brought to Poverty,
By Crosses or Afflictions strong,
Murmur nor grieve at any wrong;
'Tis God that hath a hand o're all,
To raise thee up, or let thee fall;
Perhaps the Lord would try to find,
If thou hadst Jobs *contented mind.*

If honours or preferments great,
Shall raise thee up to Justice Seat,
Or that by place or Dignity,
A Judge of Causes thou must be,
Think that Heavens Court of justice high
O're all your Actions cast an eye;
That mighty Judge be sure can find,
The secrets of your heart and mind.

If that Gods Laws thou break, be sure,
Or by oppression wrong the Poor,
Or if of Men thou stand'st in fear,
To do what they wou'd have thee here;
Or let the mighty bear the sway,
And turn the poor man's Cause away;
He that doth this, be sure will find,
A troubled discontented mind.

IF otherwise thou seem'st to be,
A judge of Right and Equity,
And will the poor mans cause defend,
As well as his that hath means to spend,
And right the wrongs of the Fatherless,
Likewise the Widdow in distress:
A reward in Heaven thou then shalt find,
And on earth a sweet contented mind.

If thou art Rich, thou poor may'st be,
If thou art poor, wealth mayst thou see;
If thou to honour rise or fall,
Be sure thou be content withal:
This World is subject still to change,
Then let not thine affections range;
Nothing on earth be sure thou'lt find,
Compar'd to a contented mind.

If God hath sent thee Children store,
And yet perhaps thou art but poor,
Dispair not, but contented be,
He will provide for them and thee:
To every mouth he bread will send,
And still will stand the poor man's friend;
Relief from him thou sure shalt find,
If thou hast a contented mind.

What if this World doth frown on thee,
For thy Faith and Fidelity;
Or that thou beest in Prison cast,
The Lord may bring thee out at last?
If not, thou hadst better there to dye,
Than from the true Religion flye:
Keep but thy Faith, and thou shalt find,
In Prison a sweet contented mind.

If that thy Conscience tells to thee
Thy Cause is just, be rul'd by me;
Let not the Thrones of mighty Men
Take thy good Conscience from thee then;
They of thy body shall have power,
Be sure thy Soul they can't devour;
In a quiet conscience thou shalt find
A continual feast to please thy mind.

If that thou think a God there be,
That rules the heaven and earth we see,
Then think he hath a hand o're all,
To raise men up, or let them fall:
All Rulers great by Sea and Land,
Must stoop, if once he gives command;
He must protect you, else you'l find,
A sad and discontented mind.

Content is a jewel, and a Feast,
Content is a rich and welcome Guest,
Content is of such a high Renown,
'Tis better than an earthly Crown:
Content is of such a precious store
That he that hath it need no more;
If you gain it, you sure shall find
No joys like a contented mind.

But if Content you needs will gain
I'le tell you where it doth remain;
Inquire where Conscience keeps his Court,
And where Plain-dealing doth resort;
Then truth will lead you by the hand,
And bring you where Content doth stand:
Imbrace him then, and you shall find
No Wealth to a Contented mind.

Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.
[In Black-letter. Date, probably, before 1682.]

The Unfortunate Miller.

Autolycus. "This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.
Mopsa. Let's have some merry ones."—*A Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 4.

MILLERS bore a traditional bad character in ballads and prose romances, their rogueries in taking toll from the meal-sack being accompanied by peccadilloes of an amatory nature; so that when "The old wife she sent to the Miller her daughter, To grind her grist quickly, and so return back,"[1] the consequences were usually serious, as detailed in more than one early song. Sometimes, as told by Tom D'Urfey, three sisters were successively made the guardians of corn requiring to be ground, and, the handsome young miller proving to be a "gallant gay Lothario," they were fascinated and deceived. To the inquiry, "Were ever three maidens so lericompooped?" sedate History replies, "Certainly, lots of them!"

But roguish millers, not strictly virtuous in their affections, occasionally found themselves punished by ridicule and more severe penalties. One instance of such retribution is detailed in the following ballad. A similar event is described in the case of "The Wanton Vintner," mentioned on our pages 408, 409; and also in the "Westminster Frollick; or, A Cuckold of his own procuring," Roxb. Coll., ii. 543, beginning "A frollic strange I'll to you tell." In each of these ballads the wife takes the place of the desired damsel; the seducer then encourages another man to be his substitute and meet her, and at last discovers that he has thus betrayed himself to be disgraced and scorned. This exchange of beds, and subsequent adventures, may be traced far back in prose fiction. Cf. *Decameron*, Nov. 25.

As to the millers' larcenies, we need do no more than refer briefly to the best and broadest of such jests, one told by Oswalde the Reve, the Pilgrim, among Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. It is still remembered "At Trumpyngton, nat fer fro Cantebrigge." This is the story of Symkyn the Miller, his buxom wife and no less buxom daughter, with the "yonge poure clerkes two," who go to the mill, "and seen hir corn ygrounde:

> And hardily they dorste leye hir nekke
> The Millere sh-ld nat stele hem half a pekke
> Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reue."

How the miller cheats them, and secures an opportunity of

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[1] It is a ditty sung by Mary the Buxom, in the third part of Tom D'Urfey's *Comical History of Don Quixote*, Act iii. 1696. Compare Roxb. Coll., ii. 329.

taking plentiful plunder, by loosening their horse, and causing them to pursue it, while he robs their sack; how they stay all night, occupying the same chamber with the miller and his family; what entertainment for man and beast is ultimately afforded, with the restoration of the stolen meal in the shape of a cake from the well-contented daughter Malyne, that "sweete wight," is clearly written in the Ellesmere Manuscript, and printed for the Chaucer Society Although confessedly broad in humour, nowhere is there a merrier tale, one more full of dramatic humour and natural complications.

Among the numerous ballads on the grinding fraternity many were licensed by Robert Pocock in 1685–88, and belonged to Western Counties. One such, Roxb. Coll., ii. 519, is entitled The Witty Maid of the West; or, the Miller well thrashed by *Robin* the Plowman. It begins, "William the Miller who lived in the West, a lusty stout lad, brisk and airy."[1] Another is entitled The West Country Dialogue; or, a Pleasant Ditty between *Aniseed Robin* the Miller and his brother *Jack* the Ploughman, concerning *Joan*, poor *Robin's* unkind Lover. It begins, "Well met, my loving brother *Jack*:" Roxb. Coll., ii. 511 and 514. Tune, "O folly, desperate folly" (see p. 429). Another is "*Dick* the Miller's Son" (177th in Thackeray's Bagford list of Ballads). The well-known King and the Miller of Mansfield is in Roxb. Coll., i. 178. [How another Mansfield man, a baker if not a miller, was saved by the cunning of his wife from the revenge of a very foolish devil, is shown in Roxb. Coll., ii. 192, and Bagford Coll., i. 55, "A pretty jest I will you tell."] The Miller's Advice to his Three Sons, on the taking of toll, Roxb. Coll., iii. 68, betrays the same craving for exorbitant profits that most millers felt. The two elder boys have smaller acquisitiveness, but the youngest wins his father's approval by declaring that "Rather than I'd good living lack, I'd take the whole and forswear the sack." One of the catches in *Pammelia*, 1609, is "A miller, a miller, a miller would I be." The praise of a miller is sung in the *Pills*, iii. 125, "How happy's the mortal that lives by his mill." The Derbyshire Miller has slipt out of grip from Mr. Chappell and Llewellyn Jewitt; there being some doubt as to this being

[1] "The Unfortunate Miller," licensed by R. Pocock, could not have been of later date than 1688. It is one of Jonah Deacon's imprinting. Something more than accidental coincidence must explain the repetition of the 50th line, "stout lads brisk and airy," in a *certainly-later* ballad, of 1689 or 1690, also printed by J. Deacon, in Bagford Coll., ii. 100. The repetition probably indicates that the same author wrote both ballads; and that he was a West-countryman. Was not Deacon from Devonshire, or Somerset?

the same as the fragment noted by the late Charles Sloman, "The miller he caught the maid by the toe," &c., Derbyshire Ballads, 1867, p. 110. But some of the free verses which Florimel sings (to excite the disgust of Otrante, whom she fears, and thus deceives to preserve herself), in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid of the Mill," seem to belong to the tune:

> Now having leisure, and a happy wind,
> Thou may'st at pleasure cause the stones to grind;
> Sails spread, and Grist here ready to be ground,
> Fie stand not idly, but let the Mill go round.

Not in honest Richard Brome's "Jovial Crew," but in the ballad-opera by Edw. Roome and Sir Wm. Yonge, is a miller's song,—

> THERE was a maid, and she went to the mill;
> *Sing troly lolly, lolly lolly lo;*
> The Mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still,
> *Oh, oh, oh! did she so?*
>
> The miller he kiss'd her; away she went; *Sing, &c.*
> The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content: *Oh, oh, &c.*
>
> He danc'd, and he sung while the mill went clack; *Sing, &c.*
> And he cherish't his heart with a cup of old sack: *Oh, oh, &c.*

This is partly borrowed from Brome's "There was an old man at Waltham Cross." We might add a score of Miller-songs, down to the modern glee, "When the wind blows, Then the mill goes, Our hearts are all light and merry: When the wind drops, Then the mill stops, We drink, and sing hey down derry:" which belongs to "The Miller and his Men."

The tune of our Bagford ballad is named "Touch of the Times." It has been already mentioned, on p. 380, as accompanying the 1689 version of "Brave boys, we shall soon have an army of those." It is quite distinct from Bagford Coll., ii. 167.

Although not connected with our Unfortunate Miller so closely as it is with "The Destruction of Plain-Dealing" and "The Sorrowful Complaint of Conscience and Plain-Dealing" (pp. 431–436), we may give in an Appendix, from Bagford Coll., i. 46 instead of waiting for Roxb. Coll., iii. 70, 472, 895, a ballad which belongs to the group. It is entitled "Poor *Robin's* Dream;" commonly called Poor Charity:

> I know no reason, but this harmless riddle
> May as well be printed, as sung to a fiddle.

To the Tune of, "A Game at Cards." It begins, "How now, good fellow, what all amort?"

[Bagford Collection, II. 155.]

The Unfortunate Miller,

Or,

The Country Lasses witty Invention;

Shewing

How he would have Layn with a Maid in his own house; As also the manner of the Cheat put upon Him, By which meanes his man Lawrence grafted a large pair of Horns upon his Masters Head.

Tune of, Touch of the Times. This may be printed, R. P[ocock].

ALL you that desire to here of a jest,
Come listen a while, and it shall be exprest;
It is of a Miller that liv'd very near,
The like of this Ditty you never did here,
A handsome young Damsel she came to his Mill,
To have her Corn Ground with a Ready good Will,
As soon as he see her fair beauty so bright,
He caused this young Damosel to tarry all night.

Said he, my dear Jewel, it will be ne'r Morn,
Before my Man Lawrance[1] can grind my Dears Corn,
And therefore if thou wilt be Ruled by me,
At home in my Parlour thy Lodging shall be,

[1] Throughout this ballad the name *Lawrance* or *Lawrence* is not distinguished by change of type, as proper names are elsewhere, and as *Gillian* is here.

For I am inflam'd with thy Amorous Charms,
And therefore this Night thou shalt sleep in my arms,
I swear it, and therefore it needs must be so,
It is but in vain for to answer me no.

At this the young Damsel she blushing did stand,
But strait ways the Master took her by the hand,
And leading her home to young *Gillian* his wife,
Said he, my sweet honey, the joy of my Life,
Be kind to this Maid, for her Father I know,
And let her lye here in the Parlour below,
Stout Lawrence my servant, and I, we shall stay
All night in the Mill till the Dawning of Day.

To what he desir'd she straitways agreed,
And then to the Mill he did hasten with speed,
He ready was then to leap out of his skin,
To think of the Bed which he meant to Lye in;
Now when he was gone, the Maid told his intent,
To *Gillian*, and they a new Project invent,
By which they well fitted this Crafty young blade;
The Miller by Lawrence a Cuckold was made.

THe Maid and his Wife they chang'd Bed for that night,
So that when the Miller came for his delight,
Strait way to the Parlour Bed he did Repair,
Instead of the Damsel wife *Gillian* was there,
Which he did Imagin had been the young Lass,
When after some hours in pleasure they past,
He ris, and return'd to the Mill, like one wild,
For fear he had Got the young Damsel with child.

Then to his man Lawrence the miller did say,
I have a young damsel both bony and Gay,
Her Eyes are like diamonds, her Cheeks sweet & fair,
They may with the Rose and the Lilly Compare,
Her Lips they are like the rich Coral for Red,
This Lass is at home in my Parlour a Bed,
And if you go home you may freely enjoy,
With her the sweet pleasure, for she is not Coy.

His masters kind Proffer he did not refuse,
But was brisk and Airy, and pleased with the News,
But said, to your self much beholding I am,
And for a Requital i'le give you my Ram;
This done, lusty Lawrence away home he goes,
And stript of[f] his Coat, Breeches, likewise shooes & hose,
And went into Bed to young *Gillian* his dame,
Yet Lawrence for this was not worthy of blame.

He little Imagen'd his Dame was in bed,
And therefore his heart was the freeer[1] from dread,
The minutes in Pastime and pleasure they spent,
Unknown to them both, she injoy'd true content,
Now after a while he his dame had Imbrac'd,
He Rose and Return'd to the mill in all hast,
Telling his master of all the delight,
Which he had injoy'd with that damsel this Night.

[1] This coming together of the letter *e* threefold is unlikely to be from inadvertence, careless though the ballad-compositors were in spelling. It has been an intentional marking of the comparative free-er. Indeed, it sensibly helps the dissyllabic force of the word. It will be long before school-board phonetic-fanatics arrive at such a useful innovation, or revival.

Next morning the maid to the mill did Repair,
The miller and Lawrence his servant was there,
His master then whisper'd this word in her Ear,
How like you to lye with a miller, my dear?
At this the young damsel then laughing out Right;
And said, I chang'd Beds with young *Gillian* last Night;
If you injoy'd any it was your sweet wife,
For my part I ne'r lay with man in my Life.

At this he began for to Rave, stamp and stare,
Both scratching his Elbows and Hauling his hair,
And like one distracted about he did Run,
And often times Crying, ha! what have I done,
Was ever poor miller so finely betray'd,
By Lawrence my man, I am a Cuckold made.
The damsel she laught, and was pleas'd in her mind,
And said he was very well serv'd in his kind.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Angel in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate*.

[In Black-letter. Date, 1685–88.]

[Without horns, this cut in the original stands between those printed on p. 539.]

The Maiden's Answer.

"Learn to win a lady's faith,
Nobly as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore;
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
Shall be Yes for evermore." . . . .

E. Barrett Browning: "*The Lady's Yes.*"

AN imitation of the following ballad, with the music to it, is found in *Pills to P. Mel.*, v. 37, eight verses of eight lines, beginning "As I was walking in a grove." Also in Roxb. Coll., iii. 356, the young Man's Resolution to the Maiden's Request; a witty Dialogue. Tune, "In Summer time." White-letter. No printer's name. In the imitation it is the youth who is averse to marriage. The earliest dated copy we know is in the 1707 *Pills*, but this is a second edition. It is possible that it may have been reprinted from a predecessor, not an imitation, of the Bagford ballad.

To accumulate in a list many improbable events, and state that not until they are all accomplished can such or such a matter take effect, seems to have been a favourite subject with ballad-writers and ballad-listeners. We have found already one example in "The Protestant's Prophecie," and shall find a similar vein of humour (except that there is more bitterness, as indicating a later date,) in "A Pill for Popery," Bagf. Coll., ii. 133, 167. Sometimes the joke is repeated to designate the time when a lost condition of maidenhood might be retrieved,[1] or else a certain event take place without the invariable cause preceding the effect.[2] Sometimes unattainable ingredients are mentioned, the whole to be compounded together into a panacea that will cure the most dire diseases.[3] "Captain Wedderbourne's Courtship" shows us that even in modern times the jest has not grown stale for all persons; but in his case the riddle finds a reasonable answer: as also in the ballad "There was a Lady in the North Country," *Pills*, iv. 130. The tune mentioned is evidently the ballad's own, named from the burden.

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[1] See *Pills to P. Mel.*, v. 99, for a song on the time when "wives, husbands, and lovers will ever be true;" beginning "When maids live to thirty, yet never repented." Sung by R. Leveridge.

[2] See the song in *Merry Drollery*, p. 160, 1661 edition (p. 170, 1670 ed), beginning "A Maiden of late, whose name was sweet *Kate*," telling how she went to a doctor, and what she required.

[3] See "A Medicine for the Quartan Ague," beginning "The Aphorisms of *Galen* I count but as Straws;" in *Merry Drollery*, ii. 94, 1661; 277, 1670. Also, the well-approved Doctor's cure for Cuckolds, *Pills to P.M.*, v. 71; "There is a fine Doctor," etc.

[Bagford Collection, II. 157.]

The Maidens Answer
To the
Young-Man's Request.

The Young man he desires to know
When this fair maid did mean to marry.
To whom she cry'd, and soon reply'd
She fearful was for to miscarry.

TUNE, *Then my Love and I will marry.*

A Damsel fair, compleat and fine,
In a silent Grove stood musing,
She seem'd to Marriage to incline,
And yet she often was refusing.
A young man then by chance came by,
And ask'd her why so long she tarried,
To whom she straightway did reply,
Ile tell you when I will be married.

When young men be no more deceitful,
Being put unto the tryal,
Who do use to prove ungrateful
And to loving Maids disloyal,

When all things shall be right and square,
And Sack be turned into Clarret,
When Horses breed without a Mare,
O then my Love and Ile be married.

When blindmen do stargazers turn,
And fish forsake the brackish Ocean,
When Cookes and Smiths no fire do burn,
And young men shall despise a Portion;
When whores and Baudes all honest grow,
and nothing more shall be miscarried,
When Strawberries on Oaks do grow,
O then my Love and Ile be married.

When Tinkers quite forsake their Trulls,
And by themselves the Countrey travel,
When watermen shall use no Skulls,
And hen-peck'd men not carry gravel.
When scolding wives all quiet be,
And silence is by them preferred,
When Guinnies grow on every tree,
O then, &c.

When Pismires swallow mighty Whales,
And Oaken trees creep under ground too,
When wantons play not with their tails,
And Pocky whores shall all be sound too.

When Brokers they shall Conscience use,
And Porters shall no burthens carry,
When Tally-men profit refuse,
O then, &c.

When Coaches no more run on wheeles,
And Carriers quite leave their waggons,
When Cooks make Apple pies of Eeles,
And drunken sots deny their flaggons;
When hungry men shall meat refuse,
And Gentry water Tankards carry,
When maids wear Boots instead of shooes,
O then my Love and I will marry.

When Brewers they shall use no Mault,
Nor Brasiers make no Pans nor Kettles,
When Cripples they no more shall hault,
And men grow fat that eat no victuals,
When Usurers shall Gold despise,
And men on backs their horses carry,
When Changling fools be counted wise,
O then my Love and I will marry.

When Thieves their pilfring all give ore,
And vow that they will honest grow too,
When ships shall sail upon the shore,
It will be very strange you know too.
When all the world shall be content,
And womens minds shall never vary,
When Pearls grow on the Monument,
O then, &c.

When Lyars nothing speak but truth,
And Robbers they use Tripe for Leather,
When wantonness is left by youth,
And June shall fall in Frosty weather:
When birds shall fly that have no wings,
And hasty folk with patience tarry,
When Muskadine runs out of Springs,
O then, &c.

When all these things shall come to pass
Then will I alter my condition,
For I see many a handsome Lass
Whose tears in eye, show'd their condition.

Wishing ten thousand times in vain
That single they had longer tarried,
Perhaps like them I may complain,
Though I no hast[e] have to be married. 80

Printed for I[onah] Blare at the Looking-glass on London Bridge.

[In Black-letter. Date, about 1684, perhaps earlier, but after 1677.]

The Unconstant Lover's Cruelty.

"Lay a Garland on my hearse of the dismal Yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear; say I died true:
My Love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie lightly, gentle Earth."

Beaumont and Fletcher: *The Maid's Tragedy*, Act ii. sc. 1. 1610.

THE tune to which our "Unconstant Lover's Cruelty" was directed to be sung is "Black and sullen hour." This name refers to a song by Tom D'Urfey, in the first act of his "Banditti," 1686. It is found in the *Loyal Garland* of that year, fifth edition; but omitted, with ten others, through some fastidious squeamishness, from the Percy Society's reprint, Sept. 1850. Here it is:—

THERE is one black and sullen Hour,
Which Fate decreed our life should know;
Else we should slight Almighty Pow'r,
Rapt with the Joys we find below:
'Tis past, dear *Cynthia*, now let Frowns be gone,
A long, long Penance I have done;
For Crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each soft Hour of silent Night,
Your Image in my Dreams appears;
I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
Slumber in Joy, but wake in Tears:
Ah, faithless charming Saint! what will you do?
Let me not think I am by you
Lov'd worse, lov'd worse for being true.

The music of this is in *Pills to P. Mel.*, iv. 255. We have no patience with the punctilious prudery which considers such a song "shockingly indelicate," and would yet accept without scruple the subtle innuendoes of later versifiers, or the deliberate offensiveness of many recent novelists.

The incidental suicide of the neglected lady is similar to that described in the "Philander" ballad, which we give on p. 542; and the woodcut on p. 539, Left, is common to both.

[Bagford Collection, II. 160.]

The Unconstant Lover's Cruelty:

Or,

The Dying Damsels dreadful Destiny.

Love in dispair, what heart can bear,
when falshood does appear,
There's no relief but bitter grief,
destroys their life so dear.

To the Tune of, [*There is one*] *Black and Sullen Hour.*

[In the original are three cuts: the central one is printed on p. 533. That to the right is a copy from the Obsequies of Faire Phillida, Roxb. Coll., i. 330.]

AS I walk'd forth one morning fair,
to view what Nature did compleat,
Where little Hills enammell'd were,
with Lillies and fair Violets sweet;
And while I in my Pleasures did remain,
I heard a Damsel thus complain,
Farewel, thou most unconstant Swain,
Farewel, thou most unconstant swain.

Then to a most convenient place,
I being then resolv'd to go,
Where I remained for a space,
to know the cause of all her woe,

With sighs and sobs she sounded forth her moan,
As she lay languishing alone,
as she lay, &c.
Her joys they being fully flown,
her joys they, &c.

Those protestations which you made,
is now the cause of all my woe;
By which my heart was soon betray'd,
proving my final overthrow,
Here am I tortur'd by your tyranny,
How could you prove so false to me
how could, &c.
And break the laws of loyalty,
and break, &c.

Long was I woo'd before I gave
consent to any terms of Love,
But at the length, your life to save,
my heart you did with pitty move;
Protesting that you ever would prove true,
And thus my heart you did subdue,
and thus, &c.
Yet now no Man more false than you,
yet now, &c.

Here will I write my last farewel,
my life my Love will not reprieve,
You little Birds ring forth my knell,
when of this World I take my leave:
While tears did trickle down, she thus did cry,
Why do I here in sorrow lye,
why do I, &c.
O! break strong heart, and let me dye;
O! break, &c.

Alas, her patience here was tried,
for care and grief did her surround,
Then did she lay her Lute aside,
casting her self upon the ground:
Here must I end my days, so hard's my fate,
My grief and sorrows are so great,
my grief, &c.
No Tongue nor Pen can well relate,
no tongue, &c.

While she lamented for her love,
and could not find the least relief,
Every Creature in the Grove
did seem to be possess'd with grief,
The little pritty Lambs bleat forth her woe,
The small Birds they their sorrow show,
the small, &c.
In cloaking their fine Wings do[wn low],[1]
in cloaking, &c.

Then from her trance she did arise,
and drawing forth a weapon keen,
Which when I see, did me surprize,
I ran to enter in between:
In hopes to stop her hand, though all in vain,
She on her breast receiv'd her bane,
she on her, &c.
Whence streams of blood ran down amain,
whence st[reams], &c.

When she had gave this fatal stroke,
with groans and most relenting crys,
These were the dying words she spoke,
my life is here a sacrifice:
To him who I so dearly did adore,
I never shall behold him more,
I never, &c.
The world cannot my life restore,
the world, &c.

Then with a sigh she did depart,
which seem'd to pierce the Cloudy Sky,
I was afflicted in my heart,
to see so sweet a creature dye:
You loyal lovers that this tydings hear,
in this sad sorrow bear a share,
Contribute in one brinish tear,
contribute in one brinish tear.

This may be Printed, R[obt]. P[ocock].

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London Bridge.
[In Black-letter. Date, probably, 1686–87.]

[1] Mutilated in original, and guessed at, from what seem to be parts of a w, *bis*. Two lines earlier an imperfection leaves a doubt between *shew* or *show*.

A Remedy for the Green-Sickness.

"There was a maid that was a jade,
Four lovers true had she;
One did so dote, that he cut his own throat,
And she poison'd the other three.
From this we learn to see and discern,
Nor hotly to desire,
A maid whose store of lovers is more
Than her just needs require."

Taylor's *Edwin the Fair*, Act i. sc. 10.

THE tune of "*Philander*" bore many names, such as The Merry Milkmaids, Down in the North-Countrey, &c. Sometimes it is named "Cruel bloody fate," from part of the first line; sometimes "*Philander*" from one of the lovers, but the original song thus indicated belongs to the tragedy of "Theodosius," Act v., 1680, written by Nat Lee (see p. 153). The music composed by Henry Purcell, is found in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, for 1681, iii. 29. Also in *Pills to P. Mel.*, iv. 284, and *Pop. Music*, 280. Words alone in *Wit and Drollery*, 1682 (not in earlier editions), 346; in extended ballad-form it is in Roxb. Coll., iv. 78, and Douce Coll., 74. There are two parodies on it among the 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, pp. 126 and 129, entitled respectively "*Dagon's* Fall," on "poor *Tony*" Shaftesbury, and "The Bully *Whig*; or, the Poor Whore's Lamentation for the apprehending Sir *Thomas Armstrong*," 1682. The last begins "Ah, cruel bloody *Tom!*" and the other one similarly to Philander. The Roxburghe copy, iv. 78, is entitled "The True Lover's Tragedy; being an incomparable ballad on *Philander* and *Phillis*." We give the original three verses, from the play:—

AH, cruel, bloody Fate! what canst thou now do more?
Alas, 'tis now too late *Philander* to restore!
Why should the heavenly Powers persuade poor Mortals to believe
That they guard us here, And reward us there,
Yet all our joys deceive.

Her poignard then she took, and held it in her hand,
And, with a dying look, cry'd, Thus I fate command:
Philander, oh my love! I come to meet thy Shade below;
Ah, I come! she cry'd, With a wound so wide
There needs no second blow.

In purple waves her blood run streaming down the floor,
Unmov'd she saw the flood, and bless'd her dying hour:
Philander! oh *Philander!* still the bleeding *Phillis* cry'd;
She wept a while, And she forc'd a smile,
Then clos'd her eyes and dy'd.

(Seven more verses in Roxb. Coll.)

A different "Cure for the Green-Sickness," in *Pills to P. Melancholy*, iv. 297, begins, "As fair *Olinda* sitting was." Elsewhere is a ballad, "The Green-sickness Grief."

[Bagford Collection, II. 161; Pepys, iii. 119.]

A Remedy for the Green Sickness.

A pretty Damsel, full of love,
Lay panting all alone,
Which did a Youngsters pitty move,
To hear her sigh and groan.

TUNE, Philander.

A Handsom buxom Lass
lay panting in her bed,
She look't as green as grass,
and mournfully she said:
Except I have some lusty lad
to ease me of my pain,
I cannot live,
I sigh and grieve,
My Life I now disdain.

But if some bonny Lad,
would be so kind to me,
Before I am quite mad,
to end my misery,
And coole those burning flames of fire
which rage within my Brest,
Then should I be
From torments free,
And be for ever blest.

I am both young and fair,
yet 'tis my fortune hard,
I'me ready to despair,
my pleasures are debar'd:
And I, poor soul, cannot enjoy
nor tast of Lovers bliss,
Whilst others meet,
Those joyes so sweet,
Oh! what a life is this.

Were but my passion known,
sure some would pitty me,
That lye so long alone
for want of company.
Had I some young man in my Arms
that would be brisk and brave,
My pains would end,
He'd prove my Friend,
And keep me from my grave.

For this tormenting pain
I cannot long endure,
My hopes are all in vain
if I expect a cure,
Without some thundring lad comes in
and, with a courage bold,
Grant me delight,
I'de him requite,
With silver and with Gold.

[Second Part.]

A gallant lively Lad,
that in the next room lay,
It made his heart full glad
to hear what she did say.
Into the room immediately
this youngster he did rush,
Some words he spoke,
Love to provoke,
But she straight cryed out hush.

My Father he will hear,
and then we'r both undone,
Quoth he, love do not fear,
i'le venture for a Son.

The coverled he then threw off,
and jump'd into the Bed,
And in a trice,
He kiss'd her twice,
Then to his Chamber fled.

And blushing all alone
this Damsel sweating lay,
Her troubles they were gone,
thus softly she did say:
Had I but known that Lovers bliss
had been so sweet a taste,
I'de nere have stay'd,
Nor beg'd nor pray'd,
That so much time did waste.

This lusty Youthful boy
that banisht all my pain,
I must his love enjoy
e're it be long again.
For Gold and Silver ile not spare,
can that his courage prove,
He has an Art,
Without all smart,
Green Sickness to remove.

A sigh she gave, and said,
oh! come again to me,
For I am half affraid
I shall not cured be,
At this first bout, then prithee try
to help me once again;
Count me not bold,
I'le give thee Gold
Enough for all thy pain.

Printed for, F. Cole[s], T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery, & T. Passenger.
[In Black-letter. Date, about 1682–3.]

The Redeemed Captive.

Rosalind.—"It may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder; but I'll warrant him heart-whole."—*As You Like It*, Act iv. sc. 1.

WE have already given part of the history of the tune belonging to this ballad, afterwards called "The Doubting Virgin," and "The Soldier's Departure," &c. (pp. 336, 353–4). It is here called "When *Aurelia* first [I courted]." Words and music of the song thus commencing are given in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, 1676, i. 14; and *Pills*, iv. 249. The music was composed by Pelham Humphrey, who was fortunate and skilful in setting melodies to many spirited poems. "When Aurelia" is not later than 1670, being in *Windsor Drollery*, 108, and in *Oxford Drollery*, 75, 1671. (Capt. Wm. Hickes made a parody or "Answer," in his *Oxford Drollery*, p. 70, beginning "When *Aurelia* late I treated, She had youth and beauty too.")

WHEN *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had Youth and Beauty too;
Killing Pleasures when she sported,
And her Charms were ever new.
Conqu'ring Time does now deceive her;
Which her glories did uphold:
All her Arts can ne'er retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

The Airy Spirits which invited,
Are retir'd, and move no more;
And her Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore:
Want of these abates her Merits,
Yet I've Passion for her Name:
Only Kind and Active Spirits
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.

Reprinted by Watson, 1711, in the so-called *Collection of Scots Poems*, iii. 87, it bears title "On my Lady *Cast*——." The lady intended is evidently Barbara Palmer, Lady Castlemaine, afterwards (Aug. 3, 1670) Duchess of Cleveland. Her memoir has been written with a fullness and accuracy leaving nothing to be desired—the very model of such biography—and printed for private circulation only, by G. Steinman Steinman, Esq., F.S.A., author of "Althorp Memoirs" and "Mrs. Myddelton," 1871. The voluptuous beauty of this syren Barbara, with her large languid eyes, her full under-lip and bursting boddice, is photographed from the original miniature by Samuel Cooper.

Having already given, to the same tune, both "The Soldier's Departure" and "The Soldier's Return," we feel bound to add, in this place, another black-letter ballad, which certainly belongs to the same group, and was printed in 1689. It seems to have been intended to precede them both, although it possibly was printed after them, and has not been hitherto reproduced. It is entitled A Dialogue between a Souldier and his Love, at his taking his leave. To the tune of, *The Souldier's Departure.*

DEAREST Love, I now must leave
to the Wars I needs must go, [thee,
Yet let not my absence grieve thee,
dearest, since it must be so:
Life and Fortune I will venter,
England's freedom to regain,
And a bloody Scene will enter,
ere I do return again.

Tell me not this killing Story,
which, alas! will break my heart;
Nay, and blast my youthful Glory
if my love and I must part:
Therefore do not prove so cruel,
thy beloved to refrain;
For I fear, my dearest Jewel,
I shall ne'r see thee again.

May the powers of Heaven bless thee,
Whom I dearly do adore,
Do not let such feare possess thee,
but be chearful evermore:
This great Land must be defended
from the *French* and *Irish* Train,
And, when all our work is ended,
Love, I will return again.

When I think upon your lying
on the close besieged Walls,
Where the Shot like Hail is flying,
while the best of Souldiers falls:
Grief of heart I shall lye under,
fearing that thou shouldst be slain,
It will surely burst in sunder,
if I ne'r see thee again.

If a Souldier thinks to merit
honour, fame, and high Renown;
He must have a Noble Spirit,
which will not be soon cast down:
For if Foes our fears discover,
they will then fall on amain,
But our Wars will soon be over,
then I will return again.

Can I see my Native Nation
threatned by a forregn Foe;
To Religious Extirpation,
and yet not be free to go?
No, I'll see our Foes surrounded,
never fearing to be slain;
And when they are all confounded,
then I will return again.

Therefore, dearest, cease thy weeping,
all thy Blessings i'le restore;
Thou hast my whole heart in keeping,
and shall have for evermore:
Then let not my absence grieve thee,
do not in the least Complain;
Tho' at present here I leave thee,
i'll return to thee again.

Tho' our Enemies may bluster,
and true Protestants deride;
Likewise all their Forces Muster,
yet we'll check their haughty Pride:
Having ended all the quarrel,
and our Foes all fled and slain,
Crowned with Victorious Lawrell,
I'll return to thee again.[1]

Printed for J. Blare, on London Bridge, 1689.

It is interesting to compare our Bagford ballad of the Redeemed Captive "Surely now I'm out of danger" with another ditty, beginning similarly, by that blithe and stalwart Cavalier, Patrick Carey (composed about 1647). The MS. states: "writt here in obedience to Mrs. Tomkins commands by Patrick Carey, 1651, August the 20th." It is the sixth of his "Triviall Ballades," preceding the Triolets.

To the Tune,—'*But I fancy Louely Nancy*,' &c.

SURELY now I'me out of danger,
And noe more need feare my heart;
Who loves thus to bee a ranger,
Nere will fix in any part;
All the graces Of fayre faces
I have seene, and yett am free:
I like many, but not any
Shall subdue my libertee.

Anne was once the word which mooued
Most my heart, I'le itt auuow;
Twelue att least soe call'd, I'ue loued,
But I care not for them now:
Yett if euer I endeauour
For a mistresse, that's her name,
These are fancyes, But with *Nancyes*
Luckiest still hath beene my flame.

[1] Fourth song in *The Royal Garland of Protestant Delight*. 1689.

With three *Bettyes* I was taken;
Yett noe more, then whilst in sight:
One of them is now forsaken,
And her sister has her right.
T'other's pritty, But (what pitty!)
In a castle she is penn'd:
The third plenty Has for twenty,
But she's courted by my friend.

Lucyes there are two: for beauty,
Vertue, witt, beyond compare:
Th' one's too high for loue, in duety
I respect, but noe more dare:
As for t'other, Though a mother
(As I take 't) to half a score;
Had she tarryed To bee marryed,
Shee'd have had one suitour more.

I know two, and each a *Mary*,
One's the greatest of this land:
Th' *Oxford*-vintner made mee wary
Least I should a gazing stand.[1]
Though I like her, Most unlike her
Is the secound; and I swear,
Had her portion Some proportion
With my wants, I'de marry there.

Katherne has a lippe that's ruddy,
Swelling soe, itt seemes to poute;
How to kisse her I did studdy,
But could neuer bring't about.
Beauteous *Frances* Loues romances,
But (alasse!) shee's now a wife;
She makes uerses, And reherses
With great grace *Primaleon's* life.[2]

Doll has purest brests, much whiter
Then their milck, but naked still;
That's the reason why I slight her,
For I'ue seen them to my fill.[3]
Jane is slender, But God send her
Lesse opinion of her race!
Nell's soe spotted That sh' has blotted
Almost out, her little face.[4]

Peg is blith; but O she tattles;
Nothing's soe demure as *Ruth*.
Susan's head is full of rattles,
Rachell preacheth well in truth.
Were not *Tolly* Melancholly,
She hath parts I most could prize:
Amorous *Sophy* Reares noe trophy
On my heart, with her gray eyes.

Thus I still find somewhat wanting,
Allways full of iffs, or ands;
Where there's beauty, money's scanting;
Something still my choice withstands.
'Tis my fortune, I'le importune
With noe my prayers my destiny:[5]
If I'me scorned, I'me not horned;
That's some joy in misery.

This is of much higher flight than our street-ballads, and may be, without much damage, compared even with Cowley's delightful Chronicle (printed in 1647), "Margarita first possessed." We also remember Leporello's list of his master's conquests: "Amelia, Belinda, and sweet Caroline," &c.

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[1] Refers to a ballad (not that mentioned on our p. 408, of a *London* Vintner). The "greatest" Mary indicates Queen Henrietta Maria.

[2] Probably an error, for *Pigmalion*. John Marston's glowing poetry, often reprinted, entitled "The Metamorphosis of *Pigmalion's* Image," 1598, helped to popularize this allegory. Wm. Bell Scott etched a charming design of the same subject, for his poem of "Pygmalion," p. 191, in 1875.

[3] See p. 124, with note. Also the woodcut in 2nd part of Roxb. Coll., i. 114 and 126. The immodest exposure is fully borne out by some extant portraits, and the "Joan of Naples" in Fuller's *Profane State*.

[4] See woodcuts on pp. 227, 289, 499, and 568. John Weldon, before 1707, set to music the following short song:—

That little Patch upon your Face
Would seem a Foil on one less fair,
On you it hides a charming Grace,
And you in pity plac'd it there.

[5] Perhaps we should read "I'll importune, With prayers for Noe, my destiny," as he will be thus preserved from wedlock. Or, "With no *more*."

[Bagford Collection, II. 162.]

The Redeemed Captive.

The Free Unchain'd Lover boasts
That he is now at Large.

That [ot]her men should keep so too,
He gives this friendly charge.

Tune, When Aurelia first was [courted.]

SUrely now I'm out of danger,
I'l defie blind Cupids Dart,
Love to me is grown a stranger,
Therefore ile not break my heart.

For all the graces of their faces
They may keep, since I am free;
Some are witty, some are pretty
Yet I'l keep my Liberty.

Once I lov'd my Mistriss dearly,
Counting her my chiefest friend,
Then I waited late and early
My true Love to recommend.

I quencht the fire of desire
That did burn so cruelly;
Then farewel Beauty, 'tis my duty
For to praise my Liberty.

Once to me she was so cruel
She laught to see me swim in blood,
And when I burn'd I burn'd like fuel,
Grief came on me like a flood;
Sighs & groanings, sobs and mournings [qu. moanings?]
Were my chief companions still:
When I lay panting, for love wanting,
Then she had me at her will.
The grief and sorrow I went thorow
Made my life a burthen seem,
I thought 'twas time, while in my prime,
My Liberty for to redeem.
I'm now compliance, with defiance,
And from a captive still to be
No charming eyes shall me surprize
Since I have gain'd my Liberty.
I pitty Lovers who discovers
To their Idols all their pain,
Who soon can cure, what they endure,
And yet they stubborn will remain.
Count it not duty, when a beauty
You do see, it to adore;
If once they find it, do but mind it,
You'r enslav'd for evermore.
Do but mind me, & you'l find me
For to be your chiefest friend,
When yo[u]'r taken, and forsaken,
Griefs and sorrows will attend.
Oft their smilings prove beguilings,
And poor men are strangely caught,
They prove like Treason to your reason,
And lay Embargoes on each thought.
Never heed 'em, for your freedome
Is of greater value, then
Why should women, captive freemen
Or make slaves of loving men?
Dote no more then, nor adore them,
Whose great beauti's make them proud;
Do but fly them, or defie them,
Favours on you they will croud.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery,* and *T. Passenger.*
[In Black-letter. Date, before 1670; perhaps 1651.]

The Maid's Complaint.

Servant.—"He has the prettiest Love-songs for Maids; so without bawdrie (which is strange), with such delicate burthens of 'Dildos' and 'Fadings.'" —*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3.

THE term "dil doul," as here used, need not be taken as implying anything except a Husband or Companionship. In *State Poems*, 1703, ii. 188, is an absurdly silly song entitled "Signior Dildoe," by the Earl of Rochester, 1678,[1] which is more offensive, beginning—

> You Ladies all of merry *England*,
> Who have been to kiss the Dutchess's Hand,
> Pray, did you not lately observe in the show
> A noble *Italian*, call'd Signior *Dildoe*?

The present burden "*With a dill doul*," etc., appears in at least two other ditties, but they are of different metre to this ballad, and to one another. 1st.—By Laurence Price is "The Batchelour's Feast, or, The difference betwixt a single life and a double; to a pleasant new Tune called—*With a hie dildo dill*." It begins "As I walk fortht of late, Where grass and flowers spring." Printed for T. Wright the younger, about 1641–83, Roxb. Coll., i. 12. It has much of the *swing* of "Old Sir Simon the King." The burden is, *With a hie dildo dill, hie ho dildurlie*. 2nd.—A Song, on a Female Rope-dancer, beginning "A Story strange I will you tell, But not so strange as true." It is in *Choyce* Drollery, p. 31, 1656 (reprinted, at Boston, 1876). The burden is *With a dildo, dildo, dildo, With a dildo, dildo, dee*; preceded by a four-line verse. Evidently to this second tune went the scrap of song that Leander indulges in, having a burden of "*Oh, Hero, Hero*, pity me, *With a dildo, dildo, dildo, dee*." This verse is in the very queer Drollery entitled *The Loves of Hero and Leander, a Mock Poem*, 1651, 1653, 1677. But our quotation from *The Winter's Tale* will show that the burden was familiarly known at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The "Women and Wine" ballad, to its own tune, is in Roxb. Coll., iii. 88, entitled "A Merry Dialogue between *Thomas* and *John*, in the praise and dispraise of "Women and Wine." It begins, "Some Women are like to the Wine, like the Sea, and like the Rocks." Printed for J. Williamson, at the Sun and Bible, about 1665. In Roxb. Coll., ii. 450, is a ballad, "Good fellows all," etc., to the tune "That dill doul," printed for P. Brooksby.

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[1] It seems probable that this 1678 is a misprint for 1673, and that it refers to the arrival of Mary of Modena as Duchess of York.

[Bagford Collection, II. 163; Pepys, iv. 50.]

The Maid's Complaint

For want of a Dil doul.

This Girl long time had in a sickness been,
Which many maids do call the sickness green:
I wish she may some comfort find, poor Soul,
And have her belly fill'd with a *Dil doul.*

To a New Tune, called the *Dil doul;* or, *Women and Wine.*

YOung men give ear to me a while,
if you to merriment are inclin'd,
And i'le tell you a story shall make you to smile,
of late done by a woman kind:
And as she went musing all alone,
I heard her to sigh, to sob and make moan,
For a dill doul, dil doul, dil doul doul,
(*quoth she*) *I'm undone if I ha'n't a dil doul.*

For I am a Maid and a very good Maid,
and sixteen years of age am I,
And fain would I part with my Maiden-head,
if any good fellow would with me lye:
But none to me ever yet proffer'd such love,
as to lye by my side, and give me a shove
With his dil doul, dill doul, dil doul,
O happy were I, &c.

At night when I do go to bed,
thinking for to take my rest,
Strange fancies comes in my head,
I pray for that which I love best:
For it is a comfort, and pleasure doth bring
to women that hath such a pritty fine thing,
Call'd a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul doul,
then happy were I, &c.

Last week I walked in the *Strand,*
I met with my Sister, a handsome Lass,
I kindly took her by the hand,
this question of her I did ask;
Whether she kept still a Maiden alone,
or whether her maiden-head was fled or gone,
For a dill doul, dill doul, dill doul doul,
O happy were, &c.

[These two cuts, in the original, are placed to left and right of the one we give on page 568.]

The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

KInd sister, quoth she, to tell you the truth,
it has gone this twelve months day;
I freely gave it to a handsome youth,
that us'd with me to sport and play:
To grieve for the loss of it I never shall,
if I had ten thousand I would give um all
For a dill dowl, dill dowl, dil dowl dowl,
O my, &c.

She making this answer, I bid her adieu,
and told her I could no longer stay,
I let go her hand, and I straight left the *Strand*,
and to *Covent-Garden* I hasted away:
Where lively young gallants do use to resort,
to pick up young lasses & shew 'um fine sport
With a dil doul, dil doul, dil doul doul,
yet none, &c.
I would id'e a sweet heart, as some Maids have,
that little know how to pleasure a man,
I'de keep him frolicksome, gallant and brave,
and make as much on him as any one can:
Before any good thing he should lack,
i'de sell all my Coats & Smock from my back
For his dil doul, dil doul, dill doul doul,
then happy were, &c.
Thus young men have I declared in brief,
the causes of my sorrow and woe,
And if any of you will yield me relief,
speak chearfully to me, say yea or no:
I live at the sign of the Cup and the Can,
and I will be loving to any young man
For his dil doul, dil doul, dill doul doul,
and all my, &c.
Besides, young men, I have store of money,
good red Gold and Silver bright,
And he shall be Master of every peny,
that marries with me and yields me delight.
For why, t'other night I heard my dame *Nancy*
declare how her Master did tickle her fancy,
With his dill doul, dill doul, dill doul doul,
then what e're it cost me i'le have a dil doul.
Then come to me, my bonny Lad,
while I am in the prime, I pray,
And take a good barg[a]in while it is to be had,
and do not linger your time away.
'Tis money, you see, makes many a man rich:
then come along, rub on the place that doth itch
For a dill doul, dil doul, dil doul doul,
take all my money, give me a dill doul.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clark*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passenger*.
[In Black-letter. Date, probably before 1682-3.]

The Notorious Robber's Lamentation.

"Hurrah! o'er Hounslow Heath we ride, hurrah for the stilly hour!
When the moon looks pale from her lofty dome, like a maid from her battle-tower;
While sparks of fire, from my courser's feet, spring flashing at ev'ry goad,
And the distant sounds of wheels I greet. Then hurrah, hurrah for the Road!

What joy, in homely House of Call, o'er the wine-cup our deeds to tell,
And forget that one day we must pay for all, and swing high to the dismal Bell.
Remorse, too late, this despised heart why with dungeon fetters load?
With courage I've liv'd, so with life I'll part. Then hurrah, hurrah for the Road!"

WE have already, on p. 230, attempted to trace the tune of "Russell's Farewell," to which the following Highwayman's Lament was appointed to be sung. The tune was also known as "Captain Johnson's Farewell" (on p. 46 mentioned as belonging to "Fatal Love," Bagf. Coll., i. 87). In Roxb. Coll., iii. 786, is a modern, Newcastle, reprint of a more important ditty than the Joe Hains ballad on the same subject of Captain James Campbell's forcible abduction of the Heiress "Mrs. Mary Wharton," from Queen Street, in 1690. Sir John Johnson assisted his friend, and suffered the penalty as accomplice instead of the perpetrator. It begins, "You noble Lords of high degree, that see my dismal doom." To the tune of Russell's Farewel, or, Monmouth's Lament. It is entitled "Captain *Johnson's* Last Farewel to the World, who was executed at *Tyburn*, near *London*, for .... stealing an Heiress." The tune is said to be the same as "Tender hearts of London City" (see our p. 273); but the metre of *Francis Winter's* last Farewel" (p. 236), and of "The Notorious Robber [*Whitney*]'s Lamentation," does not quite agree with the particular "*Russell's* Farewel" of "Pride the bane," etc.

We suspect there was a third and distinct "Russell's Farewell," not yet identified, the true object of our search, which may have wholly perished.

Whitney, the hero of the following ballad, was one of those notorious highwaymen who successively imitated Claude Duval in carving his name on the Newgate dungeon stone, and came to the same end (see p. 12). We find an account of him in Capt. Alex. Smith's *Compleat History of ... Highway Men*, etc., a work already mentioned in connexion with the "Golden Farmer's Last Farewell."—In the introductions of Bagford Coll., i. 47, ii. 73 and 74, we gave some particulars concerning the fraternity of the Road. Numerous works have been issued on the exploits of such desperadoes, but the interest felt in them is now happily limited to the lower classes and ill-regulated boys. A false lustre was (and, in the case of the worst-printed periodical literature of the

day, still is) cast around the life of habitual outlaws. Like Captain Macheath on the stage, the criminal was invested with the good qualities of courage, generosity, affection, and fidelity. He was the rectifier of abuses in the unequal distribution of property. He was the idol of his gang, and of all the beautiful women. When betrayed at the bidding of an iniquitous government by some paid spy or renegade, he died publicly and undauntedly, with something of the reputation due to a martyr. Our novelists a little overdid this sentiment, and we are now quite contented to have parted with their gentry of the Highway. Not always were they courteous, like Duval:—

"Stop!"—Stop's the word all dread to hear, "Your gold and your gems resign!"
When my pistol's cock'd, and my look severe: for a desperate life is mine.
How ladies scream, how with rage men glow, while their purses I unload.
Then I bid "Good Night" with a smile and a bow. So hurrah, hurrah, for the Road.

[*Song: quoted from memory.*]

Whitney was born at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, and brought up as a butcher. Soon after his apprenticeship ended, he took to the Highway, and lived a profligate life with vile companions of both sexes. By what Captain Alexander Smith relates, there must have been much malice as well as humour in Whitney's disposition, for he sent some defrauded London merchants to seek for their stolen property in the lodgings of certain greedy women, harpies who had received the plunder as gifts from him. This discovery led to their being arrested, and imprisoned for six months, to beat hemp, and to be whipt in Bridewell. They had supposed him to be a mercer, and that he was robbing his own master for their sake. Capt. Smith repeats the Sermon on the text T. H. E. F. T., which was preached *extempore* by Mr. Wawen [? Warren], Lecturer of the Church at Greenwich, when he had been captured by Whitney and his gang. The Highwaymen were so well pleased that they "paid tythes" on hearing it. Ultimately, Whitney was betrayed by one Madame Cosens, who kept a house of evil resort in Milford Lane, "over against St. Clement's Church in the Strand. She had him apprehended in White-fryars, and sent to Newgate." Tried at the Old Bailey, he was sentenced by Sir S. L . . l [? Salathiel Lovell], the Recorder, and having been at first reprieved from Tyburn, Whitney was hanged "at *Porters-Block* by *Smithfield*, on Wednesday the 19th of December, 1694, . . . when he was about thirty-four years of age."—*Hist. of Highwaymen*, 2nd ed., 1714, i. 52.

A curious revelation of the prevalence of highway robberies, and the debauched habits of the "High Toby" men and footpads, is given in an eight-paged quarto pamphlet, licensed by

L'Estrange, and printed in 1677 for D. M. (probably David Mallet—no connexion of the much-later Malloch, *alias* Mallet, mentioned on our p. 138). It is entitled *News from Newgate:* Or, a true RELATION of the manner of taking Seven *persons, very notorious for Highway-men, in the* Strand, *upon* Munday *the* 13 *of this instant* November, 1677. *And of another apprehended on* Friday *the* 16th. *All being Prisoners in* Newgate, &c. The men were boldly carousing at a tavern, and resisted capture, one escaping. It is mentioned that they, "belonging to the City, through Idleness and extravagance living above their Quality, had now taken up this new Profession of the Genteel Pad [*sic*], wherein 'tis thought Squire *Ketch* may shortly make them free." See Bagford Coll., iii. 50, and Introduction, for a portrait of this executioner, whose name so long survived. It is declared that highway robberies by similar gangs had been numerous. Thus, only about three weeks before, there had been such an adventure

"On the Northern Road, several Graziers having taken good store of money at an eminent Fair for Cattle, not knowing how to carry home the same with security, resolved to accompany each other, and so to the number of fifteen, took their Journey together; But a Tribe of Highwaymen, just the number of those now taken in the *Strand*, but whether the very same persons, we cannot affirm, —Having intelligence of this rich Booty, and being disappointed in time, sat up all one night upon the watch for their coming by; and one of them being known by an honest fellow belonging to the Inn where they lay, who called him by his name, lest he should discover their quality, and spoyl their design, they gave him a sleepy Potion that laid him fast for several hours, and made him so sick afterwards, that his Life was indangered, if not since lost by it.

"In the mean time, about nine or ten of the Clock next morning, comes by this Troop of Countrymen, and soon afterwards the seven Highwaymen took Horse and pursued them, overtaking them on a large Common, remote from any Town, and consequently fit for their Roguish purpose; having rid a little way with them, ask'd them two or three common questions, and got some before, and others behind them, without further parley they give the dreadful words of Command, *Stand and Deliver:* and to shew that they were in Earnest fired several Pistols and kill'd in an instant two or three of their horses; so far at least commendable, that they chose rather to fright than murder the men, and shew them their Power rather than Inclination to bloody Cruelty. The honest Travellers, though twice as many, and very unwilling to part with their money, yet finding themselves not sufficiently weapon'd to dispute their Right against such resolute Ruffians, so furnish'd as they were with Fire-Arms, and much better Hors'd; thought fit to consult their safety, and rather than expose their Lives, to part with their Cash; which being surrendred to the value of several hundreds of pounds amongst them all, and all their Bridles and Girts cut, the Thieves clapt Spurs to their Steeds, and loaden with Treasure, departed, riding such obscure by-roads, that though there was Hue and Cry immediately sent out after them, there was none of them taken in that Country that we can hear of.

"*This was between a fortnight and three weeks ago, and whether these now apprehended here were the same, or any of them, is yet uncertain.*"

In the first volume of *The English Rogue*, 1665, by Francis Kirkman and Rich. Head, (see our pp. 240, 522), is an illustra-

tion of mounted Highwaymen attacking travellers. And in the first edition, only, of *Merry Drollery*, 1661, Part ii., p. 106, is a song (included in our own reprint of *Choyce Drollery*, etc., p. 247), which gives the loving invitation of a reckless Cavalier, who seems to be not far removed from free-booting practices.

Do thou but yield me pleasure,
And take from me this pain,
I'll give thee all the Treasure
Horse and man can gain. . . .
E're thou for want of money
Be to destruction hurl'd,
For to support my honey
I'll plunder all the world.
With hey ho, my honey, my heart shall never rue,
For I have been spending money, and amongst the Jovial Crew.

[Bagford Collection, II. 164 *reverso*; Pepys, v. 15.]

The Notorious Robbers Lamentation,
Or,
Whitneys Sorrowful Ditty

In the Gaol of *Newgate:* Together with an Account of his Dream that Morning before he was taken.

Tune of, Russels Farewel. Licensed according to Order.

I On the Roads have Reigned long,
in open Villainy,
But now, with Iron Fetters strong
in prison close I lye.
Farewel to all my Jovial Crew,
Couragious, Stout and Bold;
I now must bid you all adieu,
Stout Whitney *lyes in hold.*

I, that have taken many a purse,
must now submit to Fate;
The Frowns of Fortune here I curse,
to see my wretched state.

The liberty which once I had,
by Law is now controul'd,
And many thousands now is glad
that Whitney *is in hold.*

The *Lyons* heart which once I bore
within this breast of mine,
Is now with sorrows grieved sore,
that life I must Resine:
The stoutest hearts will shrink at death,
and wax with sorrow cold,
E're long I must yield up my Breath,
since I am here in hold.

Oh! why was I so void of fear,
when wait I knew was laid,
To Sieze and Apprehend me here,
for pranks which I have plaid,
It was my harden'd impudence
which made me sure so bold,
But for my former cross offence,
stout Whitney *lyes in hold.*

Near *Hounsditch* I was known by one,
who watcht me where I went,
Then for an Officer did run;
I finding his intent,
Did draw my naked sword in hand,
being Couragious bold,
But I their force could not withstand,
but soon was laid in hold.

My sword and pistols were in vain,
they could not clear the way
Hundreds and thousands flock'd amain,
intreating me to stay,
They being glad to see my Fate,
as I was often told,
And they did guard me to this place,
where now I lye in hold.

My very Ears they did annoy,
for the tumultuous throng,
With shouts and loud Huzzas of Joy,
conducted me along.

Thus have I ended the Old Year
with heart both chill'd and cold,
The hand of Justice now I fear,
since being in strong hold.

Straitways I found a New-Years-Gift,
they did on me bestow
Almost as much as I could lift,
O this was love you know;
A pair of Fetters strong and stout,
of Barrs of Iron cold,
As much as I could drag about,
to keep me in strong hold.

I find that dreams are Ominous,[1]
for just the Night before,
Methoughts I saw old *Hercules*
fighting with thousands more,
Yet at the length he was subdu'd,
tho' Valiant, stout and Bold:
This meant my self, I do conclude,
who now am in strong hold.

My Glory now is at an end,
I nothing see but shame,
For since I did the laws offend,
I suffer for the same,
I never do expect to find
mercy from them not I,
To Villainy I was inclin'd
For which I now must dye.

Printed for [P.] Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

[In White-letter, with exceptions, as here printed. The whole surrounded by a heavy black border. No woodcuts. Date, December, 1694.]

[1] Misprinted *Omnious*, in original.

The Frantic Lover.

"I said—Then, Dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must be—
My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
Only a memory of the same,
—And this beside, if you will not blame,
Your leave for one more last ride with me."

Browning: *The Last Ride Together.*

TO the same tune as ours went another ballad, entitled "The Lamented Lovers; or, the Young men and maiden's grief for the Unhappy Tragedy of this Unfortunate Couple. To the Tune of Frantick Lover. My Love I come to thee."—Printed for P. Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back. It is in Roxb. Coll., ii. 275, and the two final verses have the burden required, "My Love, I come to thee." These words appear also as a supplementary title, above the woodcut (which we gave on p. 154; the second-part cut being on our p. 351). It begins,

You Damsels now of Beauty bright
It is to you these Lines I write,
your Cruelty give o'er,
And do not here like Tyrants reign,
And kill those with your high disdain,
which doth your Charms adore.

A young man lately lov'd a Maid,
To whom he often sighing said,
my Dear, some Pitty show;
And yield to me some kind relief,
Or else my Heart will break with grief:
'twill prove my overthrow.

(This is the earlier burden.) She is scornful and denies him; he takes it to heart, fevers, and dies. Then she laments, hastens to his grave, and, being inconsolable, pines away:

Her last and dying words are these
my Love I come to thee.

They are buried together, according to her wish,

And on her coffin it was writ
My Love I come to thee.

[Bagford Collection, II. 164. Pepys, iii. 298.]

The Frantic Lover:

Or, *The Wandring Young Man.*

With Grief and Care he is opprest, no Comfort can he find;
In Nights he is disturb'd of Rest, Caus'd by his Love unkind.

To an Excellent New Play-House Tune.

This may be Printed, R[obt]. P[ocock].

YOu are so fair and cruel too,
I am amaz'd what I shall do
to purchase my desire;
Sometimes your eyes doth me invite,
But when I enter, you kill me quite,
and the more encrease my fire. 6

Long I have lov'd, and am abus'd,
And when I offer, I am refus'd,
can any suffer more?

Be coy, be cruel, do your worst,
Though for your sake I am accurst,
I must and will adore.

Was you as kind as sweet and fair,
No creature could with thee compare,
to love I am inclin'd;
But yet I understand and see,
That you're resolv'd to torture me,
O are you not unkind?

Can you forget the vow you made,
When as in solemn sort you said,
I was your only joy:
Yet now you will no favour show,
But prove my final overthrow,
and would my life destroy.

Sometimes in dreams I do behold
Your tresses like fair threads of gold,
likewise your beauty bright;
But when I waken from my rest,
And find that I am dispossest,
it proves my ruine quite.

When first I did thy beauty see,
O then thou didst appear to be
an Angel in my eye:
Like lambs together we did play,
But now thine heart is drawn away
tell me the reason why?

Was I not only just and true,
Pray let me here be try'd by you,
then what may be the cause
That you unworthily forsake
Your love, and like a tyrant break
the bonds of *Cupid*s laws?

What grief of heart do I endure?
'Tis the[e] alone can kill or cure;
send me one gentle smile;
Or else I through the world will range,
For why, my Love can never change,
O do not me revile.

For sure I am, my Love is true,
Where e're I range i'll honnour you,
in sounding forth thy praise;
If I may not enjoy the Bliss,
Bestow on me a parting kiss,
I'll wander out my days.

Her Answer.

AM I so fair and cruel too,
As has reported been by you?
'tis faulse, pray don't revile:
In one you seem to flatter me,
Then charge me with much cruelty,
where is your love the while?

You tell me that you loved long,
And through me have received wrong,
pray is this false or true?
When did the darts of my disdain,
Give any reason to complain?
I will be judg'd by you.

When first to me you did make Suit,
If then I held you in dispute,
was this disloyalty?
I must confess it would be brave
If young men could but ask and have;
maids soon would slighted be.

'Tis not the mode for maids to wooe,
Yet when we find Men just and true,
then, then we often yield:
This is no more then modesty,
But he that would have more of me,
shall never win the field.

But if thy Heart so Loyal be,
As not to fancy none but me,
in all the world beside:

Then I will willingly comply
In loyal Love to live and dye,
whatever may betide.

I'le make it all my study still,
To be obedient to thy will
true blessings to restore:
Here in my armes I'll the[e] infold,
And prize the[e] more then all the Gold,
on the rich *Indian* Shore.

The moan you made my heart did move,
Thou shalt not wander from thy Love,
whom you so much adore:
And therefore now no more repine,
Take Hand and Heart, I will be thine,
what canst thou wish for more?

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street, without Newgate.

[In Black-letter. Date, 1685-1688.]

The Healing Balsom of a True Lover.

"*Phillis* is my only Joy,
Faithless as the Wind or Seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please;
If, with a frown, I am cast down,
Phillis smiling, And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Tho', alas! too late I find,
Nothing can her Fancy fix;
Yet the Moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her Tricks;
Which, tho' I see, I can't get free;
She deceiving, I believing;
What need Lovers wish for more?"

Sir Charles Sedley.

THE tune to which the following ballad is directed to be sung is "Amoret and Phillis." This title refers to "a song by Sir C. S.," in Sir George Etherege's comedy "Sir Fopling Flutter; or, The Man of Mode," Act v. sc. 2, 1676. It long continued a favourite. The earliest music to it was by Dr. Nicholas Staggins, Composer to Charles II., and afterwards Master of the Band to William III., and appears in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, ii. 5, 1679. Later, it was re-set by Dieupart,[1] and also by L. Ramondon.

We give the words direct from the comedy, but they appeared separately so early as 20th November, 1676, among *New Songs*; and the year after in *Wit's Academy*, p. 113:—

AS *Amoret* with *Phillis* sat
One Evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming *Strephon* wait
To tell the Nymph his pain,
The threatning danger to remove
She whisper'd in her Ear,
Ah *Phillis*, if you would not love,
This Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an Art
His Passion to convey
Into a list'ning Virgin's heart,
And steal her Soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate.
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,[2]
Alas, 'tis now too late.

There can be no reasonable doubt as to the authorship, for it is expressed in the play "Song by Sir C. S.," and we find at beginning the "Prologue, By Sir Car Scroope, Baronet." Who wrote our Bagford ballad of "The Healing Balsom" it were a much harder task to determine. A copy is in Pepys Coll., iii. 298.

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[1] In Watts's *Musical Miscellany*, ii. 220, 1729, where the words are mistakenly assigned to Etherege, in defiance of a statement in the play. The music and words are also in the choice little undated volume, Richard Neale's *A Pocket Companion for Gentlemen and Ladies*, &c., p. 116; and in *Vocal Music*, iii. 236. J. Nichols, a trustworthy authority, gives the words unhesitatingly to Sir Car Scrope, and as "from the French of Madame de la Suze," in the first vol. of his *Select Collection of Poems, with Notes*, p. 16, 1780. Dr. John Aikin, and R. H. Evans (in his most impudent republication of Aikin's book, without leave, during his lifetime), misled by the initials, print the song as being Sir Charles Sedley's. It is not, however, among Sedley's *Miscellaneous Works*, 1702; nor is it equal to the best of his charming lyrics, many of which are perfect as Love-songs.

[2] Al. lect. *you* strive.

[Bagford Collection, II. 165 *reverso*; Pepys, iii. 298.]

The healing Balsom of a true Lover.

While Phillis *seemed to be strange,*
Her love was almost mad,
But when he found a suddain change,
It made his heart full glad.

Tune of Amoret *and* Phillis.

[In the original are three cuts: those that are to the right and left of the one above are given on our p. 553. This centre-piece is a fair example of the fashions referred to on p. 548, and notes.]

PHillis, my wounded hearts delight,
doth triumph o're my soul,
When she is gone out of my sight
I by my self condoul,
No comfort then at all I find
when absent she's from me,
I chide the woods cause they'r unkind,
and rail at every tree.

I wander through the shady woods,
thinking my love to find,
I threaten then the sliding floods,
and quarrel with each Wind.

The Lark that do so early rise
I ask'd if her she see,
But nothing she to me replies,
but makes a song of me.

My passion she doth strang[e]ly mock,
laughs at what I endure,
And straight I leave my wandring flock,
in hopes to find a cure.
Quite through the plains I rudely walk,
like one bereft of wit,
And as unto my self I talk
I fall into a fit.

Strange sights, methinks, I then do see,
which trouble me full sore,
If once I could again get free
I ne'r would love her more,
But there's no hopes for me at all
my liberty to gain,
Nor e're to get out of this thrall,
poor love-sick helpless Swain.[1]

[Part Second.]

YOu happy shepherds that are free,
pray keep so if you can,
And take a pattern now by me,
a poor distressed man.
Love is a base and cruel cheat,
and robbs men of their rest,
Compos'd of nothing but deceit
while free men they are blest.

Phillis was false, yet seemed kind,
and caught me in a snare,
Now she bewrays her faithless mind
I mourn beneath despair.
O *Cupid*, thou deceitful boy,
let loose a helpless swain,
Deprived of life's bliss and joy,
and tost in Seas of pain.

[1] Parts of these two lines are scarcely decipherable in Bagford copy.

[*Her Answer.*]

Cease, Cease, my dear, do not complain,
blame not blind *Cupid*s dart,
For I will cure[1] thee of thy pain,
and ease thy love sick heart.
What love did cause thee to endure,
I grieve to think thereon,
Thou art the man, i'le thee assure,
That I do dote upon.

To thee I seemed strange, because
I'de have thee fond of me,
And teach thee tricks in *Cupid*s laws
I thought were strange to thee.
But now I find thou dost acquaint
thyself with such like things,
I can't endure to hear complaint,
thou shalt tast of loves springs.

The Balsom of my lips i'le lay
upon thy[2] bleeding wound,
Shall cause thy pain to pass away,
and [so] shal't soon be found.
Come, take a kiss from thy dear heart,
my love I can't express,
And when thou feel'st no more of smart,
count it a happiness.

How many lovers have been lost,
wanting a salve like mine,
And in the world been strang[e]ly crost,
yet by the power divine,
I'me sent to heal thy bleeding brest,
and ease thee of thy sore,
For which I hope I shall be blest
and happy evermore.

Printed for F. Cole[s], T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark,
W. Thackery, and T. Passenger.
[In Black-letter. Date, probably, about 1676–1680; before 1682.]

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[1] Misprinted "ease" in original.
[2] In original *my*; evidently a misprint for *thy*.

The Wandering Maiden.

"Sweet thou hast trod on a heart.
Pass! there's a world full of men,
And women as fair as thou art
Must do such things now and then..

And yet, peradventure, one day
Thou, sitting alone at the glass,
Remarking the bloom gone away,
Where the smile in its dimplement was,..

Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part,
'Of all I have known or can know,
I wish I had only that Heart
I trod upon, ages ago!'"

E. Barrett Browning: "*A False Step.*"

WE need look no earlier for the tune of the following ballad than the date when the words appeared, but this was certainly before 1687-8. It evidently had its own tune, for it is mentioned by the name "Over hills and high mountains" when found accompanying other ballads, such as the three following from the second volume of the Roxb. Collection. First, p. 148, "The Faithful Inflamed Lover; or, the True Admirer of Beauty," licensed by R. Pocock, Printed for J. Deacon, and beginning, "Now my dearest sweet Jewell." Second, p. 470, "True Love without Deceit," printed for Philip Brooksby, and beginning "Unfortunate *Strephon*, well may'st thou complain." Third, p. 508, from the same publisher, "The Wandring Virgin; or, The Coy Lass well fitted: or, the Answer to the Wand'ring Maiden," and to the same tune. This, beginning "You Virgins so pretty, hear what I relate," we are bound to give (on pp. 575, 576), because it continues the tale of our Bagford ballad. The following is one of the two cuts belonging to it.

[Bagford Collection, II. 165 ; Pepys, iii. 165.]

The Wandring Maiden:

Or,

True Love at length United.

She search'd the Hills and Mountains round
in grief and discontent,
At length her dearest Love she found,
for whom she did lament:
Then all her tears, and sighs, and fears,
was turned into bliss,
And in his arms, a thousand charms,
She sealed with a kiss.

To an excellent new Tune. Entred according to Order.

OVer hills and high mountains
long time have I gone,
Ah! and down by the fountains,
by my self all alone:
Through bushes and briers
being void of all care,
Through perils and dangers,
for the loss of my dear.

I am forced and droven
unconstant to prove,
I am forced and droven
away from my love,
I am forced and droven
from him quite away,
By reason I am bound, love,
and needs must obey.

Through the shade will I wander,
I can do no less,
For the grief I lye under
no one can express:
Neither terror nor danger,
I ever will fear,
For I will be a ranger
to find out my dear.

I'll go to some desert,
and mourn for my dear,
And a bunsh of green willows
I vow for to wear:
And instead of love's token,
my self I'll maintain,
I'll go to some desert,
and I may come again.

For true love is a tryal,
beyond all compare,
And without all denial
my life will ensnare;
He is gone, and doth leave me,
in much discontent,
For his absence doth grieve me,
in tears I lament.

Sure if I cannot find him,
I well may agree,
That the fates have design'd him
my ruin to be:
Ah! sweet *Cupid* befriend me,
and grant my desire,
Or kind Death now come end me
that I may expire.

Then her tears they were flowing,
down from her fair eyes,
But her love little knowing
her sorrowful cries;
Yet at length when he heared,
how she did lament,
He then quickly appeared,
to her hearts content.

The Mann's Reply.

My dear love, cease thy weeping,
now listen to me,
For waking and sleeping,
my heart is with thee;
My love, let nothing grieve thee,
dear, do not complain,
For I never will leave thee,
while life doth remain.

Then these lovers embraced
in each others arms.
Their affections was placed
in sweet loving charms:

Thus they both was united,
and free from annoy,
Ah! and she is delighted,
with her only joy.

Then her trouble was ended,
her grief did expel,
She in love was befriended,
and then all was well;
For in him such a blessing,
at length she hath found,
That beyond all expressing,
her joys did abound.

[Prin]ted for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guiltspur-street, without Newgate.

[In Black-letter. Date, certainly, before 1670.]

[Roxburghe Collection, ii. 508; Pepys, iii. 125.]

The Wandring Virgin;

Or,

The Coy Lass well fitted; or, the Answer to the Wand'ring Maiden.

Virgins whose coyness and disdain does prove
The fatal ruin of cemented Love,
Learn and beware lest you like me cry out,
I'le find my Love, or search the world about.

To a pleasant New Tune, *Over Hills and High Mountains.*

[Two woodcuts: that to the left is on our p. 571. The other, right, of a lady in a ruff and black hat, riding on a galloping black horse, we add hereafter.]

YOU Virgins so pretty,
hear what I relate,
My case you may pitty,
take heed of my Fate:
How I was forsaken,
You'l hear it throughout,
But i'le travel the world o're
to find my Love out.

Since I was the cause
that he first did disdain,
My overmuch coyness
doth make him refrain:
But now I must blush
that it comes so about,
I wou'd give all the world
I could find my love out.

Then straight my green Gown
into breeches i'le make,
And my long yellow Locks
much shorter i'le take:
I'le wander, i'le wander,
i'le wander about,
And i'le search all the world
for to find my Love out.

I'le get me [a] switch,
and a sword by my side,
A Horse, Boots and Spurs
and i'le get up and ride:
I'le wander, i'le wander,
i'le wander about,
I'le search all the world,
for to find my Love out.

My Love was a seemly
and proper young youth,
Though he did dissemble,
I took all for truth.
So crafty in courtship,
I never did doubt,
But i'de give all the World
I could search my Love out.

His forehead was smooth,
and his locks they were curl'd,
And him I ador'd above
all in the world:
His Tongue went so smoothly
in Courtship profound,
That I must have my Love,
though I search the world round.

His Musical voice
it did make me admire,
His courtship and carriage
did set me on fire:
I lov'd him so dearly,
which makes me cry out,
I['le] find him, or wander
the world all about.

What fancy hath took him?
I much do admire,
That he should reject the Love
he did require:
And since he is gone,
I will wander about,
And i'le search all the world
but i'le find my Love out.

My breath it grows short,
and my face pale and wan,
Which makes me admire
the power of the Man:
My heart it doth tremble,
which makes me to doubt
I shall want of my wits
if I find him not out.

Since, Love, I adore thee,
why should'st thou disdain
The suit of thy Lover,
that's subject to pain?
Be kinder unto me,
and ease all my doubt,
For i'le search all the world
but i'le find my Love out.

I'le travel the Desarts,
where fancy me leads,
Through Groves, Fields, & Forests,
through Fountains and Meads,[1]
To find out my dearest
i'le gallop about,
And i'le range the wide world,
for to find my Love out.

I'le search over *England*,
to see if 't contain;
If not, i'le turn Sailor,
to search on the Main,
The Ocean, so boundless,
i'le travel about,
I'le range the wide world,
but i'le find my Love out.

My Maidenhead Jewel
it is still my own;
But if he had ask'd me,
be sure it had gone:
Then Maids have a care,
lest like me you cry out,
I'le find him, or wander
the world all about.

Printed for P. Brooksby in Pye-corner.

[In Black-letter. Date before 1670: the third verse being in *Acad. of Comp.*, 1670, p. 186.]

[1] Misprinted "Moats," in original.

Sweet William's Answer to Betty.

"How pleasant a Sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true;
And would not commit a bad action
For power or profit in view.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
or any such glittering toys,
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
goes thorough the world, my brave boys."

Song in *Perseus and Andromeda:* 1728–30.

JOHN WADE, the author of the following ballad (which we believe to be unique), has been already mentioned in the introduction to another of his songs, the one commencing this volume, "Wade's Reformation." We saw his fondness for giving warnings against drinking to other men: like John Hadland's Advice,

But now I may with sorrow sadly say
My heart is fill'd with woes;
Had it not beene for the good ale-tap,
I had gone in better clothes.

Distinct from Richard Climsell's "John Hadland's Advice," Roxb. Coll., i. 522, "To all men now I'le plainely show," etc., there is another ballad in Bagford Coll., ii. 59, and Roxb. Coll., ii. 228, which bears the title of "*Jack* Hadland's Lamentation," and begins "To all good fellows I'le declare." As it displays the *imprimatur* of R. Pocock, licenser, its date is 1685–8. The tune named is the same as for the earlier "Wade's Reformation," and is probably named from the burden of that ballad: "It is old Ale that has undone me."[1] See *Appendix* for additional list of Wade's songs.

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[1] Still baffled by "The Maid's the best that lies alone" (pp. 5, 6), we accept possible guidance to its first line from a song before 1700, in *Pills*, iv. 59, but a different metre; it begins,

Tho' bootless, I must needs Complain,
My Fate is so extream;
I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Yet all was but a Dream:
For as that Love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

The ballad is named, perhaps from its tune, "A Woman once found out;" and we suspect this to be the first line of the ballad we seek to find. The fourth verse, beginning "The blazing Torch is soon burnt out," shows the *Pills* song to be

Avowedly an Answer to John Wade's own "Amorous Betty's Delight," our present ballad would be incomplete if not preceded by the hitherto-unreprinted original ditty, which we now include:—

[Roxb. Coll., iii. 124.]

Amorous *BETTY'S* Delight:

Or, No Name can compare unto Sweet *William*.

This Maid hath chosen, she doth think, the best,
Yet other Maidens may do what they will,
Sweet William's the Man she loves, she doth protest,
And of kisses plenty he shall have his fill.

To A New West-Country Tune, or, *The Waterman's Delight*.[1] By John Wade.

[The two cuts at the commencement are the same that appear on our p. 572. We substitute, on p. 579, a copy of the original of the lady, instead of the cut used on pp. 503, 581.]

COme all you pretty Maids
where ever you do dwell:
If you'l draw neer I will declare
what man I do Love well:
I have had Suitors store,
declare their Names I shall;
But honest Will, I'le say so still,
he doth exceed them all.

The first Suitor I had
was smiling *Anthony*;
He was a bonny proper Lad,
Yet I did him deny;
He told me that his wealth
and substance was not small:
But honest Will, &c.

Then *Robin* to me came,
who did much honor win:
But when that I did know his name,
[I woul]d not let him in.
Though he knockt with might and main
at my Window he did call,
Yet honest Will, &c.

There's *Wat* the Weavers Son,
and *Tame* the Taylor he:
Has made a match a Race to Run,
which shall my true Love be:
But though they are at strife,
deceive them both I shall,
Yet honest Will, &c.

---

an adaptation of one which we possess in *Wit and Drollery*, p. 24, 1661 (not in 1656 or 1682 editions). beginning,

The Blazing Star is soon burn'd out,
The Diamond light abide, etc.

With a slightly varying burden to its five verses, *I'le rather lye alone*. Compare Roxb. Coll., i. 140. "The blazing Torch is soon burnt out," entitled "A Good Wife or None:" either the Roxburghe is an elongation, or the *Wit and Drollery* song is a condensation, but they are virtually the same. Our impression is that the *Pills* song is an imitation of "The Maid's the best," and compounded from the *Wit and Drollery* song.

[1] We have already given the ballad of "The Waterman's Delight" on p. 257, and being cautious to advance with safety in the settlement of dates, assigned it to 1679-80. But this must be at least six years too late; it proves to have been anterior to "Amorous *Betty's* Delight," and the Answer, both printed for Richard Burton, 1641-74. On our p. 260 read "Date, before 1665." Thus early because we have now found the *Second Part* of "The Waterman's Delight," and give it in the Appendix. It is to the same tune, is printed for J. Williamson, at the Bible in Cannon-Street, near London-Bridge (his date assigned is before 1666), and begins "You jovial Gallants, all give ear to what I shall recite."

Humphery is full of Grief,
like to a silly elff,
And *Roger* the miller, that brave thief,
will needs go hang himself:
All is for th' love of me,
but I doubt the Rope's so small:
For honest Will, i'le say so still,
he doth exceed them all.

AND likewise simpering *Hugh*,
he swears by day or night;
Before he'll lose his Love so true
he is resolv'd to fight:
But though he is so stout,
and the weakest goes to th' wall,
Yet honest Will, &c.

Peter and *Simon* too
might Live well on their means,
But this is all the marks they do
to follow Whores and Queans:
And *Roger* is as bad,
though of stature he is small,
So honest Will, &c.

There's *John* and *Jonathan*,
Some Maids on them do prove:
But if they knew what I do know
they'd out of doors them shove:
For if all be true that's told,
their knavery is not small.
So honest Will, &c.

The Reason if you'd know,
I in brief will tell,
Why I do praise sweet *William*,
or do Love him so well:
He is of favor fair,
he is neither too short nor tall.
So 'tis honest Will, &.

He is of a comely feature,
for beauty he wants none:
He is his father's only heir,
and well esteemed on:
This makes [me set forth] his praise,[1]
. . . . . .
[*So honest Will*, &c.]

Forty thousand on a row,
adorned near so fine,
There's none can make so brave a show
like to the Love of mine:
Besides he's valiant, stout, and strong,
none can him Coward call,
So 'tis honest Will, &c.

[1] Mutilated, two lines lost.

Had I ten ships on sail,
all laden with Rich Pearl,
Away from my Love i'de never steal,
but be his dearest Girl:
No means should me intice
him out on's name to call,
For 'tis honest Will, &c.

For so long as I have Life,
or breath Remains in me,
I'le be his true and Loving wife,
in every degree:
His Credit is not slain,
but please him still I shall,
For 'tis honest Will, &c.

And thus, you pritty Maids,
my mind I have you told,
How I love he that doth love me,
far better then Rich Gold:
But chuse you who you please,
to grieve me it never shall,
For 'tis honest Will, i'le say so still,
that doth exceed them all.

FINIS.

Printed for R. Burton, at the Horse-shoe in West Smith-field.
[In Black-letter.[1] Date, probably, 1641–66.]

[1] Our [pig-]tail-piece is from Roxb. Coll., i. 389.

[Bagford Collection, II. 166.]

Sweet *Williams* Answer to Amorous Bettys delight.

Wherein he shews his heart and mind is true,
And he will never change her for a new,
While life doth last, most faithful will I be,
'Cause amorous Betty is the Girl for me.

To the same Tune [as *Amorous Betty's Delight*], Or; *The Watermans Delight.* By John Wade.

OH what rare musick's this,
that doth sound in mine ear,
Or what greater bliss can be [than] to kiss
my joy and only Dear;
How happy now am I,
the days my own, I see,
Cause amorous Betty, none so pritty,
will my true Love be.

And since that it is so,
that she will be my Love,
Most faithfully until I dye,
and true to her will [I] prove:

Though sweet-hearts i've had store,
yet i'le love none but she,
Cause amorous Betty, none so pritty,
is the Girl for me.

There's pritty simpering *Sue,*
and *Frances* at the Bell,
For to give them both their due,
loves me exceeding well:
And *Joan* that lives i' th' Strand,
fain would my true love be.
But amorous Betty, &c.

And likewise smiling *Kate*
doth love my company,
And *Doll* my person doth not hate,
but fain would it injoy:
Mary would me imbrace,
yet i'le have none of she,
Cause amorous Betty, &c.

Also there is bonny *Nell,*
doth love me as her Life,
And lovely *Nancy* would me fancy
if i'de make her my Wife:
But I have forsook them all
and for the love of thee:
Cause amorous Betty, none so pretty,
will my true love be.

WHerefore, my own true Love,
provide to be my Wife,
My mind from thee shall ne'r Remove
so long as I have Life:
Wild horses shall me tear
e're Ile prove false to thee:
Cause amorous Betty, none so pritty,
will my true Love be.

In Summer time we'l walk
to hear the sweet Birds sing;
Hand in hand we two will talk,
to welcome in the Spring:
The sweetest flowers that grows,
my Dear, i'le pluck for thee:
Cause amorous Betty, &c.

No beauty, though ne'r so bright,
shall cause me from thee to part,
For thou shalt know where e're thou go
Thou hast both hand and heart:
And both at thy command
and service shall they be,
Cause amorous Betty, &c.

Search the City round about,
and eke the Country too;
You cannot see one like to she
that doth so decent go:
She wears no beauty spots,[1]
and yet she's fair, you see:
So amorous Betty, &c.

She bares no lofty mind,
as many Maidens do,
She is of a nature true and kind,
as all her Neighbors know:
She's modest and she's chast,
and yet she'l merry be,
So amorous Betty, &c.

[1] See previous pages 227 R, 289, 499, and 568, also 606, for woodcuts of "Beauty-Spots" patches.

Though *Hellen* she was fair,
and *Diana* she was bright,
Yet none of them could compare
unto my hearts delight:
For flesh, blood, and for bone,
there's none out-passed she;
So amorous Betty, &c.

Of all the Maids i' th Land,
give me one that is fair:
And so i'de have you understand
that she's good Market-ware:
Hang money, what care I,
it buys no Love you see:
So amorous Betty, &c.

Beauty out-passeth Wealth,
he that gains them both is Rare,
But a constant Love will ne'r Remove,
nor fill thee full of care:
I have gained such a one,
for ought that I do see,
So amorous Betty, &c.

And to her I as true will prove,
either by day or night,
For she shall be my dearest Love,
and eke my hearts delight:
My mind shall never change,
but constant still i'le be:
Cause amorous Betty, &c.

And so farewel, my dear,
ten thousand times adieu,
Next Holly-day I vow and swear,
no longer we'l be two:
Till then bear me in mind,
and so I will have thee,
Cause amorous Betty, none so pritty,
is the Girl for me.

Printed for R. Burton, at the Horse-shooe in West-smithfield.
[In Black-letter. Date, probably, not later than 1666.]

A Pill against Popery.

"Those shameful tumults, while they reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had act or part in them, teach a good lesson. That *what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion*, and who in their daily practice set at nought the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful; all History teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well, to profit by even so humble and familiar an example as the 'No Popery' riots of Seventeen Hundred and Eighty."—*Charles Dickens.*

BRAVELY, in November 1841, did Charles Dickens thus write in the Preface to his *Barnaby Rudge*, and by publicly refusing to blind himself, or become dumb against the prevalence of one recurring form of "religious" intolerance, aroused a bitter class of foes, who never forgave the exposure or ceased to vilify its author. Whosoever dare separate himself from those who clamour against Popery, may generally look for accusations being raised, at one and the same time, of being a "Pervert" and "devoid of religion." As though the refusal to join in sectarian intolerance must necessarily have been caused by deficiency of Christian faith!

Yet the worst excesses of the riots in 1780 were provoked by foolish and malignant wire-pullers, in no whit more culpable than had been their predecessors of a century earlier. Lord George Gordon was, at least, a sincere believer that the agitation against Catholicism was a great and holy work. Later, when confined in the Tower of London, he began to meditate upon the result of his inflammatory addresses to an ignorant and brutal rabble. He then lost faith, not only in that dead negation of Protestantism which had misled him, but even in the creed of Christianity itself. He ended in renouncing his belief in the Saviour, and becoming a Jew. But he had been single-hearted, although narrow-minded and prejudiced, and, while labouring to overthrow Papists and Popery, had no selfish ambition or personal rancour to gratify. In all this he was far superior to those revolutionary intriguers and declaimers who, from 1676 to 1690, used the disguise of zealous Protestantism, to enable them to work out their schemes for enriching themselves, and gaining power to trample on their enemies. See this Bagford Coll., iii. 41, 44, 50, 51, for descriptions of those who contrived the Popish Plot.

Of the following ballad we have met no copy elsewhere. The tune mentioned, "Aim not too high" (Roxb. Coll., i. 106), agrees with "Fortune, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?" of which we gave the earlier verses on p. 318. Much more of grim earnest is here, than in the playfulness of The Protestant's Prophesie (p. 439. We have since found its tune: see *Appendix*).

[Bagford Collection, II. 167.]

A Pill against Popery.

Or, A True Touch of these Troublesome times.

Plainly shewing the wicked practices of Plotters and Contrivers, against Religion, and Laws, the deadness of Trade, and the debauchery of the times.

To mend all this let each one in the Nation,
Begin within himself a Reformation.

TUNE OF *Aim not too High.*

[The left-hand cut is appropriate, being of a cavalier barber-surgeon, who has newly extracted a long-decayed and aching tooth. The central figure, a woman, was lost from Bagford Coll., ii. 87: see note *in loco*. There is a touch of satire in the woodcut at head of the Second Part, viz. *a File*.]

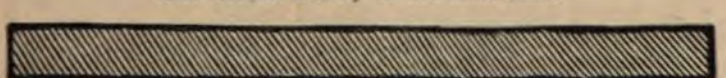
KInd Countrymen, give ear unto these Lines
W[hi]ch may be call'd, *A Touchstone of the Times*,
When Christians one another would destroy,
That few in safety can their lives enjoy.
Then strive in love and Peace for to agree
That from these troubles we may be set free. 6

Each day brings fresh Alarums to our ears,
And fills us full of jealousies and fears,
Men are so wicked grown and so unjust
That neighbours dares not one another trust.
Then strive in love and Peace for to agree,
That from these troubles we may be set free.

When men from true Religion once do swerve,
And seek the Devil & their Lusts to serve,
Pride and Ambition, makes them headlong run,
Till others or themselves, they have undone.
Then strive, &c.
[*That from, &c.*]

What horrid Plots of late are brought to light
By Romish Agents carried on in spite,
To ruine King and Country they desire,
And bring in Popery with Sword & Fire:
Then strive in love and Peace for to agree,
That from these troubles we may be set free.

The Second Part; to the same tune.



The Jesuits and Priests, they did combine,
But our good God did frustrate their design,
Though instigated by the Devil, they
For to inslave us would have found a way.
Then strive in love and Peace for to agree,
That from these dangers we may be set free.

Some of them [soon] from Justice had their doom,
And suffer'd for their Zeal and love to *Rome*,
And more e're long, perhaps in little time,
May be rewarded for their bloody crime.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from these troubles we may be set free.

Their great ones do in blindness lead the rest,
As some of their own party have confest,

And make them to believe they merit well,
When as they act with principles from Hell.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from these troubles we may be set free.

They are a people of a bloody mind,
As by experience we do daily find,
By Justice *Godfrey's* Murder[1] they made plain
What they would do, if they the power could gain.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from all dangers we may be set free.

We are not sure the danger is quite past,
Until the bottom is found out at last,
But still we hope the Lord will us protect,
If that his mercies we do not reject.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from all dangers we may be set free.

But yet, alas, we find it to our grief,
The poor are like to starve without relief,[2]
The times so bad by these designs are made
As puts a stop and damp unto all trade.[3]
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from all dangers we may be set free.

For now, 'tis plain, all trading is so dead
That many a poor man's family wants bread,

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[1] 1678. See Introduction to Bagford Coll., iii. 44, and its first ballad.

[2] To say the least of it, this is disingenuously put, as though the Catholic-Churchmen were in any sense answerable for this poverty: the fact being that the extremely poor were always better provided for by them than by the Protestants. That pauperism is encouraged by Romanists may be admitted, but that those who are already poor are left unrelieved to starve is a gratuitous falsehood. It is under our Protestant or Whig Poor-Laws that cases of absolutely unrelieved destitution occur, cases of absolute starvation, as ever and anon in London; while the out-door-relief system (supposed to be a cheap way of avoiding a heavier burden on the ratepayer, by compelling applicants to accept admission to the Union Poor-house) has gradually destroyed almost all the independence of spirit among England's agricultural labourers.

[3] That trade is bad in such disturbed times (as referred to in lines 57, 58, and in these following verses) is attributable quite as much to the Protestant agitators as to the Roman-Catholics whom they accuse.

Their wages small now money is so scant
That some are ready for to starve for want.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from these troubles we may be set free.

Those that have money will not lay it out,
Because of danger they are still in doubt,
So that for want of work the Tradesmen poor
Is ready for to beg from door to door.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from these troubles we may be set free.

Now that the Lord may blessings to us send,
Let every one their lives seek to amend,
Our sins for certain is the cause of all
Those miseries which do our land befall.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from these troubles we may be set free.

If that we put our trust in God above,
The hatred of our foes he'l turn to love,
Or frustrate their designes that they shall be
Not able for to rise by Treachery.
Then strive in love and peace for to agree,
That from all dangers we may be set free.

And to conclude, let it be all our care
To call upon the Lord by hearty prayer,
That he our land from dangers will preserve,
And grant that from his laws we may not swerve.
But that in love and peace we may agree,
And by his power from troubles be kept free.

Printed for J. Coniers at the *Black Raven* in *Duck Lane*.
With Allowance.

[In Black-letter. Date, almost certainly 1678–79.]

England's Royal Renown.

"The greatest Monarch in Europe is crown'd,
And hath call'd a Parliament loyal and sound,
The Bill of Exclusion is quite forgot,
And sent to the Devil with Oates's Plot;
Argyle we fear not with th' mixed Crew
Of French and Dutch, the Whig and the Jew,
Since we have a Parliament loyal and true,
We'll pray for the King and the Parliament too."

Loyal Songs, 1685.

THIS Coronation-ballad, full of laudation offered to James II., "the fountain of our joys, the Nation's sole-defender," by Jonah Deacon, the publisher (and, for anything we know to the contrary, the writer of it), was followed in three years' time by another Coronation-ballad from the same house and hand, in equally enthusiastic praise of the so-called "Protestant Deliverer," who assumed the title of William III., with the connivance of Parliament. That such turncoats as Jonah Deacon always come to the front in disturbed times, and are the noisiest proclaimers of their disinterested loyalty, is no new discovery. "Public life" frequently, as Shakespeare writes in his Sonnets, "doth public manners breed," until human nature is subdued to a very sordid condition. Strivers for popularity cease to value any real patriotism. They may possibly have once been sincere, but democrats who wish to make a figure in the public eye, and become the oracle of the mob, the idol of their party, soon show themselves willing to sacrifice every principle and person for their own interest. Either to gain or regain power such men have no scruples of conscience. We have seen examples of this in modern days.

That JONAH DEACON was something more than the printer and publisher of this ballad, and of the very demonstratively Protestant ditties which have already appeared in our collection of Bagford Ballads, we have a strong suspicion, although we know not of any explicit declaration that he was actually their author. We see his initials very prominently displayed on the woodcut of William and Mary's Coronation, 1689 (Bagford Coll., ii. 172), as we find them in the engraving at the head of The Valiant Souldier's Misfortune, 1690 (our p. 350). So long as it was profitable to stand by James II., Deacon issued ballads in his favour; when success declared itself for the Dutch William, Deacon became the zealous publisher of addresses to the "Protestant Boys, so valiant and stout." So runs the world away. These are your "successful men"!

No doubt the tune here named, "The Cannons rore," is that belonging to Tom D'Urfey's song on the Victory over the Turks (in ill odour, when Vienna was besieged, and "Staremberg is wounded"), which belongs to 1683. Music is in 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 71, and *Pills to P. Mel.* i. 300. It begins,

Hark, the thund'ring Cannons roar,
Ecchoing from the *German* shore,
And the joyful News comes o'er;
The *Turks* are all confounded;
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,[1]
Charge your Horse thro' the grand Half Moon,
We'll quarter give to none,
Since *Staremberg* is wounded.

Another song, "On the most high and mighty Monarch, King James II., his Exaltation to the Throne of England," to the same tune as ours, "Hark the thund'ring Cannons roar," is on p. 74 of Nat. Thompson's 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, and 1694. Of eight verses, the first begins,

Hark! the Bells and Steeples ring,
A Health to JAMES our Royal King,
Heav'n approves the Offering
Resounding in a Chorus;
Let our Sacrifice aspire,
Richest Gums perfume the fire,
Angels, and the sacred Quire
Have led the way before us.

The Coronation of James the Second and of his Queen, Mary Beatrix Eleanora D'Este of Modena, took place in Westminster Abbey, on St. George's Day, April the 23rd, 1685. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, officiated at the rite, which was performed according to the Protestant formalities, although James's Catholicism was avowed. There would otherwise have been difficulties. The ceremony, we are told, "though sufficiently splendid, was shorn of many of the triumphs which had distinguished the coronation of his brother Charles. There was no new creation of Knights of the Bath; the City neglected the customary erection of triumphal arches; and the former gorgeous cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster was omitted. James was inclined to be penurious, and the omission of a part of the usual splendour is said to have saved him sixty thousand pounds."[2] But the paltry niggardliness of Parliament must

[1] September 3rd, 1683.

[2] J. H. Jesse's *Memoirs of the Court of England*, 1840, vol. iv. p. 397. Lord Macaulay, after mentioning the profuse expenditure and enthusiastic delight of the City at the coronation of Charles II., "while the feelings excited by the Restoration were in full vigour," adds the following sage reflections. James

have helped to teach this penuriousness to James. When the City begrudged the cost of triumphal arches for his procession, he stinted the procession itself. The frequency with which the Commons in those days haggled over the payment, after having voted sums for particular purposes, is a theme which has not been sufficiently dilated on by historians.

There were not absent omens of evil augury, to indicate danger and instability of the throne. It is recorded that the crown tottered and almost fell from the head of the King, until it was sustained by Henry Sidney, Algernon's brother, who at the same time said it was not the first occasion of his family having supported the crown. As to other occurrences, such as the broken canopy, the shattered flag-staff on the White Tower, with the royal standard "torn by the wind at the same time the signal was given to the Tower that he was crowned;" and (according to Echard) "a part of a window in one of the London churches, on which the royal arms were beautifully painted, suddenly falling down in an unaccountable manner," there is a sufficient explanation without our needing any superstitious belief. Many ultra-Protestants were indignant at the failure of their persistent attempt to exclude James from the succession. These persons, if they had been willing, could have easily told how it came to pass that a church-window was destroyed, or a flag-staff was sawn half-through, to be at the mercy of any gale of wind, whenever the Royal Standard was unloosed.

Neither of this nor of the other Coronation-ballad do we know any other copy preserved. We are fortunate in possessing both, and in having them so near together.

"determined to be profuse where he ought to have been frugal, and niggardly where he might pardonably have been profuse. More than a hundred thousand pounds were laid out in dressing the Queen, and the procession from the Tower was omitted. The folly of this course is obvious. If pageantry be of any use in politics, it is of use as a means of striking the imagination of the multitude. It is surely the height of absurdity to shut out the populace from a show, of which the main object is to make an impression on the populace. James would have shown a more judicious munificence, and a more judicious parsimony, if he had traversed London from east to west with the accustomed pomp, and had ordered the robes of his wife to be somewhat less thickly set with pearls and diamonds. *His example was, however, long followed by his successors.*" — *History of England*, cap. iv.

[Bagford Collection, II. 169 *reverso*.]

Englands Royal Reno[wn],

In the Coronation of our Gracious King *James* the Second, and his Royal Consort Qu[een *Mary*,] which was accordingly Celebrated in a most Glorious splendor, on the 23*d* of A[*pril* last, 1685.]

Let us agree in Loyalty, the King and Queen adore, { } And that the Crown with much R[enown] May flourish evermore.

To the Tune of, [*Hark*] *The* [*thund'ring*] *Cannons rore.*

Entred according to [Order.]

NOble hearted *English* boys,
Fill the air with musick noise,
James the fountain of our joys,
the Nations Sole-defender:
He's the Monarch of the Land,
We'l obey his great Command,
'Tis but duty, heart, and hand,
when we do all Surrender.

May the Nation now obey,
James who does the Scepter sway,
Let his Power ne'r decay,
but ever be increased:
Now the Storm is overblown,
Royal *James* enjoys his own;
In the Glory of his Throne,
since *Charles* the Great's decease[d.]

If occasion serves, we'l Fight,
In the Field with Armour bright,
To maintain Great *Jameses* right,
most Royally descended:
Brittain from Sedition wean,
Since the famous sight was seen
Of our Gracious King and Quee[n,]
most Nobly attended.

NOw the Bells of *London* ring,
Whigs be wise, obey your King,
While the Loyal-hearted sing,
to banish all vexation:
That our joys may more abound,
Let the Glass go freely round,
Our gracious King & Queen is Crownd
the Glory of the Nation.

Now let all united be,
In the Band of Loyalty,
To Great *James* and Queen *Mary*,
alas! why should we sever;

May they with their Royal Crown,
Flourish in a high Renown,
Many Blessings now pour down
upon them both for ever.

Loyal hearts, both rich and poor,
Now our Gracious Prince adore,
Drink his health, boys, ten times o're,
in Claret, Sack, and Sherry;
As for Gold, and such like wealth,
We will spend that Oram[1] pelf,
For to drink a Loyal Health
to gracious good Queen *Mary*.

From the Pallace all along,
Guinneys Subjects gave ding dong,
That they might the windows throng,
up to the highest Story:[2]
E'ry place that they did build,
With beholders they were fill'd,
Many hundreds there beheld,
the King in all his Glory.

Now let Subjects hearts incline
To the Race and Royal Line,
Since the Heaven so Divine
and Reason us ingages:
Let it be the Subjects Prayer,
That our gracious Queen may bear
To Great *James* a Princely [Hei]r,
to Reign in after Ages.[3]

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Sign of the *Angel* in *Guiltspur-street*.
[In Black-letter. Mutilated by binder, in pasting in. Date, 1685.]

[1] Probably, money from Oran in Algiers? Otherwise it is, as John Jasper says, in *Edwin Drood*, "Unintelligible." Tangiers had formed part of Queen Catherine's dowry: See Bagford Coll., iii. 30.

[2] The plain English seems to be this: Loyal subjects gave guineas abundantly for the hire of windows, from basement to garret, in order to obtain a sight of the King passing. "This, after what flourish your nature will," Mr. Jonah Deacon.

[3] Thus Lord Lansdowne writes, of her:—

> Our future hopes all from thy womb arise;
> Our present joy and safety from your eyes;
> Those charming eyes, which strive to reconcile
> To harmony and peace our stubborn Isle.

In fact, when the expected heir was born, in 1688, the stubborn isle lent a credulous ear to interested politicians, who asserted that it was surreptitious.

Two Wanton Ladies.

"'But why do you go?' said the lady, while both sat under the yew,
And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the Kraken beneath the sea-blue.
'Because I fear you,' he answered;—'because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your gold-coloured hair."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

NELL Gwynn and Louise Renée de Penencovet de Quérouailles, Duchess of Portsmouth, figure in the two following ballad-dialogues, which mark the conclusion of Charles the Second's reign. We know not another copy, or a reprint. Readers who desire to read any amount of prosy moralizing, on the profligacy of those times, can find ample material provided elsewhere. Nothing is easier than to denounce unblushing wickedness in high places, and to set forth the evils caused by rioting in sensuality or prodigal expenditure. There is a close connexion between a wasteful Court and an over-taxed country; a niggardly House of Commons and an indignant Monarch, who is thus driven into tyrannical acts whereby money may be extorted, since it is otherwise refused. Thus the mistresses of Charles attain an historical importance. But we leave to others the invidious task of flinging stones at them. Andrew Marvel indulged in this plentifully, to the no-small damage of the respect we might otherwise accord him. Worthy Samuel Pepys had retained much of the Commonwealth Puritanism, of occasional sanctimoniousness, while ready enough in general to enjoy all pleasures with a Cavalier's freedom. He makes many an entry in his inestimable Diary, in rebuke of the waste and riot of the reigning favourites. No doubt words fell from him to the same effect, although he had seen quite enough of formal hypocrisy cloaking immorality during the days of "the Rump." He, therefore, was too sensible a man to hold himself qualified as a public corrector of morals. John Evelyn is careful to wear a grave face in reprobation of the prevailing libertinism, being a cold steady man, free from temptation. But we should have esteemed his virtue to be of a higher caste if he had avoided the scenes of debauchery, on which he bestows his censure, and not made profit and repute by his presence in a Court which he held to be contaminated.[1] We

[1] Thus, on Sunday, the 25th of January, 1685, he records, "Dr. Dove preached before the King. I saw this evening such a profuse gaming, and the King in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never before seen. Luxurious dallying and prophanenesse." Charles died early on 6th Feb., and Evelyn returns to the subject in the well-known passage, "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury

are thankful to De Grammont and the Chevalier Hamilton for all they tell us, concerning the free-and-easy fair ones who intrigued, quarrelled, coquetted, and came to grief, surrounding the Merry Monarch. If these ladies, with the beauty of person which Sir Peter Lely has made immortal, seem devoid of soul, and only rarely are capable of any nobility of passion, even in love itself, the deficiency in them makes us less exorbitant in demand for heroic qualities in the men whom they enslaved. Frivolity tainted every one. It is quite as well that the full development was not arrested, of their reaction against the intolerable tyranny of the canting Puritans which had ended in making religion and virtue seem nothing beyond a name. Thus Venus victrix, even when she became Venus meretrix, courted homage from those who felt disgusted by the sullen hypocrisy and intolerance of the self-elected Saints.

It is natural, after experience of repulsive Puritanical morality, that such a foolish pendulum as man swings himself in an opposite direction:

> Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
> And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
> And move to the music of passion
> With lithe and lascivious regret.
> What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
> For creeds that refuse and restrain?
> Come down and redeem us from Virtue,
> Our Lady of Pain!

Some hankering after an enthroned life of pleasure, some unsatisfied yearnings to see the revival of that cheerful exuberance of spirit, which had earlier kept our country celebrated as "Merry England," might have haunted the world incessantly, if the experiment had not been made, with its ensuing nausea. The conviction nationally arrived at, since their date, is that both extremes are as foolish as they are insupportable.

We reserve for the next ballad's introduction the little we have to write concerning the "Two Wanton Ladies of Pleasure." The death of Charles II., in February, 1685, was speedily followed by the Duchess of Portsmouth's preparations for return

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and prophanenesse, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulnesse of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witnesse of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, *Portsmouth*, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least two thousand [pounds] in gold before them; *upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment.* Six days after was all in the dust."—*Evelyn's Diary.*

to France. Despite the enormous sums of money that had been lavished on her, she appears to have been at this time crippled by debts. In both ballads the superior popularity of honest untitled "Nelly" shows to advantage. She was well known to be less grasping than all the other favourites, and far more constant to her royal lover. The being a stanch Protestant, as well as a daughter of the people, and a fearless, witty, beautiful actress, until Charles removed her from the stage, assisted to make her beloved. Her influence was never exerted in politics to the injury of her country, but she was the chief instigator of the foundation of Chelsea Hospital[1] for disabled soldiers. The admiration expressed for her by Samuel Pepys, when he saw her standing at her door, "in her smock sleeves and boddice," "a mighty pretty creature," is such as few except gloomy precisians would even now withhold. No wonder he is careful to record how pleased he was when he kissed her.[2]

It remains to tell of the tune, which was also known by the title "The Crost Couple," from a ballad in Roxb. Coll., ii. 94, beginning "I'll tell you a tale, no stranger than true." This name of the tune is mentioned in another ballad, "News from Hyde Park," Roxb. Coll., ii. 379, which gave other two names, "Hyde Park," and, from the burden, "Tantivee." See *Popular Music*, p. 326, and *Pills*, iv. 139, where it is entitled The Hide-Park Frolick. It begins,

> One evening, a little before it was dark,
> *Sing tan tara, rara tan-tivee*;
> I call'd for my Gelding, and rode to *Hide Park*,
> *Sing tan tara, rara tan-tivee.*
> It was in the merry Month of *May*,
> When Meadows and Fields were gaudy and gay,
> And Flowers apparell'd as bright as the Day,
> *I got upon my Tan-tivee.* (Ouvry Coll., i. 47.)

In twelve verses it tells of the country squire being deceived by a fine painted madam, whose false tresses, teeth, etc., he discovers in time to escape from her clutches, "and down to my country again to my Boors." So the tune was appropriately chosen.

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[1] "The plan of that fine institution, Chelsea Hospital, would probably never have been completed, at least in the reign of Charles, but for the persevering and benevolent enthusiasm of this woman [Nell Gwynn], who never let the King rest till it was carried into execution."—Mrs. Jameson's *Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second*, p. 155, edition 1851.

[2] *Diary*, January 23, 1667–8. The time when he saw her, on a Mayday, as she looked out from her lodgings' door in Drury Lane, at the milkmaids going around with garlands on their pails, was in 1667.

[Bagford Collection, II. 170.]

A Pleasant Dialogue betwixt Two Wanton Ladies of Pleasure.

Or, *The Dutchess of* Por[t]smouths *woful Fur[e]wel to her former Felicity.*

One Lady she Couragiously stands in her own defence;
The other now doth seem to bow, her Colours are display'd,
Assuredly none can deny the Words she speaks is sence:
She is content, her mind is bent, still to maintain her Trade.

TUNE OF, *Tan tarra rara, tan tivee.*

BRave Gallants, now listen and I will you tell,
with a fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la,
A pleasant discourse that I heard at *Pell-Mell,*
with a fa, la, &c.
Between two fair Ladys of the wanton strain,
The one to the other did sigh and complain,
I wish I was over in *France* now again,
with a fa, la, &c.

Quoth *Nelly,* I prithee, who sent for thee here,
with a fa, la, &c.
'Tis you with a shame that put in for a share,
with a fa, la, &c.
O do you remember when I was dismay'd,
When you in attire was richly array'd,
Alas I poor *Nelly* was wrong'd in my trade,
with a fa, la, &c.

I pray now could you not your honour advance,
with a fa, la, &c.
With some noble Peer, in the Nation of *France,*
with a fa, la, &c.
Forsooth you must needs leave your country dear
To utter your fine french Commodity here,
But sorrow and trouble will bring up the rear,
with a fa, la, &c.

Dear *Nelly,* be loving, and do not reflect,
with a fa, la, &c.
But prithee now shew me some civil respect,
with a fa, la, &c.
For now I am in a most pittiful case,
For shame will not let me uncover my face,
My honour is turn'd to a wail of disgrace,
with a fa, la, &c.

Quoth *Nelly,* pray send for the treasure again,
with a fa, la, &c.
That you did send over while you were in fame:
with a fa, la, &c.
Come, come, I must tell ye that you was too bold
To send from this Nation such parcels of gold,
In such kind of dealings you must be controul'd,
with a fa, la, &c.

No, sweet Madam *Nelly*, you cannot deny,
with a fa, la, &c.
But you have had treasure as often as I,
with a fa, la, &c.
And yet must I onely indeed be run down,
By you that I value the least in the town,
If I come in favour upon thee i'le frown,
with a fa, la, &c.

You drab of a Miss,[1] I do hold you in scorn,
with a fa, la, &c.
I'de have you to know I am this Nation born,
with a fa, la, &c.
Your coming to *England* I heartily rue,
Of many [a] good bout I've been cheated by you,
For which may a Thousand vexations insue,
with a fa, la, &c.

No matter for that, it was all my delight,
with a fa, la, &c.
But now I am in a most pittiful plight,
with a fa, la, &c.
Unfortunate Lady that now am deny'd,
In this vail of sorrow my patience is try'd,
Sure this may be termed the downfal of pride,
with a fa, la, &c.

I'le warrant, you thought it would ever[2] be day,
with a fa, la, &c.
But now you are utterly fell to decay,
with a fa, la, &c.
You are in a sad and deplorable state,
You wander alone now for want of a Mate,
You're like an old Almanack quite out of date,
with a fa, la, &c.

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[1] Good words appropriated to bad meanings soon lose favour, like *occupy*, *censorious*, *superstitious*, &c. For a man now to speak of his "Mistress" suggests evil thoughts. The word "Miss" suffered damage in the time of Charles II. In Evelyn's *Diary*, January 9th, 1661–2, we read: "I saw acted 'The third Part of the Siege of Rhodes' [by Sir Wm. D'Avenant]. In this acted the faire and famous Comedian call'd Roxalana, from the part she perform'd; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earle of Oxford's *Misse* (*as at this time they began to call lewd women*)."

[2] In original this is misprinted "never."

No, *Nelly*, I will not be clearly dismay'd,
with a fa, la, &c.
I'le set a good face and will follow my trade,
with a fa, la, &c.
I shall have some trading I do make no doubt,
I'le have youthful damosels to ply on the scout,
I'le play a small game[1] now before i'le stick out,
with a fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la.

Printed for I. Deacon, in Guiltspur-street.

[In Black-letter. Date, probably March, 1685.]

[1] Our modern slang, "What's your little game?" is here anticipated.

[This cut in the original is printed to the right of that on p. 599.]

Portsmouth's Lamentation.

"The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
And love self-slain in some sweet shameful way,
And sorrowful old age that comes by night
As a thief comes that has no heart by day,
And change that finds fair cheeks and leaves them grey,
And weariness that keeps awake for hire,
And grief that says what pleasure used to say;
This is the end of every man's desire."

A. C. Swinburne: *A Ballad of Burdens.*

As already mentioned, this ballad is of the same subject as the one immediately before it, and evidently of the date March, 1685.

The tune named, Tom the Taylor, refers to a ballad in Roxb. Coll., ii. 263; iv. 27, beginning "*Tom* the Taylor near the *Strand*, he met a pretty creature." The title is "Poor *Tom* the Taylor, his Lamentation," and the tune is designated "Daniel Cooper." "*Daniel Cooper;* or, The Highland Laddy" (Douce Coll., i. fol. 51), begins, "There's ne'r a Lad in our town, that's worth an ounce of Powder." "To the *Scotch* tune, call'd Wally on't; or, We'l welcome you to *Yarrow;* Up go we; *Jenny* gin" (our p. 510). Printed for P. Brooksby, 1682.

We have the music of *Daniel Cooper*, in connexion with the words of a different ballad, "A Nosegay of Pleasure growing in *Cupid's* garden;" "Good honest Trooper, take warning by Donald Cooper: to the tune of *Daniel Cooper*." The beginning is, "A bonny Lad came to the Court, his name was *Donald Cooper*." It is found in N. T.'s 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 354, and also in *Pills*, v. 88. As for the other title, "Titus Oates," if unaccompanied it would give no help, for the songs written against this stupendous perjurer were innumerable: some went to the tune of "Packington's Pound," others to "Sike a wife has *Willy* had," "Hark the thund'ring cannon roar," "Sir *Eglamore*," "The Jovial Beggar," "Now, now the Fight's done," and "Hail to the myrtle shade," &c. "Titus Oates" probably refers to "Oates well thrashed, being a Dialogue between a Countrey Farmer, and his man Jack," beginning "Our *Oates* last week not worth a Groat," &c. It is one of the 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, 1694, p. 254: the true tune is "Cavalilly Man" (*Pop. Music*, 441).

Eleanor Gwynn, or Gwyn, as shown in her horoscope (believed to have been drawn by Wm. Lilly), in the Ashmolean Museum, was born on the 2nd February, 1649–50. She was of Welsh family, and her father was either a "Captain" Thomas, or a Fruiter in Covent Garden. Nelly's own account of her early days is dark enough. She said, "I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong-water to the gentlemen;

and you [Beck Marshall] are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter." Nelly's orthodoxy was more unimpeachable than her morals, and she had not any objection to swearing, so far as might be deemed expedient and edifying. Years later, when hooted by the populace, who mistook her for the Duchess of Portsmouth (the other interlocutor in the preceding and following ballads), Nelly popped her pretty face from the coach-window, and merrily shouted, "My good people, you think I am the Catholic Whore,—but I am the Protestant Whore." They cheered her, in consequence. This was satisfactory. Yet there are schismatics, even now, who object to any creed or profession of faith.

Nelly had all the hearty likings of the Cavaliers, and her approval of May-poles and of Milkmaids' dances is certified by Pepys. Theatres she frequented, at first to sell her oranges, and next to win admiration as an actress, but always to enjoy the performances and see the company. By December 1666 she was an accomplished and charming Lady Wealthy, in the Hon. Jas. Howard's "English Monsieur." Early in 1668, the King had shown his favour to her, although this was not notorious until 1669–70. She retired from the Stage in 1671.

The children of the Duchesses of Cleveland and of Portsmouth had been ennobled with titles, but Nelly's (far more indisputably the sons of Charles) had received no such dignities. She took her own way of bringing this omission into notice. She called to her eldest son, when he was playing in the room where the King sat, "Come here, you little bastard!" Charles was shocked, and rebuked her. With demure looks, and meek simplicity, she replied, "Indeed, I am sorry, but have no better name to give him, poor boy!" A few days later the child was made Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford; and, in 1683, Duke of St. Albans, a title still borne by his descendants.

Her faithful affection was not unappreciated by the populace or by Charles. Almost his last words were, in commending her to his brother's care, "Let not poor Nelly starve!" He knew that she had never striven to enrich herself; and, in fact, when she died, within seven years afterwards, in 1691, she possessed little property, "and that little was by her will distributed in charity. She left, among other bequests, a small sum yearly to the ringers of the church of St. Martin, where she was buried, which donation they still enjoy" [1851].

The name of the Duchess of Portsmouth was generally corrupted into "Madame Carwell." In 1670 she had been seen by Charles at Dover, whither she came in the train of his sister Henrietta to meet him, for the arrangement of a secret treaty

with Louis XIV. The ladies returned to Versailles, Henrietta died, and Buckingham arrived as Envoy Extraordinary. It is believed that he arranged Louise's return to England, by royal invitation, solely to injure Charles's reigning-favourite, the Duchess of Cleveland, with whom he himself had been intimate, but had now quarrelled. Louise, soon dignified as the Duchess of Portsmouth, became the most prodigal and absolute of mistresses. Nothing was denied to her extravagant demands.

She survived, in retirement, and in her native France, until 1734; then died in her eighty-seventh year.

In *State Poems*, 1707, iv. 388, is "A Dialogue between the Dutchess of *Clevel*[*and*] and the Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, at their Meeting in *Paris*, with the Ghost of *Jane Shore*;" Cleveland beginning, "Art thou return'd, my Sister Concubine?" Of this, as a broadside, the original is in Ouvry Collection, i. 42–45. In the third vol. of *State Poems*, p. 132, is a laudatory verse, "To be written under the Dutchess of Portsmouth's Picture," beginning "Had she but liv'd in Cleopatra's Age," with the conclusion, in reference to her beauty (and the title of Dryden's adaptation of Shakespeare), "That all the world for love had well been lost." Two lampooning Answers follow it, and in *State Poems Continued*, p. 51, is another, written in September, 1682,

WHo can on this Picture look,
And not strait be wonder-struck,
That such a speaking [1] doudy thing
Should make a Beggar of a King?
Three happy Nations turn to Tears,
And all their former Love to Fears;
Ruin the Great, and raise the Small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this Nation is the Head;
For half *Whitehall* make her their Court,
Tho' th' other half make her their Sport.
Monmouth's Tamer. *Jeffery's* Advance,
Foe to *England*, Spy to *France*,
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly as you see, and Old.
In a word, her mighty Grace
Is Whore in all things but her Face.

This is the sort of writing (and much immeasurably worse than it may be found) in which the opposers of the Court indulged, against women. No wonder such a remonstrance against their licence as the Bagford ballad (iii. 52) appeared in 1679.

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[1] This may refer to her foreign accent and broken English. Or, query, "sneaking"?

[Bagford Collection, II. 171.]

Portsmouths Lamentation;

Or, *A Dialogue between Two Amorous Ladies*, E. G. and D. P.

Dame *Portsmouth* was design'd for *France*,
But therein was prevented;
Who Mourns at this Unhappy Chance,
And sadly doth lament it.

To the Tune of, *Tom the Taylor*, or, *Titus Oats.*

I Prithee, *Portsmouth*, tell me plain,
without dissimulation,
When dost thou home return again,
and leave this English Nation?
Your youthful days are past and gone,
you plainly may perceive it,
Winter of age is coming on,
'tis true you may believe it.

And, *Nelly*, is't not so with thee?
why dost thou seem to flout me?
I am inclos'd with misery,
and sorrows round about me:

O 'twas a sad and fatal hour,
as e're could come unto me,
When Death did all my joys devour,
on purpose to undoe me.

Thy loss was much, I must confess,
and much to be lamented,
Now thou art almost pittiless,[1]
thy design it is prevented:
To *France* 'twas thy intent to go,
but therein did'st miscarry,
And trouble 'tis to thee, I know,
that thou art forc'd to tarry.

Fye, *Nell*, this news is worse and worse,
and doth increase my trouble,
That I must now unstring my purse,
doth make my sorrow double,
From hence I thought for to convey
what in this Land I gained,
But I am here confin'd to stay,
and now my credit's stained.

Pish, lightly come, and lightly go,
ne'r let this matter grieve thee,
Tho' fortune seems to be thy foe,
and for a while to leave thee:
Yet shee again on thee may smile,
then be not broken hearted,
Tho' from this little *Brittish* Isle,
thou must not yet be parted.

With care and grief I am opprest,
and I am discontented,
Sorrow is lodged in my Breast,
my youthful life lamented:
How did I vainly spend my time,
tho' Riches still increased;
And play'd the Wanton in my prime,
but now my comfort's ceased.

[1] Pityless is here evidently used instead of *unpitied*.

Well, thou hast laid up Riches store,
to serve thee when afflicted;
And yet doth carp and care for more,
thou can'st not contradict it,
But let enough thy mind suffice,
since fortune frowns upon thee:
Now show thyself discreet and wise,
or else what will come on thee?

Could I but safely get to *France*,
with all my Gold and Treasure;
There would I briskly sing, and dance,
and Riot beyound measure;
But I am crost in my design,
which greatly doth torment me,
And 'tis in vain for to repine:
what plagues hath Heaven sent me.

Madam, I fear it will grow worse,
with patience strive to bear it,
And since you must unstring your purse,
for it be now prepared:
Your debts in *England* must be paid,
believe me what I tell ye,
And thereat be not [you] dismaid,
but be advis'd by *Nelly*.

FINIS.

Printed for C. Dennisson at the Stationers-Arms, within Aldgate.
[In Black-letter. Date, the same as previous ballad, March, 1685]

The Protestants' Joy.

"Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glammis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity."

Macbeth, Act iii. sc. 1.

TO the companion ballad on the Coronation of James II. and his Queen, issued three years earlier by the same publisher Jonah Deacon, readers are referred for a few words on the subject of time-serving sycophants. More important personages than our ballad-writers found it expedient to turn their coats in those days.

The tunes named are "Grim king of the Ghosts," and "Hail to the myrtle shade." The former title (see *Popular Music*, p. 294) refers to Bagford Coll., i. 53 (also in Roxb. Coll., ii. 317), which was sung to its own tune, known afterwards as accompanying Rowe's "Colin's Complaint," and Gay's "Can Love be controull'd by advice." It begins,

Grim king of the Ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train:
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wane.
Come, you night-hags, with all your Charms,
And revelling witches, away,
And hug me close in your arms:
To you my respects I'll pay.

The words are in Ritson's *English Songs*, i. 67; the *Hive*, ii. 247; and Percy's *Reliques*. The other tune belongs to a song by Nat. Lee, in his "Theodosius," Act iii. sc. 2, 1680, which is given, with music but no composer's name, in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, iii. 22, 1681. It is also in *Pills*, iii. 185, and *Vocal Music*, iii. 148. Thus commencing,

Hail to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields.
Kings would not here invade,
Those pleasures that virtue yields;
Beauty here opens her arms,
To soften the languishing mind;
And *Phillis* unlocks her charms;
Ah, *Phillis!* ah, why so kind?

To the same tunes was written another ballad on almost the same subject, in Roxb. Coll., ii. 272, 437, "The subject's satisfaction: the proclaiming of King William and Queen Mary."

It was issued in February, two months before our Bagford, and begins "King William is come to the throne." Like ours, it was printed by J. Deacon at the Angel. Another copy is in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 114, dated in contemporary MS. "Feb. 1688:" N.S. 1689.

The coronation of William and Mary took place on April 11, 1689. The Archbishop of Canterbury and many of the Bishops conscientiously declined to officiate or to be present.[1] Evelyn went to see the procession and the great feast, and heard the newly-made Bishop of Sarum, the irrepressible Gilbert Burnet. He does not seem to have been highly gratified, and writes, "Much of the splendour of the proceeding was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it, there being but five Bishops, foure Judges (no more being yet sworn), and severall noblemen and greate ladys wanting: the feast however was magnificent." Although himself a grave man, he had early noted (29 January, 1688–9) "the morose temper of the Prince of Orange, who shew'd little countenance to the Noblemen and others, who expected a more gracious and cherefull reception when they made their Court." He also, a few days later, had written his condemnation of Mary's indecent exhibition of rejoicing on arriving at the palace, whence her father had been driven out. "She came into Whitehall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate down to play at basset, as the Queene her predecessor used to do. . . . This carriage was censured by many."[2]—Evelyn's *Diary*, February, 1688–9.

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[1] The Archbishop was Sancroft, who had performed the ceremony for James II., and had since done much in resistance of Popery. He refused to take the oaths to William, and was deprived of his office on the following February 1, 1690, by an Act of Parliament. It was a scandalous exercise of tyranny, which ought to have opened men's eyes to the almost Mezentian union of Church and State. While the Church of England possesses from a slippery government its "protection" (so called), it must often have to groan under the interference of sordid politicians or an irreligious troop of ecclesiastical lawyers. Archbishop Sancroft died on November 24th, 1693.

[2] Mary's unfilial exultation at supplanting her father extorts the comment of Lord Macaulay, whose partizanship against James is indisputable. It is true that, from political bias, he admits in extenuation of her conduct the special pleading and unsupported statements of Gilbert Burnet. The Bishop vouches for Mary, but who will have the hardihood to vouch for the Bishop?

"She was received [early in February, 1688-9] with many signs of joy and

It may be quite true that the ultimate advantages to England, beside a few that were immediately felt, have been sufficiently great to make us thankful that the Revolution of 1688 was consummated, and in the event which this ballad celebrates. But there can be no necessity for us to blind ourselves to the true circumstances of the case, and the character of the servile and intriguing factions who were severally plotting for their own advantage. As in the struggle between King and Commons during the reign of the earlier Charles, so had it been in the days of the Protestant Revolution: there were grievous faults on both sides. Any attempt to elevate into sublime heroism the very commonplace humanity of either James or William ought to fail, before the judgment of common sense. The errors of James secured the almost undisputed supremacy of William. His own reign was less satisfactory, while it lasted, and afterwards by bequeathed results, than can suffice to establish the reputation claimed for him by his partizans. To him much was committed, and by him much was misused. He never sought to understand the English nation, but merely to rule them and suit his own purposes. Such an opportunity of gaining a country's love did not recur until her present Majesty began her happy reign. We pay her not only allegiance, but heartfelt affection and devotion.

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affection: but her demeanour shocked the Tories, and was not thought faultless even by the Whigs. A young woman, placed, by a destiny as mournful and awful as that which brooded over the fabled houses of Labdacus and Pelops, in such a situation that she could not, without violating her duty to her God, her husband, and her country, refuse to take her seat on the throne from which her father had just been hurled, should have been sad, or at least serious. Mary was not merely in high, but in extravagant, spirits. She entered Whitehall, it was asserted, with a girlish delight at being mistress of so fine a house [! yet she was of the mature age of twenty-seven, and had been married nearly twelve years], ran about the rooms, peeped into the closets, and examined the quilt of the state bed, without seeming to remember by whom these stately apartments had last been occupied." (*Hist. England*, cap. x.) After this, it is idle for Gilbert Burnet or any one to plead that she was doing it in obedience to her husband's commands, "to make her first appearance with an air of cheerfulness." The mendacious apology, under censure, reminds one ludicrously of the gentleman leaping over chairs and tables in order to be lively. No wonder that "her deportment was the subject of reams of scurrility in prose and verse: it lowered her in the opinion of some whose esteem she valued." (*Ibid.*) But, after all, it merely betrayed the same heartlessness which showed itself speedily towards her maternal relation, Clarendon, and even to her sister Anne.

[Bagford Collection, II. 172.]

The Protestants Joy:

Or,

An Excellent New Song on the Glorious *Coronation* of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, which in much Triumph was celebrated at *Westminster* on the 11th. of this instant *April*.

Tune of, Grim King of the Ghosts: Or, Hail to the Mirtle Shades.

Licensed according to Order.

[The woodcut, of full size, is given on opposite page.]

LET Protestants freely allow
their Spirits a happy good chear,
Th' Eleventh of *April* now
has prov'd the best day in the year:
Brave Boys, let us merrily Sing,
whilst smiling full Bumpers go round,
Here's joyful good Tydings I bring,
King William *and* Mary *is Crown'd.*

That power that blest the design,
afford them a prosperous Reign,
We ne'r shall have cause to repine,
our Liberties they will maintain:
Some Villains that wou'd us destroy
in strong Iron Fetters lies bound,
Whilst we are transported with Joy,
that William *and* Mary *are Crown'd.*

The Triumph all over the Land,
did flye from the East to the West,
At our great Monarch's command,
true Loyalty shall be exprest:
There's none shall our Freedom oppose,
since we such a blessing have found,
For now in the spight of our Foes,
King William *and* Mary *is Crown'd.*

The Nobles that sits at the Helm,
who makes it their study and care,
To settle the peace of the Realm,
they did in their order repair,

BAGFORD. 2 s

To wait on the numerous Train,
which then did in splendour abound,
And pray'd for a prosperous Reign,
now William *and* Mary *is Crown'd.*

Their Majesties true Dignity,
all Protestants ever will own,
It was by the Heavens decree,
that they should be plac'd in the Throne:
To govern with mercy and love,
that peace in the Land may abound,
O blest be the powers above,
that William *and* Mary *is Crown'd.*

They'll root out the Relicks of *Rome,*
and make this a flourishing Isle,
And truth in its glory shall bloom,
which *Romans* did enjoy a while;
The Mass and the Rosary too,
was all but a meer empty sound,
The Papists look pittiful blew,
now William *and* Mary *is Crown'd.*

But every Protestant Soul,
was sensible of their Relief,
Therefore in a full flowing bowl,
they drown all the relicks of grief,
And drink their good Majesties health,
with reverend knees to the ground,
And wishing them honour and wealth,
who is with a Diadem Crown'd.

We'll tender our Lives at his feet,
who stood for the Protestant Cause,
And made the proud *Romans* retreat,
defending Religion and Laws.
We'll Conquer or fight till we dye,
to make our Monarch Renown'd,
Now thanks to Heavens on high,
King William *and* Mary *is Crown'd.*

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, in Guiltspur-street.
[In Black-letter. Date, 1689.]

Advice to the Ladies.

"You do not think, Monsieur Huet, that there is wit in these *jeux de mots*—perhaps you do not admire wit at all?"

"Yes, I admire wit as I do the wind. When it shakes the trees, it is fine; when it cools the wave, it is refreshing; when it steals over flowers, it is enchanting: but when, Monsieur Hamilton, it whistles through the key-hole, it is unpleasant."

Bulwer Lytton's *Devereux*, Bk. iv. cap. 5.

THE Earl of Dorset's "Song written before an engagement with the Dutch," beginning "To all you Ladies now at land, we men at sea endite" (to the tune of which the following ballad, and a score beside,[1] was written), gained an instantaneous popularity, and has retained it to this day. Pepys mentions it in his Diary, January 2, 1664–5:—"To my Lord Brouncker's, by appointment, in the Piazza in Covent Garden: where I occasioned much mirth with a ballet I brought with me, made from the Seamen at sea to their ladies in towne; saying Sir W. Pen, Sir G. Ascue, and Sir J. Lawson, made them." Yet Pepys, in the Admiralty, ought to have known that the author was Lord Dorset; Nelly's early associate, Buckhurst. It is given in *Popular Music*, complete, 510.

Our Bagford "Advice to the Ladies," like the other pages which follow to the end of Vol. II., is of much later date than any we have yet given. It was printed in white-letter, as a quarto pamphlet. We give the group of poems in smaller type, in preference to omitting it altogether. They are somewhat incongruous with the seventeenth century ditties.[2]

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[1] It is not necessary to mention more than a few, in proof of adaptability of the tune for political squibs. "To you, dear Brothers, who in vain," is of 1712. The following belong to the earlier Jacobite insurrection of 1715. "To you, dear *Jemmy*, at *Lorraine*" (The Tories' Letter to the 'Pretender'); "To you, dear *Ormond*, cross the seas;" "To you, dear Topers, at the Court;" "To you, fair Traders, now ashore" (The South-Sea Whim). A little later came Meriel and Rachel's Eloping-song, *Jovial Crew*, 1731, "To you, dear Father, and our home;" "To you, fair Ladies, now in Town, We Country-men do write" (An Invitation into the Country, before 1728); and "To you, gay folks in *London* Town," July 1778, &c.

[2] But they possess interest of a different kind, somewhat gossipping and scandalous though they be. They take us to the days of Pope and Gay, the Herveys and Dean Swift: *consule Planco*, Sir Robert being in power.

The woodcut on p. 624 appears to be a burlesque of Walpole's armorial bearings: the supporters being a gold-beater, with his hammer, and a mountebank, with a *Bauble*. These are to indicate his trust in bribery and buffoonery. "Aurum" is in the legend, and a fool's cap for the crest; unless it be a turtle, in allusion to civic feasts.

[Bagford Collection, II. 175.]

ADVICE

TO THE

LADIES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN;

A NEW

COURT BALLAD.

. . . . *Amor Omnibus idem.*
OVID.

LONDON:
Printed for A. Moore, near *St. Pauls.* M.DCC.XXX.

[p. 2] TO THE TUNE OF,

To you Fair Ladies now at Land.

1

YE Ladies Fair, of *Britain's* Isles,
in Country, Town or Court;
That deal in reciprocal Smiles,
At places of Resort:
Soft Beauteous Dames, when Virtue fails,
Beware of peeping *Abigails.*[1]
With a Fal la, la. 7

2

When the soft Fire of lawless Love
Invades a Tender Mind,
And gives a strange desire to rove,
For Variety inclin'd;
Secure yourselves from being undone,
And Swains from Verdicts of *Crim Con.*
With a Fal la, la. 14

3

While Slaves and Varlets pry about,
to find out an Amour,
What each Unworthy Servile Lout
Ne'er thought to do before:
But *Plac'd* i' th' *Customs* and *Excise*,
Because they'd neither *Ears* nor *Eyes.*
With a Fal, la la. 21

4

A *C. . ntess* near *Hanover Square*,
Whom I care not to name,
That for a certain Noble *P——r*
She hath an Ardent Flame:
A Curtain through a Window brown,
The signal sure her *E-rl's* from Home.
With a Fal, la, la. 28

5

Sir R . . . . Business lay aside
For half a dozen Hours,
Leaves Brother *C——* the H-lm to guide,
And deal with Foreign Powers;
Devested of his *Trusty Jack*,[2]
Slides cross the Park in Curtain'd Hack.
With a Fal, la la. 35

6

When Nation, State, and Great Debate,
Call P——.[3] Voice and Power,
Let no Gr . n C . . . . d empty pate
Disturb his happy bower.
[p. 3] *My Life, my Soul could there be Ill*
In making party at Quadrille?
With a Fal, la la. 42

7

Brisk Lady *M . . r . . y*[4] trips the *Park*
Each Day for Morning Air,
Attended by her Scarlet Spark,[5]
Kind Guardian of the Fair:
Her Spouse disturbs not his Repose
At Honour's Debts, or Pale-fac'd Beaus.
With a Fal, la, la. 49

8

The Chariot's order'd at just Five
By *T——n* to her Prayers:
John, where you was last Night, pray drive;
Don't Babble for your Ears.
But why should this gay Girl be blam'd,
When her Mamma can do the same.
With a Fal, la, la. 56

[1] There may be a special allusion to *Abigail Hill*, one of Queen Anne's dressers, a relation of the Duchess of Marlborough: she became Mrs. Masham, the rival of her kinswoman and introducer. It may refer to waiting-women in general.

[2] Sir Robert Walpole, leaving Secretary Craggs to guide the helm. Can "trusty Jack" be the reckless Jack Hill?

[3] William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, 1742. The dotted words are probably "Groom-Chamber'd."

[4] This lady is perhaps "the sweet-tongued Murray," who in 1710 had married Alexander Murray (afterwards Sir Alex.), of Stanhope. She is also known by her maiden name, as Grizel Baillie, daughter of Baillie of Jerviswood. Her mother's song "There was ance a may, and she lo'ed na men," is one of the loveliest of the time; prized and quoted, sadly, by Robert Burns, with its burden, "And were na my heart light I should die." She was sufficiently beautiful to inspire a mad passion in the footman Arthur Gray—for yielding to which he was transported. The subject was indelicately chosen by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, for a poem, and by others (if not by her) for a licentious ballad. Lady Mary outraged propriety in her own Eclogues, and when she joined Lord Hervey, 1733, in satirizing Pope.

[5] Swift inventories the Furniture of a Woman's Mind, including "A set of phrases learnt by rote, A passion for a *scarlet coat.*"

9

Near to *N . . th——pton's* antient Town,
As Stories do relate,
There liv'd a Pair whom *Hymen* crown'd;
But O! Unhappy Fate!
The Tenderest Husband now complains,
True Blue hath left the foulest Stains.
With a Fal. 63

10

The *Warriour*, conscious of his Crime,
Forsook the Guilty Sheets,
When Morning coming in its Prime,
And cowardly retreats;
Hail, hail, thrice hail, the bottle-Rack,
When Vengeance peep'd behind his back.
With a Fal, la, la. 70

11

Polly[1] still wantons in Excess,
And in her Hero's arms,
Till in his Eyes her Charms grow less,
And some new Face alarms;
For to confound the Joys of Life,
And make a yet more wretched Wife;
With a Fal, la la. 77

12

One *D——ss Meets*, another *Parts*,
Oh! sad uncertain State
Of the most high and Noble Hearts,
Most miserably Great!
The Fairest *D——ss* in this Land,
Still mourns her silent *S——d . . d.*[2]
With a Fal. 84

13

C——m——lla rivals all in Dress,
At Courtly Shews and balls;
[p. 4] Her Tissue Rich, and Finest Lace,
For Admiration calls.
If once her Rural Mien finds Grace,
She Charms her Consort into Place.
With a Fal. 91

14

Psyche at Home's confin'd to sit,
Her *P——r* to entertain,
At *Ombre*, *Quadrille*, or *Picquette*,
Late Visits must refrain.
He ramble will no more astray,
Nor Odd Sights show to *L . . y K . . y.*
With a Fal. 98

15

L . . d *Rattle* keeps a single *brace*,
the more for Mode than Use;
His Sins have brought him off his Pace,
A Life ne'er more profuse. [Blood,
When Helpmate's Tongue doth fire his
Like *Chartr . . s*,[3] swears he'll keep a Stud.
With a Fal. 105

16

Fine *H . y*[4] seeing her Spouse decline,
Advises Foreign air;
At Midnight Revels she may shine
Amongst the Gallant Fair.
He one Way walks, and she another,
The' Example of a goodly Mother,
With a Fal. 112

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[1] *Polly* probably represents Lavinia Fenton: whom the Duke of Bolton carried off from the stage, where she was the idol of the audience as Polly Peachum, in the *Beggars' Opera*, in 1727. When the Duchess died, conveniently, the Duke married his mistress Lavinia, who was as generous and charitable as she had been beautiful.

[2] The "Fairest Duchess" of Sunderland: Marlborough's daughter.

[3] Colonel Francis Chartres, notorious for profligacy, is represented by Hogarth in his first picture of the Harlot's Progress, *in this very year* 1730, delightedly watching the procuress ensnaring the innocent maiden who has arrived from the country. He was tried for his life on the charge of rape, the prosecutrix being one Ann Bond, Feb. 25, 1730, and narrowly escaped. Arbuthnot wrote an epitaph on him, with his pen dipped in vitriol, "Here continueth to rot," etc. Also, in this same year, 1730, in "an Excellent New Ballad, or the True English Dean" [of Fernes, Dr. Thos. Sawbridge] he wrote:

> Ah, dost thou not envy the brave Colonel *Chartres*,
> Condemn'd for thy crime at three-score and ten?
> To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
> Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again, &c.

[4] Lady Hervey, the beautiful Mary Lepell, whom everybody loved, except the Duchess of Marlborough. Gay tells of her, beside her future husband:—

17

Poor *Sappho's* Tears are quite dryd up
For her Departed Spouse,
Of Sorrow's and affliction's Cup,
Did heartilly Carouse.
She tire will the greatest *Turk*,
The *F . . hes* Five cant do her Work.[1]
With a Fal. 119

18

Though *S . . r . . h* stricken much in Years,
Loves still to hear the Sport,
And oftentimes falls into Tears,
For strange Things done at Court:
Of Lady This and Lady That, [chat.[2]
She'll leave her bags whole Hours to
With a Fal. 126

19

From wealthy *L . . Street* and *M . rk . l . ne*
Mark well what I do say;
Two wanton Dames of buxom Fame,
In Jewels Rich and Gay,
Assemble at each Carding-Room,
Neglecting all that's dear at Home.
With a Fal. 133

20

From thence with Ribbons of all Hues,
To well-known *S . ff . lk Street*,
That famous Rival of the Stews,
A safe and snug Retreat;
Husbands may expostulate,
Till your Repentance comes too late.
With a Fal, la, la. 140

FINIS.

[In White-letter: a four-paged 4to. pamphlet. Date, 1730.]

Now *Hervey*, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet *Lepell.*

John, Lord Hervey, has been gibbeted by Pope as "Lord Fanny," "Sporus, that thing of silk; Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk" (alluding to his valetudinarianism and prescribed diet); 1734. We have learnt to take such descriptions *cum grano*. At the date of our ballad Lord Hervey's health failed and he went to Italy; his wife to France. True affection united them. Voltaire wrote English verses in her praise:—

Hervey, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the Lover;
True Love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the powers of your own.

Sir Robert Walpole had courted her, and his son Horace lamented her death, which happened so late as 1768.

[1] The Duke of Marlborough died in 1722. The widowed Duchess was still accounted beautiful, and Charles Duke of Somerset proposed marriage to her, but was rejected. He then asked her advice, as to whom he should marry, if he married at all. "Ask Lady Charlotte Finch!" was the reply. He did so, and was accepted. Fame reports that when this second wife once tapped him with her fan, he indignantly rebuked her, saying, "My first Duchess was a Percy, but she never presumed to do as much." Dean Swift wrote verses to another of the "five Finches," "Apollo Outwitted: To the Honble. Mrs. Finch, under her name of *Ardelia*." Anne became Countess of Winchelsea, of Eastwell Park, Kent. Gay mentions her "still meditating song."

[2] Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, whose love of money and of tittle-tattling scandal "nobody can deny." She died in Oct., 1744, aged 84. Allibone says "1660–1774." She would thus have been 114 years old!

"Colley Cibber's" Ode.

"In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool;
But now, we're so stupid, I'd have you to know it,
That CIBBER can serve both for Fool and for Poet."

Variorum Notes to the Dunciad, Bk. i.

THAT Colley Cibber did not write the following "Ode for the New Year," although it unblushingly bears his name, requires no demonstration. He possessed many enemies, among the actors and pamphleteers, at whom he laughed in turn. With his unfailing *Gayeté du Cœur*, on which he justly compliments himself in his "Apology," he reviewed some of the events that had provoked their envious malignity. A true man-of-the-world was he, the ingenious author of "Love's Last Shift" (which a French translator unluckily "traduced" into *La dernière Chemise d'Amour*). He had been successful, and willingly paid the price for having distanced his competitors, in being decried by them, and parodied.[1]

It was a blunder in Alexander Pope to select Cibber as the representative of the Son of Dullness.[2] Scarcely less unhappy had been his earlier choice of Theobald for the post, in 1728. Whatever faults Colley Cibber may have possessed, the town knew that he was certainly no dunce. Nothing written by him can be fairly accounted dull, except his Laureate Odes. Some of these, for Royal Birthdays and New-Years, are in the first and second volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1731–32. On similar verses the ensuing parody is founded.

---

[1] Thus he himself writes, nine years after the occasion, "In the year 1730, there were many Authors whose Merit wanted nothing but Interest to recommend them to the vacant *Laurel*, and who took it ill, to see it at last conferred upon a Comedian, to shew specimens of their superior Pretensions, and accordingly enliven'd the publick Papers with ingenious Epigrams, and satyrical Flirts, at the unworthy Successor. These Papers, my Friends, with a wicked smile, would often put into my hands, and desire me to read them fairly in Company. This was a challenge which I never declined, and, to do my doughty Antagonists justice, I always read them with as much impartial spirit, as if I had writ them myself." (*Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber*, Comedian, written by Himself, 2nd edit. 1740, p. 40.) He gives a specimen of the satirical verses, written against him, printed in the *Whitehall Evening-Post* in Jan. 1731, ending thus:—

Thunder, 'tis said, the Laurel spares,
Nought but thy Brows could blast it:
And yet—O curst, provoking Stars!
Thy comfort is, thou *hast* it.

(*Ibid.* p. 43.) No wonder is it, that with such easy gaiety he lived to enjoy a happy old age, and died without a struggle or a murmur at 84.

[2] A left-handed connexion exists between Buckingham's *Rehearsal* (see our p. 643) and Pope's *Dunciad*; their link being Colley Cibber.

[Bagford Collection, II. 176.]

An ODE for the NEW YEAR.

Written by *Colley Cibber*, Esq; Poet Laureat.[1]

GOD prosper long our gracious K—g,
Now sitting on the Throne,
Who leads this Nation in a *String*,
And governs all but *One*.[2]

This is the Day when, right or wrong,
I *COLLEY BAYS*, Esq;
Must, for my Sack, indite a Song,
And thrum my *Venal Lyre*.

Not he, who rul'd great *Judah's* Realm,
Ycleped *Solomon*,
Was *wiser* than *ours* at the Helm,
Or had a *wiser Son*.

He rak'd up Wealth to glut his Fill
In Drinking, Whores, and Houses,
Which wiser G——E[3] can save, to fill
His Pocket, and his Spouse's.

His Head with Wisdom deep is fraught;
His Breast with Courage glows.
Alas! how mournful is the Thought,
He ever shou'd want Foes!

For at his Heart he loves a Drum,
As Children love a Rattle,
If not in Field, in Drawing-Room,
He daily sounds to Battle.

The Q——n[4] I also pray God save,
His Consort, plump, and dear,
Who just as he is *Wise* and *Brave*,
Is *Pious* and *Sincere*.

---

[1] In 1731 Dean Swift wrote "Here's Colley Cibber's Birth-day Poem." Colley Cibber succeeded Laurence Eusden as Laureate, in 1730. Shadwell and Blackmore had been predecessors. Long afterwards, even when that true-hearted "man of letters" Robert Southey wore the Laurel, the writing perfunctory adulatory verses continued; until "he who uttered nothing base," the Poet of Rydal, broke through the vassalage. Leigh Hunt, in fact (witness his volunteered verses), and "Bon Gualtier," in hilarious pretence, were ready to be "A Laureat bold, with his butt of Sherry, To keep him merry, And nothing to do but to pocket the gold."

[2] Meaning, the Queen. A contemporary squib says,

> You may strut, dapper *George*, but 't will be in vain;
> You govern no more than Don *Philip* of *Spain*.
> Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
> Lock up your fat Spouse, as your Dad did before you.

(His "dad" having imprisoned Sophia Dorothea of Zell, until her death, cp. iii. 63.)

[3] George the Second. We have met him already in these ballads (p. 387, line 32), at the Battle of Audenarde, nearly twenty years before he became king. His love of fighting is indicated above. Like his father, "He hated arts and despised literature, but he loved train-oil in his salads, and he gave an unlimited patronage to bad oysters. And he had Walpole as his Minister, supreme in all the arts of corruption."

[4] The Queen Caroline, whom Tickell entitles "England's daughter, darling of the land." Crowned in 1727, died ten years afterwards. Her self-sacrificing devotion to her notoriously-unfaithful and unlovable husband was carried to the extreme of womanly endurance. That he could appreciate her, so far as his Hanoverian substitute for a heart would admit, is proved by his words at her death-bed. As Lord Hervey relates, the dying Queen, fearing that he might perhaps feel lonely, after her decease, implored him to marry again. In passionate grief he blubbered out: "*Non, non, non, non! J'aurai des Maîtresses.*" Truly, as Béranger sings, "*L'histoire est vraiment singulière!*"

She's Courteous, good, and charms all
Loves one as well as to'ther, [Folks,
Of *Arian* and of *Orthodox*,
Alike the *Nursing Mother*.[1]
Oh! may she always meet Success
In ev'ry Scheme and Job,
And still continue to caress
That honest Statesman *BOB*.[2]
God Send the P——ce,[3] that Babe of Grace,
A little Whore and Horse,
A little Meaning in his Face,
And Money in his Purse.
Heav'n spread o'er all his Family[4]
That broad *Illustrious Glare*,
Which shines so flat in ev'ry Eye,
And makes 'em all *so stare*.
All marry *gratis*, Boy, and Miss,
And still increase their Store,
As in Beginning was, now is,
And shall be evermore.
But oh! ev'n Kings must die of Course,
And to their Heirs be civil;
We Poets too, on winged Horse,
Must soon ride to the Devil.
Then since I have a Son, like You,
May he *Parnassus* rule;
So shall the *Crown*, and *Laurel* too,
Descend from F—l to F—l

[In White-letter: a 4to. leaf, *verso* blank. No printer's name. Probably, 1730-1.]

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[1] She ever aim'd the Church-men to betray,
In hopes to share the arbitrary sway;
In *Tindalls* and in *Hoadleys* paths she trod,
A Hypocrite in all but disbelief in God.
Lord Chesterfield's *Epitaph on Queen Caroline*. 1737.

[2] Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, already mentioned on p. 617, and in second note. Amid all the difficulties of government until he resigned in 1742, indeed until his death in March, 1745, Walpole's courage and hardihood were perpetually tested, against secret machinations and open assaults. He was the best-abused man of his time. He had no high opinion of the courtiers, patriots, and placemen by whom he was surrounded, and very probably believed (as he is reported to have *said*), "All these men have their price." Burke defended his memory against the charge of exclusive corruption. He grappled with the financial difficulties of the country, after the South Sea Bubble. He was faithful to the sovereign whom he acknowledged, indefatigable in business, and a hearty friend, boisterous but constant. Queen Caroline trusted him fully, and on her death-bed said to him, in the presence of her husband, "I hope you will never desert the King, but continue to serve him with your usual fidelity."

[3] Frederick, Prince of Wales (father of George III.), whose portrait fully bears out the character here given. His sisters despised him; his mother "cursed the hour in which he was born." Indeed, his feud with both his parents was notorious. But it was an hereditary characteristic. Thus, the same anonymous writer from whom we have quoted a character of George the First, makes George the Second declare, "In most things I did as my father had done, I was false to my wife, and I hated my Son."

[4] It would be unfair, after this mention of the whole "Happy Family," not to quote the verses of some Jacobite lady, written on the death of this Prince Frederick in 1751. He was known, contemptuously, as "Prince Feckie" or "Fed":—

Here lies Prince *Fed*,
Gone down among the dead:
Had it been his father,
We had much rather:
If it had been his mother,
Better than any other:
Had it been his sister,
No one would have miss'd her:
If it were the whole generation,
All the better for the nation.
But since 'tis only *Fed*,
Who's gone down among the dead,
Why —— there's no more to be said!

The Statesman.

"With favor and fortune fastidiously bless'd,
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarse in his jest:
Of favor and fortune unmerited, vain,
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience, improving in blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base;
And selling his country to purchase his place;
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news;
A prater at Court in the style of the Stews;
Of virtue and worth by profession a jiber;
Of juries and senates the bully and briber;
Though I name not the wretch, you'll all know who[m] I mean,
'Tis the Cur-dog of Britain, and Spaniel of Spain."

NEITHER these bitter verses by the Dean of St. Patrick's (in whom that fountain of Marah never ran dry), nor the Bagford ballad on our next page, give the name of the Statesman, but in both cases it is the same: Sir Robert Walpole.

The connexion with Norfolk, mentioned so often in the ballad, was not merely political, but the family had been settled in the neighbourhood since the Norman Conquest. Their name was taken from (if it had not been earlier given to) the small town of Walpole on the borders of Lincolnshire; but an ancestor of Sir Robert exchanged the family mansion for Houghton. After 1727 the references to Houghton Hall were frequent in the *Country Journal*, or Craftsman, edited by "Caleb d'Anvers" (*i.e.* Nicholas Amhurst). Thereunto Walpole loved to retreat from the cares of business, and indulge in hunting. Political lampoons were rife in 1730, but even in 1728 there were many ballads circulated against him. The June Congress of Soisson was not forgotten, and burlesque descriptions of the Houghton revels were given to the appropriate tune of Chevy Chase (to which our ballad was to be sung: see pp. 390–392). One begins:

To *Houghton Hall*, some days since,
All bonny, blithe, and gay,
With menial Nobles, like a Prince,
Sir *Blue-String*[1] took his way.

A mighty hunting was decreed
By this same noble crew;
The fox already doom'd to bleed,
Already in their view. &c.

For tune, see p. 209.

[1] An allusion to Walpole's blue sash, or ribbon, of the Garter: bestowed on him in 1726. See also line 112 of the following ballad.

[Bagford Collection, II. 177.]

THE

STATESMAN.

A NEW COURT

BALLAD.

Tune of, *A Begging we will go*, &c.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis—— —— Juvenal:

Dare to be vile, the AX and HALTER dare,
If GREAT you be, of HONESTY take Care.

LONDON:

Printed for L. Sow, without *Temple-Bar*, and sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

THE STATESMAN, &c.

SOME Years ago from *Norfolck*,
There came a Gallant Wight,
And tho' it is most strange, yet
He cou'd both Read and Write;
So to London *he wou'd go, wou'd go*, &c.

He understood Accounts too,
And thought himself most fit
Because well vers'd in *Figures*,
In *Parliament* to sit;
So to London *he wou'd go*, &c.

For why, whilst at his Father's he
Had heard it often said,
That some there were that sat there
That strange *queer Figures* made;
So to London *he wou'd go*, &c.

But first he thought it fitting
To *Lynn* to go and try[1]
There Votes if he cou'd beg,
Or their Votes if he cou'd buy;
'Ere to London *he wou'd go*, &c.

To *Lynn* then straight he trudges,
And as soon as he gets there,
He to a *Cuckold* goes,
Good Morrow, Mr. *Mayor*;
To London *I wou'd go*, &c.

I have a Mind, good Sir,
In *Parliament* to sit,
If that you'll please to think me
To represent you fit;
For to London *I wou'd go*, &c.

To *London* I wou'd go, Sir,
My Fortune for to try,
Therefore if you won't give your Votes,
Your Votes, Sir, I wou'd buy;
For to London *fain I go*, &c.

I hear the People there
Soon ample Fortunes make;
And I'll make mine as soon,
Or else I'll much mistake;
When to London *I do go*, &c.

Some Persons who are there, I hear,
And make a gallant Show,
Soon raise an ample Fortune,
By saying *Ay* or *No*,
So to London *I wou'd go*, &c.

For if to raise a Fortune,
That is the only Way,
I think I can say *Ay* or *No*,
G—dz—ns, as well as they;
So to London *I wou'd go*, &c.

Friend *Robin*, quoth the Mayor,
You speak like a Man of Sense.
I wou'd not give a Fig for him
Who cannot get the Pence,
So to London *you shall go*, &c.

And to be chosen here, I'm sure,
That is your only Way;
For he who cannot get the *Pence*,
To us no *Pence* can Pay.
So to London *you shall go*, &c.

The Mayor he spoke full wisely,
For he most rightly thought,
He was not[2] worth the choosing, if
He was not worth a Groat;
But to Strombolo *might go*, &c.[3]

Then hey for *Westminster*, quoth *Bob*,
And when I am got there,
I soon shall be a great Man,
That, Friend, I need not fear;
So to London *I will go*, &c.

---

[1] He first sat for Lynn in 1702.

[2] Original misprinted; "not the worth."

[3] A variation that is suggestive, as well as unique. A modern song tells of "a gay cavalier," who, finding a pair of gloves in his mistress's chamber instead of the lady herself, and a ladder of ropes indicating her mode of flight, sums up his anxieties as to her future by his declaration, "When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes, She may go to *Hong Kong* for me!" The sending a person to *Coventry* is a quite distinct operation from sending him to JERICHO—a place always in ill-repute: and the latter saying may have come from the Biblical expression

You need not fear, says Mr. Mayor,
For if you go to that,
He needs must be a great Man
Who has a Ton of Fat;
So to London *you may go*, &c.

To *London* then he came,
And to St. *Stephen's* went,
For there to raise his Fortune,
It was his full intent;
When to London *he did go*, &c.

Being got on St. *Stephen's*,
A mighty Noise he made,
For that to raise a Fortune's
The only Way, it is said;
So to Speeching *he did go*, &c.

So to *Speeching* he did go,
And like a Man of Sense,
He certainly said *Ay* or *No*,
Just as he got the *Pence*;
When to Voting *he did go*, &c.

Says *Marlbro'*, this is *somebody*,
That makes this mighty Noise,
And therefore he shall have a Place,
Ay, that he shall, my Boys;
And to Speeching *he shall go*, &c.

He had not long enjoy'd his Place,
But being mad or Drunk,
To shew he hated money,
Five hundred Pounds he sunk;[1]
So to the Tower *he did go*, &c.

To make him some Amends then,
For being thither sent,
A Paymaster of the Guards he's made,
But yet he's not content;
So to Speeching *he does go*, &c.

To still the *Noodle* next,
He's made *M—n—st-r* of *St—t—*,
And *Treaties* make[s] by wholesale,
For which he'll meet his Fate;
When to the Tower *he does go*, &c.

But yet not being satisfy'd,
He needs must have a *string*,
And it must be a *Blue* one,
'Cause that's a pretty thing;
When to Norfolck *he does go*, [&c.]

However, let him have his W[h]im,
And dangle the *Blue string*,
So he's but doom'd at last
In a *Hempen* one to Swing,
When to TYBURN *he does go*, &c.

FINIS.

[In White-letter. A four-paged sheet. Date about 1726–7.]

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as to persons who had been treated ignominiously, and therefore exposed to derision if they came abroad—"Let them tarry at Jericho till their beards be grown." The consigning any penniless adventurer to so warm a place as the volcanic *Stromboli* was piquant, and more courteous than relegating him, as many would have done, to a still warmer locality.

[1] The Commons sought to ruin him, for an irregularity while he was *Secretary at War*, connected with the forage contract in Scotland. "The contractors, rather than admit into their partnership a person whom he had recommended for that purpose, chose to present his friend with *five hundred pounds*. Their bill was addressed to Mr. Walpole, who indorsed it, and his friend touched the money. This transaction was interpreted into a bribe. Mr. Walpole was voted guilty of corruption, *imprisoned in the Tower*, and expelled the House." This was on the 17th of January, 1711–2. Being afterwards *re-chosen by the same borough of Lynn-Regis*, which he had before represented, a petition was lodged against him, and the Commons voted him incapable of being elected a member to serve in the present Parliament."—Smollett: *Hist. of England*, x. 86, 1759. While imprisoned in the Tower, refusing to make any concession, he was visited by crowds of friends, and wrote his vindication. He was released in July, 1712. Exactly twelve months later he was again returned by the burgesses of Lynn, and on the 6th Feb., 1713–4, took his seat. Swift in his *Journal to Stella*, 17th January, 1712, declares his hope about the Tower and expulsion. *It is not improbable that* SWIFT *wrote this ballad.*

[Bagford Collection, II. 178.]

The SPEECH.

Near B———gate *a Man Inhabits,* [*qu.* Bishopsgate?]
That loves to live on Geese and Rabits;
He is by Trade a C———n-Maker, [*scil.* Coffin]
And a fit Subject for a Satyr.

THIS Man was of a Mind aspiring,
And to be **Somebody** desiring;
Wanted a Place of Trust, or Profit,
Who of all Men could make most of it:
It was he coveted it therefore,
But he found none that did him care for;
T——my at this was much dejected,
That he so long should be neglected;
It griev'd him much and vext him sore,
And almost brought him to Death's Door.
The **Ancients**, tho' they could not trust him,
(And for the Actions (late) have curst him)
Rather than he should die, and lose him,
A *Warden of the Church* they chose him;
Which is a Place of Care and Trouble,
To all that can't the Parish bubble;
For Men whose Honesty did guide 'em,
(And would not let their Conscience chide 'em)
Never esteem'd those Friends that chose 'em;
But did their utmost to dispose 'em,
To chuse some others, and excuse 'em;
Which when the **Ancients** did refuse 'em,
To be discharg'd on't, some as I know,
Have parted with their *Ready-R*[*h*]*ino*;
But *T——my* is not such a Novice,
To strive to shun so good an Office.

For (contrary to Custom) he
When chosen to this Dignity,
With Bows and Cringes he draws near 'em,
(A Sight so strange, enough to scare 'em);
Of Zeal and Honesty he boasts,
And's Benefactors thus accosts,
'Your Worships, let me now beseech,
'To listen to my Learned Speech;
'My humble Thanks I'm now returning,
'For th' Honours done to me this Morning;
'For you thereby have made me Easy,
'Who have (with fear) been almost Crasie;
'And since you've grac'd me with these *Honours*,
'I'll certainly requite the Donors:
'Your Pow'r, tho' ne'er so Arbitrary,
'I will espouse, and never vary;
'And as you have my Honour lengthen'd,
'Your Int'rest shall by me be strengthen'd:
'For I will joyn my Mighty Powers
'To perfect and establish Yours;

'For as you are a Crew Selected,
'Tis pity you should be Inspected.
'If any shall your Power despise,
'I will his Insolence chastise;
'If Poor, and do's my Passion rouse,
'I'll lay him in the *Wooden House;*[1]
'For you my Masters, with my Noddle,
'When we're enliven'd with a Bottle,
'Which shall be at the Parish Charge,
'Twill our Capacities enlarge,
'Dangers to shun, and to defend us,
'Gainst all that do desire to mend us:
'For as we are a blessed Brood,
'Our Meeting's for the Parish Good,
'And Wardens have a Mighty Power,
'The Parish Money to devour;
'If any ask what we are doing,
'And say 'tis to the Parish Ruin,
'And shall endeavour to abuse you,
'I'll do my utmost to excuse you,
'I (who was never whipt for Lying),
'Can cover all things by denying.
'And as I'm for our Publick Weal,
'I also am as full of Zeal;
'The Church, as 'tis secur'd by Laws,
'I will support with both my Paws,
'And you shall have no cause of Grief,
'For chusing me, Your Brother [2]

Which having said, the Subtle S——r,
Went with his Brethren to Dinner.

[In White-letter: exceptions imitated. No printer's name, or date; probably, 1730.]

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[1] The *wooden house* was a coffin; the Speaker, an Undertaker.

[2] In original, line 74, the blank follows without any final quotational mark, or any indication of the *suggested* word. As Horatio said, "You might have rhymed!" but Hamlet, and the writer of this squib knew that nothing was lost if they left the rhyme to be supplied by the lookers-on.

The End of Volume II.

of the original

Bagford Collection

of

Ballads.

Entr'Acte:

Deuxieme.

WERE *there any dissatisfied members*
Of our renown'd "Ballad-Society"?—
May this Editor fan well the embers
Of their warmth, by old Bagford's *variety.*
Surely, they'll grant a full swing to him,
Letting him mix well his Olio!
A twelvemonth he's labour'd, to bring to 'em
The Brit. Mus. three volumes, in folio.

No claim here is enter'd for Κῦδος,
Yet we've done all we promis'd, and cheerily:
(Wing'd Pegasus trots like our shoe'd 'Oss,)
We who frolic'd with dead Wits, and merrily.
Faction (let's own it,) we hate to see,
Whether to-day's, or of times past;
We flog the rogues all round!*—nor wait to see*
Which side folks choose, while the rhymes last.

Come, a few ballads to finish, yet—
Protestant! Plottish!! Political!!!
No one can call ours a thinnish set;
(Notice one group Jesuitical!)
The scribblers were scamps, beyond question,
But read this concluding third lot of ours;
Own, then (if right's your digestion),
That we've brought you a Garland, or knot of flowers.

July 4th, 1877. J. W. E.

Here beginneth

the

Third Folio Volume

of the Collection of

Bagford Ballads.

Introduction.

"That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."—*Twelfth Night.*

THE third volume of the original Bagford Collection, folio, has 102 insertions of broadside poems and ballads. They are all, or nearly all, in White-letter, generally without woodcuts, printed on stouter paper than those of the previous volumes, or of the Roxburghes, and almost entirely on political subjects. A large proportion of them belongs to the time of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration; consequently they are reserved for our future series. Others are occasional verses, in no sense to be considered ballads or songs; therefore they can be excluded here. The remainder, some twenty-four, we now reprint. Several of them, as will be seen, are closely connected with the so-called "Popish Plot," on which our nation became mad in the last decade of Charles II. Like almost all the political ballads of the century, there is not only party-malice but coarseness in them, to an extent which might perhaps justify their omission. But it is quite as well for students to thoroughly recognize the vileness of thought and of speech characterizing these satirists and reformers, these wire-pulling men and women; whose zeal for Protestantism, and the destruction of its enemies, led them to employ the foulest words in accusations of those whom they made their foes. In later days, also, we find similar Members of Parliament, unscrupulous and bigoted, no less prone to indulge in rancorous quarrels, and eager to instigate ruinous prosecutions, employing spies and

informers. It may be useful to remember what depths of degradation our Commons reached between 1678 and 1683, during the terror excited by Titus Oates and his perjured accomplices.

We here indicate the order of succession. The Votive Song, on arrival of Queen Catharine, belongs to 1662, and is a tribute to James Duke of York, then popular. The slanderous invective against Buckingham is not earlier than 1671–2, and the Geneva Ballad, with its Answer, not later than 1673–4. The rollicking Cavalier ditty, Jordan's "Careless Gallant," is of 1675; as are also the two *Inamorato* verses, and the "Quaker's Farewel to England." We then come to the beginning of the Plot-terrorism, in the exultant ballad on Coleman's execution, iii. 50; and a counter-blast on the licence of the Press-gang, in iii. 52, and the series of mockeries against the Oates-forgeries, in iii. 49. "The Sale of Esau's Birthright" belongs to the year 1679. One of the many fierce Protestant "Letanies" meets us in iii. 41; and, from the opposite side, an Essex ballad against the Petitioners in 1680. "The Wiltshire Ballad" and "The University Ballad" are of the same date. Also, in iii. 51, a triumphant verse on the disgrace of Dangerfield, who had sworn away so many lives, belongs to 1685, when the tide had turned, and cruel injustice had swung round full-circle. The remainder, mingling politics with social topics, reveal the evil spirit of a disturbed time. Characteristically, the last in the collection is a lampoon on matrimony, and on wanton wives who rule tyrannically. Such coarse contempt against women was plainly the result of profligacy, their own and their satirists'. Both sexes share the blame. Who runs may read.

*** We feel justified in suppressing a few inadmissible words, substituting *counted dots* for letters, in this third volume. The reader may rest assured that nothing is lost which cannot be well relinquished. We had struck out more, on our own choice.

A Votive Song.

"Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza."

THE author of the following "Votive Song to the Duke of York," on the arrival in England of Queen Catharine of Braganza, his brother's queen, was Edmund Gaiton, or Gayton, deservedly celebrated for his *Festivous Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654. Amid the numerous reprints in these days, of books good, bad, and indifferent, most of which possess little claim on such honour except their rarity, we may be permitted to express surprise that nobody has taken the trouble of reproducing the *Festivous Notes*. They have an exuberance of animal spirits, shrewd knowledge of the world, and mirthfulness, such as combine to make the volume no unworthy companion of Cervantes' immortal history. Of his other writings we need only mention *Will Bagnal* [i.e. Bagwell]*'s Ghost*, 1655; *Collonel Henry Marten's Familiar Letters to his Lady of Delight*, 1683; and *Wit Revived*, by Asdryasdust Tossoffacan, 1660.

Edmund Gayton was an M.A. of St. John's College, Oxford, and had been a Bedell, but was ejected by the lawless Parliamentarians, 1648. During disturbed times, he supported his family chiefly by literary hack-work, such as *The Art of Longevity*, 1659, but was lifted into a competence at the Restoration.

"*Wil: Bagnal's* Ghost; or, The Merry Devil of *Gadmvnton*, in his perambulation of the Prisons of *London*, by E. Gayton, Esq.," 1655, gives a circumstantial account of the usages and discomforts of the various jails, with their denizens. It begins:—

No more, *(Will Bagnall)* let thy tale
Be read, of blades, who in their Ale
Did spew, and fight, and sh . . . and stale,
I' th' scuffle.
Whether in *Wood-street* it befell,
Or in the *Poultry*, or in *Hell*,
The places are alike, and smell
O' th' ruffle. &c.

In the "Counter-Scuffle," 1653, which is referred to, there had appeared a humorous engraving of the above-mentioned Wood-street Compter, wherein a helter-skelter scuffle follows close on a prison-debauch and banquet. The opening is, "Let that majestic Pen that writes," &c. It is in the Bodleian Library. "Ratcliff's Ramble" and "The Church Scuffle" belong to the group, interesting to antiquarian students, and descriptive of a noisy quarrelsome set of Rufflers, such as were later termed "Hectors," and "Mohawks." The Votive Song is of a different style.

[Bagford Collection, III. 30.]

To the most Illustrious Prince his Highnesse
James Duke of York, &c.

A Votive Song for her Sacred MAJESTIES happy Arrivall.

HAst, hast, fair *Thamesis*, and tell the Sea,
That the Ocean may the joyfull news conveigh,
Unto the bay of *Lisbon*, shee to all
The Loyal loving hearts in *Portugall*,
That *Katharine* of *Briganza*[1] must forsake
Her Native soyle and joyfull Voyage make.

1 *Chorus.*

Fear not, a grander Providence doth guard the Seas,
Then thy renown'd and sacred Lady of Terez.[2]

---

[1] Queen Catharine's father, Juan, Duke of Braganza, had "nobly thrown off the yoke of Spain, and restored monarchy to Portugal, after an interruption of nearly sixty years."—J. H. Jesse: *Memoirs, Court of England under the Stuarts*, 1840, iii. 385.

[2] Santa Teresa, or Theresa. See Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art.*

See how the effused Nations leave their Coasts,
To view thy fleet, which in thy service boasts.
The *Gallioones* and *Tungut-bottomb'd-Dutch*
Nor their protecting *France* dare thy ships touch:
Dunkirk [1] salutes thee in this complement:
And saies, land here, and take the Continent.

2 *Chorus.*

That Nest of pyrates once, reduced by us doth gain
A brave and noble name, since got from *France* and *Spain.*

What general joy is here in our glad Land! [2]
All parties will agree, joyn hand in hand,
Contented Loyalists do patient stay
And swear, if ever, now they're like t' have pay,[3]
Come then, and quickly land, thy *Charles* doth feare
No winds blow fast enough till thou art here.[4]

---

[1] *Dunkirk* had always been of importance during wars between England and France, from its sending out destructive privateers to waylay merchantmen. Under Cromwell, the two nations being in alliance, Dunkirk was captured from Spain, in 1658. It was retained by England until between July and October of this year 1662, when Louis XIV. bought it from Charles II. for four hundred thousand pounds.

[2] As to this "general joy," the poetic licence of the verse is directly contradicted by an entry in Pepys' Diary, under date of 15th May, 1662:—"At night, all the bells of the towne rung, and bonfires made for the joy of the Queene's arrival, who landed at Portsmouth last night. *But I do not see much thorough joy*, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt."—*Diary*, ed. 1875, i. 447.

[3] Amid the wastefulness of the Court, favourites squandering large sums in gambling and for cosmetics to preserve their beauty, the payments due to the navy and the army fell hopelessly in arrears. Pepys laments over this. William Penn's father, the Admiral, was one of the Cavaliers to whom the Crown was indebted: see introduction to Bagford Coll., iii. 56.

[4] Again, we find this adulatory statement contradicted by the Diary of Pepys, May 10th, 1662:—"My Lady do tell me how my Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie in at Hampton Court: which she and all our ladies are much troubled at, because of the King's being forced to show her countenance in the sight of the Queene when she comes." May 21st. "Sarah told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night the last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queene's arrivall, the King was there; but there was no fire at her [Castlemaine's] door, though at all the rest of the doors in the street; which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child, was said to be heaviest."—*Ibid*, i. 450. Catharine was compelled to receive her shameless rival with public favour, soon after the arrival from Portugal. (See Jesse, *Mem. Court of England, Stuarts*, iii. 397.)

3 *Chorus.*

The rigid angry Faction (though 'tis late) will joine
Nor with themselves, nor any other Sects combine.[1]

The æmulous subjects do contend to meet,
With richest presents thy most stately Fleet.
Nor onely they, but prosterate Nations hast,
And fear in gratulations to be last.
Her Olives *Genoa* into Ingots turnes,
And all *Virginia* in black Incense burnes.

4 *Chorus.*

Jamaica will beget new Collonies, and shew
A way to catch the yellow God of *Mexico.*

Rescu'd *Tangeirs*[2] by thee from *Spanish* pride
Exults to see the *Faiths Defender's Bride;*
Next by devices just and politick
Thou'lt make thy King Christian and Catholick,
And be entitled by his Soveraignty
Queen of two Worlds, the *Great* and *Britanie.*

5 *Chorus.*

Hast then unto his Royal armes, which stretcht-out be
E'ne to thy Coasts, as if they were Armes of the Sea.

'Tis not your fragrant Oranges are wanting
Of *China* breed, but better by transplanting;

---

[1] This probably refers to the ultra-Protestant agitators, who had recently made such exertions to promote the "Exclusion Bill," to divert the succession from the legitimate heir, James Duke of York; in favour of the illegitimate, and not more chaste, James Duke of Monmouth. We suppose that a comma was intended to be added after the word "joine."

[2] *Tangiers* was a part of the Queen's dowry, and is often referred to in contemporary verses. It was considered to be of importance for the Mediterranean trade. Considerable sums of money were spent on its defences. It was declared a free port in December, 1662, and invested with great privileges. Under date of April 24, 1662, Pepys relates the difficulties of obtaining the dowry; insomuch as Mr. Creed told him: "That my Lord [Sandwich] was forced to have some clashing with the Council of Portugall about payment of the portion, before he could get it; which was, beside Tangier and a free trade in the [East] Indys, two millions of crownes, half now, and the other half in twelve months."—*Diary*, ed. 1875, i. 452. Of this half a million of money, the part first paid was not in cash, but in jewels, cotton, sugar, etc., although it had been stipulated to be entirely in gold.

Nor your rare Bacon fed from Chestnut-trees
(Which brings *Westphalia*-hammes upon their knees);
Nor *Brasil* Sugar nor your *Indian* Gold;
Thou art the Purchase, which thy *CHARLES* will hold.

Chorus double.

Until he see the Heir Apparent[1] of his blood,
A Royal *Charls* of *Charls* the Great, from *Charls* the Good.

2.

Until from Thee proceed a most Majestick *SON*,
The Heire of *Charles* the *Second*, *Second* unto none.

Amen.

Your most humble and obedient servant
EDMUND GAITON, *Captaine*
Lieutenant to your Highness in your
Regiment at Oxford,

Gratefully designes these Fancies.

LONDON, printed by Peter Lillicrop, and are to be sold by Peter Kent on Addling hill near *Barnards Castle*.

[In White-letter. Date, probably, April, 1662. No woodcut. The portrait of James II., on p. 634, is from Bagf. Coll., ii. 169.]

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[1] A slanderous report was circulated in later years, by the Orange party, that Clarendon had from the first advocated the eligibility of Catharine as Queen Consort for Charles, expressly because she was believed to be incapable of bearing children. In short, that Clarendon advocated the royal union, because he wished no legitimate heir to be born to Charles; so that the succession might come to his grandchildren, the offspring of Mary and Anne.

A Ballad, on George Villiers.

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great *Villiers* lies —— alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,
Gallant and gay, in *Clieveden's* proud alcove,
The bower of wanton *Shrewsbury* and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."—*Pope.*

EDMUND GAYTON'S "Votive Song" is followed by a Poem, "printed in the year 1666" (Bagford Coll., iii. 31) entitled "The Scotch Riddle Unfolded: or, Reflections upon R. W[ilde], his most Lamentable Ballad, called the LOYAL Non-Conformist." Not being a ballad, we can omit it (which we may not do with the present verses): it begins,

Stand up *Smectymnuus*,[1] and bear thy tryal;
Thy monstrous Title puts me to a pause:
Was ever any *Non-Conformist* Loyal?
Loves he the *King* who disobeys his *Laws?* &c.

The libellous "Ballad," beginning "I sing the praise of a worthy Wight," &c., was made on George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, author of "The Rehearsal"; son of the first George Villiers, who was the favourite "Steenie" of James I., and of Charles I. Allusions to his failure in 1625 at the adjacent island of Rhé, and to the assassination (by John Felton at Portsmouth, in 1628), are found in the ballad, with exultation at his downfall, although he had been about to renew his attempt to relieve the Huguenots of Rochelle.

We attach no weight whatever to the ascription of this unscrupulous lampoon to John Dryden, on the doubtful authority of a mutilated reprint in 1703;[2] apparently from a different

[1] *Smectymnuus* here is not so strictly applied as it had been during the Civil War: when it represented the preachers whose initials combined to make up the word. See note on a later page, 653. A similarity of *doctrine* revived the name.

[2] As usual with *Poems on Affairs of State*, it was most inaccurately printed, words dropped out, and (in addition to verses 7–11 justifiably omitted) verses 21 and 22 also. The sense is often obscured in it, but we gain one or two small corrections. It fails to indicate the burden "*With a fa la la*," &c.

manuscript, entitled "*On the Duke of* Bucks, *by Mr.* D . . . . n." It is quite possible, no doubt, that "glorious John" may have penned this satire against his own enemy, and in 1672; but, to our mind, it offers no conclusive token of his style. Buckingham made so many enemies by his reckless vituperation and malicious buffoonery, that a score of versifiers were ready to assail him, especially if they could do this with personal safety, while the verses were supposed to come from Dryden. They are not included by W. D. Christie or Robt. Bell in their editions of the poet. It is much more likely to have been written by [Sir John] D[enham].

As to verse 25 (lines 97–100): Amid the accounts of Buckingham's last hours, we have the younger Richardson's, telling the replies made to the Duke of Queensberry; and Echard's, of that given to Lord Irwin (asking what religion Buckingham professed: "It is an insignificant question, for I have been a shame and a disgrace to all religions; if you can do me any good, do"), and also, more absolutely trustworthy in details, is that of Brian Fairfax, who was present at his deathbed, and obtained information on the spot. Buckingham at first declined the offer to send for the clergyman of the parish. "A Popish priest was then mentioned, to which he exclaimed vehemently, 'No, no,' adding that he would have nothing to do with them. Ultimately he consented to admit a clergyman of the Established Church, listened to him with devout attention, and received the Sacrament." Queensberry had earlier offered his own chaplain, a Dissenter, but "No," said Buckingham, "those fellows always make me sick with their whine and cant." This was in April, 1687. Pope's picture of the death-scene, "In the worst inn's worst room," &c. (Epistle to Allen, Lord Bathurst), is overcoloured but impressive. The anecdote, as told by him to Spence, is certainly inaccurate. If Buckingham had died professing Romanism, Pope might have been less ready to believe and circulate the calumny, as to the two girls.

Again, as to verse 26 (lines 101–104): The King knew himself to be exposed frequently to ridicule by Buckingham, but did not trouble himself to resent the insult. He loved fair play, and took it in compensation for his own encouragement of Buckingham's mimicry of others. Clarendon especially was imitated, and resented it indignantly. "His mimicry was irresistible, and when he imitated the stately walk of that solemn personage,—a pair of bellows hanging before him for the purse, and Colonel Titus preceding him with a fire-shovel on his shoulders, by way of a mace,—the King and his courtiers are described as convulsed with laughter."—*J. H. Jesse.*

[Bagford Collection, III. 32; Wood's Coll., 417, art. 25.]

A BALLAD.

I Sing the praise of a worthy Wight,
Whose Father[1] (—— ——) that never wou'd fight,
For his Face, but more for his A—— made a Knight.
With a fa la la la la la la.

The Knight soon after a Duke became,
And got at the Island [of] *Rhee* such a fame,[2]
That all true *English* Curs'd *B*————[3]
With, &c.

That Idol Duke to that Greatness did Swell,
That Honours and Riches before him Fell,
Till F——[4] the Brave sent his Soul to Hell:
With, &c.

And now you shall hear how his Mighty Son
With that very small Sin of Incest begun,
And then to Treason and B..... went on:
With, &c.

---

[1] The dashes, no doubt, represent "George Villiers." The allusions to his alleged pusillanimity are false, for his courage was proved at Rhé, and elsewhere; but, like most favourites, he did not always with steady courage meet those whom his arrogance had insulted. He was esteemed pre-eminently handsome and graceful, and to have thus won the heart of Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII.

[2] The disastrous expedition of Buckingham against the Island of Rhé, in 1627, the failure of which compelled the Rochellais to surrender to the French King and his besieging Romanists, has been described fully in James Rawson Gardiner's *History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.*, 1875, vol. ii. pp. 135–164.

[3] *Scil.* Buckingham. The later version of 1703 reads, "That since all *English* men curse his Name."

[4] John Felton; who, from a fanatical enthusiasm, combined with a patriotic idea that he was slaying the enemy of his country's liberty, stabbed the Duke in his residence at Portsmouth, 23rd August, 1628. Poems connected with the event were republished for the Percy Society in 1850, vol. xxix. Some of the most important are in *State Poems*.

For the Incest, Old R——[1] can tell when and where;
For the Treason, the Papers of Old *Oliver*;[2]
And K————[3] A . . . knows his B . . . . . :
With, &c.

Now he who Bravely and Nobly begins,
Must afterwards think when such Glory he wins,
Adultery and Treason but Trivial Sins:
With, &c.

For *S*——[4] C——t lost this Nation more
Brave men than ever were Killed before,[5]
Or shall be hereafter for such a Damn'd Wh——.
With, &c.

---

[1] The omitted word is not the nickname applied to Charles II., "Old Rowley," with reference to the Duchess of Cleveland (who was Buckingham's cousin, and on terms of intimacy with him). There is evidence that it was "*Richmond*," and with a calumnious insinuation regarding his wife, to meet whom Buckingham had in disguise braved dangers, during Cromwell's time. That anything beyond innocent affection united them is probably the slander of impure minds. The reference is evidently to those early days—"who so *begins*."

[2] This probably refers to some suspected correspondence with Cromwell, about 1656-7, with imposed conditions or concessions to be made by Villiers, in the event of his becoming the husband of the Protector's daughter.

[3] Kynaston, the actor, whose name is indicated here, was celebrated for the performance of female characters until women displaced all male rivals. His effeminate beauty and graceful demeanour made him a favourite, so that ladies of title carried him away from the theatre in their carriages, in broad daylight. A "State Poem," iii. 92, mentions "*Kynaston* acting both *Venus* and *Mars*."

[4] "Shrewsbury": Lady Anna-Maria Brudenell, daughter of the Earl of Cardigan, Countess of Shrewsbury. Her portrait, photographed "from the original by Mary Beale, at Althorp," adorns the privately-printed volume of valuable *Althorp Memoirs*, 1869, by G. Steinman Steinman, Esq., F.S.A., including a biography of her written with his usual exactitude. He shows that Pope's lines (cited in our motto), referring to "Clieveden's proud alcove," as being "the bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love," are inaccurate; the workmen having been engaged on Clieveden in 1680, "when she had become a second time a wife."

[5] On August 18, 1662, a duel was fought for her at the Old Pall Mall, in St. James's, by two of her early lovers, Captain Thomas Howard (brother of the first Earl of Carlisle) and Henry Jermyn, afterwards Lord Dover. Colonel Giles Rawlings, Privy Purse to the Duke of York, and second of Jermyn, was slain in this combat by Col. Cary Dillon, second of Howard. Jermyn received three wounds from the hand of Howard. After the Countess had notoriously favoured Buckingham, he fought a duel with her husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, on January 16, 1667-8, and wounded him to the death: "run through the body from the right breast through the shoulder." Capt. Wm. Jenkins, one of Buckingham's seconds, was killed on the spot, and all the others wounded. Henry Killigrew, wounded in nine places, but not killed, May 18, 1669, was another of her victims.

More seed has been spilt in her Nauseous Womb,
Of all Nations, all Sorts from the Prince to the Groom,[1]
Then Martyrs Blood for the Church of *Rome:*
With, &c.

Yet he that will after her Beastly Life hunt,
And swear and Venture his Soul upon't,
She has nothing Catholick but her c——t:
With, &c.

The Pox upon Pox has Eaten by Bits
His T——, yet so well her purpose it Fits,
That he Fathers the Children *Doughty* begets:
With, &c.

And now I have done with that Rampant Whore,
And that sink her c——, which is Cannon Bore,
But his Grace f—— oftner Behind than Before:
With, &c.

I come to his Farce,[2] which must needs be well done,
For *Troy* was not longer before it was won,
Since 'tis more than 10 years since first 'twas begun:
With, &c.

Yet gathering from Plays, Pimps, and Table Chatt,
With the Help of his own Canonical *S*——,[3]
And his Family Scribe Antichristian *M*——:[4]
With, &c.

[1] Perhaps this refers, if to any particular "Groom," to Henry Killigrew, Groom of the King's Bed-chamber; who boasted of his intimacy with the Duchess of Cleveland. He was punished by a murderous assault, made on him at her instigation, as mentioned in previous note.

[2] "The Rehearsal," composed between 1663 and 1664, "ready in 1665, but stopped by the Plague," produced in the winter of 1671, but not printed until 1672. It need not be forgotten that the personal insults towards Dryden in this play provoked the reprisal against Buckingham of the Zimri, in *Absolom and Achitophel*, Novemb. 1681.

[3] Dr. Thos. Sprat, the friend and biographer of Abraham Cowley, was at this time Buckingham's Chaplain, and afterwards became Bishop of Rochester.

[4] "Matt.," but literally Martin, Clifford. We learn (from Malone, citing Wood's MS. additions to the *Athenæ Oxon.*) that he had been elected from Westminster to Trinity Coll. Cambridge, about 1640; was a lieutenant in Thos. Earl of Ossory's regiment in 1660; was made Master of the Charter-House on November 17, 1671, and died Dec. 10, 1677. Samuel Butler was also reputed to have had a hand in the "Rehearsal," beside Spratt and Clifford, assisting Buckingham.

With Transcribing of that, and Transcribing of those,[1]
With Transmitting of Verse, and Transfusing[2] of Prose,
He hath drest on[3] his Farce with other men's Cloaths:
With, &c.

His Abusing the Living, and Robbing the Dead,
His Inserting Fine Things which other men said,
Makes his own way [of] Writing[4] without Tail or Head:
With, &c.

But where the Devil his own Wit doth ly,
They must have very good Eyes that can Spy,
Unless in the Dances and Mimickry:
With, &c.

I confess the Dances were very well Writ,
And the Tune and the Time by *Haynes*[5] as well Hit,
And *Littlewoods*[6] Motion and Dress had much wit:
With, &c.

But when his Poet *John Bayes* did appear,
'Tis known to more than half that were there,
The greatest part was his own Character.[7]
With, &c.

For he many years Plagu'd his Friends for their Crimes,
With repeating his Verses and other mens Rhymes,
To the very same Persons ten thousand Times:
With, &c.

---

[1] The 1703 version (*State Poems*, ii. 217) reads "transversing those."
[2] 1703 reads "of rhyme, and Transversing." [3] 1703 reads "drest up."
[4] 1703 version reads, "this new way of," &c.
[5] *Jo. Haynes*, or *Hains*, the comedian, whose portrait is extant, representing him riding on a jackass. 1703 version reads "well set."
[6] Probably the dance at end of *The Rehearsal* was by him. 1703 version has "*Littleton*."
[7] *Al. lect.*, "was his Grace's character." Butler had written bitterly "the Character of a Duke of Bucks" (Thyer's *Genuine Remains of S. B.*, ii. 72). We have already, on p. 620, alluded to the connexion of Colley Cibber with both Buckingham's *Rehearsal* and Pope's *Dunciad*. Not only did he represent the hero of the play, but he was assailed as the chief butt of the poetic satire. While acting the part of Bayes, at the revival of *The Rehearsal*, he introduced some popular ridicule against a stuffed crocodile: which clumsy contrivance had helped, in 1717, to secure the speedy condemnation of a farce, entitled "Three Hours after Marriage," written by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. This extempore sally provoked the sensitive poet to a fit of irascibility. He not only insulted Cibber, behind the scenes, with personal abuse, but cherished hatred against him, and vented it long afterwards in *The Dunciad*.

Then his Grace has tormented the Players more,
Than the *Howards*[1] and *Fleckno*[2] and all the store
Of Damn'd Dull Rogues they were plagu'd with before:
With, &c.

At last Learned P——[3] thought it Fit,
To tell us the Ancients wanted Wit,
For he easily understood all they had writ:
With, &c.

But sure he said this in the Heat of his Blood,
For if what the Ancients have written be Good,
'Tis in Languages he ne'r yet understood:
With, &c.

When in *France*, and in *Spain*, and in *Holland*, 'tis known,
What mighty Wonders our Statesman[4] has done;
'Twill make 'um all Tremble to hear his Renown:
With, &c.

For he that can Libel our Poets, and knows
How to Mimick our Players in Gesture and Cloaths,
With ease can Destroy all his Majesties Foes:
With, &c.

Now the Church he contemns, as much as the Quaker,
The Kingdom he'd ruine if the Parliament forsake her,
For he serves his King as well as his Maker:[5]
With, &c.

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[1] Col. Edward Howard, author of the never-printed "United Kingdoms," etc. The Honble. James Howard, author of "All Mistaken," 1672. Sir Robt. Howard, author of "The Committee," etc. Buckingham had intended to lampoon him as *Bilboa*, the hero of "The Rehearsal" (so the publisher reported), before 1665; then changed his plan, to attack Dryden instead.

[2] Richard Flecknoe, only one of whose five plays was acted: "Love's Dominion," printed in 1654, and again in 1674, when altered into "Love's Kingdom." He is attacked by Dryden in "Mac-Flecknoe," the satire on Shadwell (when he attempted to answer "*The Medal*," 1682, by "*The Medal of John Bayes*"). But this was long after the date of the present ballad. Andrew Marvell describes him as "Fleckno, an English priest at Rome," 1645.

[3] We are at fault as to "P——." It may have indicated an offensive nickname applied to Buckingham himself, as we suspect, and not the initial letter of some contemporary critic (unless it were Philips, Milton's nephew, of the *Theatrum Poetarum*). This stanza and the one following are omitted in the 1703 version.

[4] Whoever may have been glanced at as "learned P——," the "Statesman" of the following verses must certainly be Buckingham himself.

[5] Instead of this quiet irony, the 1703 version reads, lamely, "as bad as his Maker." Buckingham's desertion of Charles in 1656 is glanced at, in line 101.

For he that Forsook him in all His Distress,
Kill'd the Husband, and keeps the Adulteress,[1]
Like *Judas*, would Sell him, and sell him for Less:
With, &c. 104

He has Mimick'd the King and [the] Duke o'er and o'er,[2]
That Merciful King who has Pardon'd more,
Than all our Kings e'er Pardon'd before:
With, &c. 108

That King who if ever [he] Committed a Crime,
Which to Church or [to] State may be Fatal in time,
It was in Extending his Mercy to Him:[3]
With, &c. 112

Now God grant His Majesty never may find
'Tis Fatal to be to a *B*———— kind, [Buckingham]
For his Father was ruin'd by what he Design'd:[4]
With a fa la la la la la la. 116

FINIS.

[In White-letter. "Published in January or February, 1673-4." No woodcuts.]

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[1] This again refers to the Countess of Shrewsbury (see notes, p. 641); for notoriously continuing to cohabit with whom even the House of Lords plucked up sufficient morality for once to pass a censure on Buckingham, and bound them both in recognizances to separate (Reresby's *Memoirs*, p. 93). Her child by him was styled the young Earl of Coventry, died in infancy, August, 1671 (Andrew Marvell, *Fuller Worthies edit.*, ii. 395), "and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers." But in what is called "The D[uke] of B[uckingham]'s Litany" (in Wood's Coll., 417, art. 39, 1679-80), we read:—

From Crowning the He[a]rse of our Babe of Adultery,
Interr'd among Kings by a Lord of the Prelacy, &c.

The first verse being (*State Poems*, iii. 91),

From a proud sensual Atheistical Life;
From arming our Lackeys with Pistol and Knife;
From murd'ring the Husband, and whoring the Wife,
Libera nos Domine.

[2] See Introduction, p. 639.

[3] This apparently refers to the pardon granted in September, 1667, after detection of Buckingham's complicity with Dr. Heydon's conspiracy. His offences were frequent as they were heavy, and a pardon always followed, so long as Charles lived.

[4] That is, Charles the Second's father was ruined by what the previous George Villiers instigated. The 1703 version avoids the awkward construction, by reading, "was ruin'd by the first of the Line."

The Geneva Ballad.

"There's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the least Pretence
To Piety and Godliness,
Or tender-hearted Conscience;
And Zeal for *Gospel-Truths* profess,
Does sacred instantly commence:
And all, that dare but question it, are strait
Pronounc'd th' Uncircumcis'd, and Reprobate."

Butler's *Genuine Remains*, i. 125, 1759.

THE authorship of "The Geneva Ballad" has been popularly ascribed to SAMUEL BUTLER, while the claims of Dr. Walter Pope to it have won advocates. Even Dr. Robert Wilde has been advanced as the writer. It is given to Butler in the fraudulent collection called his *Posthumous Works*[1] (1720; third edition in 1730, p. 64). Not much weight attaches to this, for the work was simply a bookseller's speculation, a "catchpenny," amusing enough, containing many excellent and humorous poems, but the majority of them were undoubtedly by other writers, viz. Alexander Brome, James Shirley, etc., and had been published during their lifetime under their own names. Of the remainder, some were anonymous ballads (such as that on Edward IV. and Jane Shore), wandering about unclaimed; others were satires (for instance, the clever and irreverent verses on Charles II. and his mistresses, a new "Judgment of Paris" of chief favourite, under the title of "The Court Burlesqued,"—more in the style of Rochester's writings than Butler's); several were merely imitations and continuations of "Hudibras": a few were prose burlesques of speeches and letters, huddled together to swell the bulk of the book and extort a higher price for it. Beyond all these, one poem and a few of the chief prose papers were undoubtedly Butler's.[2] The poem was "*A Burlesque Pindarick*

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[1] It is beside "The Roundhead," "What creature's that with his short hairs." Unless the evidence in favour of Dr. Walter Pope, or of Dr. Robert Wilde, prove to be sufficient to establish their claim, we incline to the belief that it is by Butler.

[2] Of these the manuscripts in Butler's own handwriting were among the valuable papers which Robt. Thyer obtained from John Clarke; to whom they had been bequeathed by Charles Longueville (whose father had possessed them from the time of Butler's death). The whole were attested by the said John Clarke of Walgheston, Cheshire, November 20, 1754. They altogether became *The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler* . . . With Notes by R. Thyer. In two volumes. 1759. Our "Geneva Ballad" is not among them, but this fact does not conclusively disprove that he may have been the author.

Ode, *to the Memory of the most renown'd* Claude Du Vall, *the Highwayman*," beginning "'Tis true, to compliment the dead Is as impertinent as vain."

But to us, at present, additional interest is given by the "Geneva Ballad" being followed in the Bagford Collection by an "Answer," likewise anonymous, on a separate broadsheet. This Answer certainly shows that the author of it believed "The Geneva Ballad" to have been written by some Romanizing Church of England priest, "*Spruce*, with coat canonical," waiting for "a fat Benefice"; "a sacred *Proteus*," blending Gospel with the Koran; "this motley clark," in no respect can apply to Butler. But our own seventh verse, referring to the Presbyter's noisy hounding on assailants against the Papacy, "Halloo, my hearts, beware of Rome!" seems incompatible with the authorship of any such writings as Dr. Walter Pope's "Catholick Ballad" (Roxb. Coll., i. 26) or his other on Rome. Mr. Wm. Chappell (Roxb. Bds., i. 89) gives "The Geneva Ballad" to him. Dr. Walter Pope's "Old Man's Wish" makes him a favourite with all who know it; but his pamphlet on Du Val shows a spice of malice and intolerance.[1] Nor is the "Salisbury Ballad" mere fun. "This [Salisbury] Ballad was written by the famous Dr. Walter Pope, Author of the Old Man's Wish, who liv'd with Dr. Ward, then Bishop of Salisbury, and had a Pension from him of 100*l.* a year. Mr. Henley told me, there was but one copy of it taken from his MS. [before 1689], and it never was made public till now," viz. in 1713. It was reprinted in 1770-71, and begins:

> O *Sal'sbury* People, give ear to my Song,
> And Attention unto my new Ditty,
> For it is in the Praise of your River *Avon*,
> Of your Bishop, your Church, and your City, &c.
> (*Antiquitates Sarisburienses.*)

Wood mentions it as "a Satyr written against Seth [Ward], Bishop of Sals[bury], for depriving him of his Miss." Dr. Pope must have been addicted to having and losing a "Miss," it appears, and avenging himself by writing satires: for the same thing is reported by Wood in regard to the Claude du Vall lampoon and its occasion (see our p. 11). Dr. Pope was of Wadham College. We have not yet found his "Rome for a Ballad; or, A Ballad for Rome: being a Continuation of the Catholic Ballad, inviting to

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[1] See our pp. 10, 11, where, in footnote, this "Geneva Ballad" is assigned, much too unhesitatingly, as being his. In line 15 of p. 11, the words "the only one authentic," means "the only Ode authentic"; for several of the prose sketches are genuinely Butler's: the Prynne Letters, and the Case of Charles I.

Popery, &c." It is believed to have been translated into Latin by Dr. Thomas Tully (either or both of the two ballads). But, if we cannot identify the Rome Ballad, we can, instead, testify to the existence of another by the same author, Dr. Walter Pope. It is entitled The Miser, and was set to music by Michael Wise (concerning whom see Bagford Coll., iii. 63). Dated 1684, and printed by J.P. for Charles Brome, it begins, "What ayles thee, old Fool? Why dost thou not drink of the best, and welcome thy friend?" Words and music are found at Oxford, in the Collection Ashm. G. article CLXXV.

We know not enough about Dr. Pope or Dr. Robt. Wilde (against whom is a controversial broadside, iii. 31), to feel certain of the strictures applying. But as Dr. Pope was an M.D., not a D.D., the balance seems finally to incline to Dr. Wilde,[1] whose "Combat of Cocks" proves him to be fully competent to have written "The Geneva Ballad." (But Wilde's authorship of the Combat has been questioned, and it is attributed to Thomas Randolph.) Few of the fugitive poems in those days can be "fathered" with certainty.

By whomsoever the "Geneva Ballad" may have been written, one thing is certain. It is a vigorous piece of invective, terse, bitter, and supremely contemptuous. It speaks indignant scorn against "Splay-mouth"—the representative of the Political Nonconformist—and offers or accepts no compromise.

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[1] Dr. Robt. Wild, or Wilde, was a D.D., and rector of Aynho, Northamptonshire. His comedy of "The Benefice," 4to., 1689, is partly adapted from "The Return from Parnassus," 1602, and is in Malone's Collection, at the Bodleian.

*** We are unwilling to believe that this is to be narrowed into mere personal invective against Edmund Calamy, or any other single person. It is the impersonation of the irreconcilable Nonconformist, especially the Presbyterian, which is here attacked. In the 86 *Loyal Poems*, p. 120, Bedloe calls Dr. Tonge "Thou splay-mouth'd Fiend," and couples him with his "Brother Baxter." Against Richard (political rancour disturbing the saint's everlasting rest) is one of the *Loyal Songs*, p. 142, A Conventicle Litany, beginning "Let *Baxter* teach Sedition; And self-willed Saints delude." Its date is of Shaftesbury's golden medal time, 1681.

[Bagford Collection, I. 78 (1705 edit.); III. 33.]

THE GENEVA BALLAD.

To the Tune of 48.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels*,
None treads *Religion* upside down, [*qu.* turns]
Or tears *Pretences* out at heels, [*qu.* treads]
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,[1]
Whose Conscience might be scan'd, perhaps,
By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all divine,
Who, when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine;
Nay, he can bellow, bray, and bark,
Was ever such a *Beuk-learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *linguas* of the Ark?

To draw in Proselytes like Bees,
With *pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose,
He gives his Hand-kerchief a squeez,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Nose.
Motive on motive he obtrudes,
With Slip-stockin[g] *Similitudes*,
Eight Uses[2] more—and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did with Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Gospel-Comet* first appear'd.

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[1] See note *** on previous page. 1705 ed. gloss, "A *Presbyterian* Parson."

[2] A *Use*, or hortatory application, as practical rider, after doctrine. Compare Bagford Coll., i. 84 *verso*, and Percy Soc., i. 67 (Apprentice Songs, etc.), for "A Use of Exhortation to the London Apprentices," by J. E. App.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land,
And having smote his Master, slipp'd
His Sword into his Fellow's hand.
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Ofttimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary's* many grains;
His very Preaching slew more men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes, and Chains.
With Dog-star Zeal, and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught; and, what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him glorious!

Yet drew for *King* and *Parlement*,
As if the Wind could stand *North-South;*
Broke *Moses'* Law with blest intent,
Murther'd, and then he wip'd his mouth.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Not Clemency, nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Æthiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally upon the Saints in swarms,
He bauls aloud, *Sirs, leave your Sins;*
But whispers, *Boys, stand to your Arms.*
Then he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd—
Money, I mean, and *Multitude.*

Magistrates he regards no more
Than St. *George* or the Kings of *Colen;*[1]
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-Wives wind their dead in Wollen.[2]
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Goff*,
And makes his Power as mere a Scoff,
As *Dagon*, when his hands were off.

---

[1] The Three Kings of Cologne, Gasper, Melchoir, and Balthazar = The Magi.

[2] This came to pass. An Act of Parliament, on 5th July, 1678, for the encouragement of the woollen trade, commanded that the dead should be buried in woollen. The Act was deemed "very serviceable to the flannel manufacture, and consequently made a great consumption of wool." An addition to the Act

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Halloo, my Hearts, beware of ROME!
Cowards that are afraid to die
Thus make domestick Broils at home.
How quietly Great CHARLES might reign, ["Anne;" 1705.]
Would all these *Hotspurs* cross the Main,
And preach down Popery in *Spain*.

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no Dissension in the Sky:
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confusion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worse where Children play with Knives.

I would as soon turn back to Mass,
Or change my Phrase to *Thee* and *Thou;*
Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,
And his Priests milk me like a Cow:
As buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o' th' *Good Old Cause*,
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vultur's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Brounists*[1] and the *Ranter's* Crew;
Foul Error's motly Vesture first
Was Oaded in a Northern Blue.[2]
And what's th' Enthusiastic breed,
Or men of *Knipperdoling*'s Creed,[3]
But Cov'nanters[4] run up to seed?

---

passed in January 1680–1. Our old church registers are full of records of the certificated compliance: *ex grat.*, that of Molash parish, in Kent, which is perfect from 1557 to the present year.

[1] The followers of Robert Brown, who died in 1630: afterwards called Independents. He boasted that he had been committed to thirty-two prisons. See Neal's *Hist. Puritans*, vol. i.

[2] *Woad*, the dye anciently used to colour the native Britons, when garments were dispensed with, and afterwards employed like other dyeing materials.

[3] Bernard Knipperdolling, a leader of the Anabaptists at Münster (where his bones are kept in an iron cage: C. Hardwick, *Chr. Church*, ii. 275), under John Bockhold of Leyden. He was tortured to death, with red-hot pincers, 23rd January, 1535-6.

[4] "The Solemn League and Covenant" was publicly signed, in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edin., Sunday, 1 Mar., 163⅔. "The three Apostles of the Covenant" were Alex. Henderson, David Dickson, and Andrew Cant of Pitsligo, in Buchan.

Yet they all cry, *They love the King*,
And make boast of their Innocence:
There cannot be so vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with Pretence.
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear,
No Subject like th' *Old Cavalier*,
No Traitor like *Jack* [*Presbyter*]. 98

LONDON: Printed for *H. Brome*, at the Gun at the West end of St. *Pauls*, M.DC.LXXVIII.

[In White-letter. True date, not later than 1673–4.]

Answer to the Geneva Ballad.

"'Twas too provoking!
My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff of it,
So, saying, like Eve when she plucked the apple,
'I wanted a taste, and now there's enough of it,'
I flung out of the little chapel."

Browning's *Christmas Eve*,[1] of '49.

WE know not another copy, beside our Bagford ballad, of this angry rejoinder to the "Geneva Ballad" which precedes it. Full of cynical bitterness and inexcusable personalities, it tries to balance or outweigh the fourteen verses of a witty antagonist by its own twenty. So the smaller Parliament members, who lack power of reasoning and eloquence to convince a wearied House, assert their strength of lungs and unflagging verbosity to compel a surrender.

The attack on the writer of the "Geneva Ballad" as infected with Popery, because he had denounced the mischievous pranks of the sectaries and "Jack Presbyter," is a stale device. Any body who interposes between Anti-Romanists and their quintain must expect to receive such rude knocks. Even the present Editor (who has not the faintest "backslidings" towards Popery) may chance to be suspected of such jesuitry, for daring to rebuke the "Protestant" fervour shown two hundred years ago, by men who had no religion whatever.

---

[1] ". . . And if any blames me,
Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
The topics I dwell on, were unlawful,—
Or, worse, that I trench, with undue levity,
On the bounds of the holy and the awful,—
I praise the heart, and pity the head of him."—*Ibid.*

[Bagford Collection, III. 34.]

AN ANSWER
TO THE
GENEVA BALLAD.

OF all the *Drolsters* in the Town,
Of *Popish*, or of *Hobbian* Race,[1]
None draggs *Religion* up and down,
Or doth the Gospel such *disgrace*
As *Spruce*,[2] with Coat *Canonical*,
Whose *Conscience* echo's *have at all*,
Would a *fat Benefice* but fall.

He whom the Ruder *Witts* adore
And count his vile *Lampoons* Divine;
Who *Pimps* in Rhime for the old *Whore*,
And fain would patch up *Dagon's* shrine,
A sacred *Proteus*, one that can
Blend *Gospel* with the *Alchoran*,
And takes Texts from *Leviathan*.[3]

Yet if he list, this *Motley Clark*
Himself as loud as *Smec*[4] can bray,
The Church he *flounders* in the *dark*,
But *Hectors* for her in the *day*:
Of late he scoft at *Miter'd Peers*,
Pull'd the old *Gray-beards* by the ears,
And call'd them *Heavens Overseers*.

---

[1] Thomas Hobbes, the "Philosopher of Malmesbury," who died shortly afterwards, Dec. 4, 1679.

[2] Concerning this pseudonym for the author of "The Geneva Ballad," see previous Introduction, p. 647. Here given in reprisal for the nicknames of "Splay-mouth" and "Jack Presbyter."

[3] *Leviathan*, by Thomas Hobbes, was published in 1651, and (despite the favour and protection of Charles II.) censured by the Restoration Parliament in 1666. "A vague imputation of irreligion was brought against him by his literary antagonists, and the charge has been renewed against him even in our own time." When Sir Isaac Newton quarrelled with the mild John Locke, his chief ground of offence was that he believed the advocate of Toleration to be "a Hobbist." This was in September, 1693.

[4] The name *Smectymnuus* was (like *Cabal*, in Charles the Second's days) compounded of the initials of five personal names, all of Noncon. preachers: viz. Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcomen, and William Spurstow. See Milton's works of 1641 and 1642, *Animadversions*, etc., and *An Apology for Smectymnuus*. Also Cleveland's poem "*Smectymnuus*, the goblin makes me start," *Rump*, i. 57; and our own p. 638.

Yet now he *fawns* on them again,
And grins in rage his *foaming* chaps,
Wishes poor *Presbyter* in *Spain*,
And tears his *Edifying capps*,
So *Cowards* kill whom *Hero's* spare,
And *Renegad*[*o*]*es* always are
More *fierce* then native *Turks* by far.

Thus with each *Heifer* he can plow,
A *Papist* or an *Independant*,
What point the Gales of profit blow,
He always *steers*, and there's an end on't,
Was ever *syke a Priest* among
All *Gloster Coblers*[1] fulsome Throng,
To pawn his Conscience for a *Song*.

Whilst *Presbyter*, with active fist,
Makes it his work to *preach* and *pray*,
This modefi'd *Episcopist*,
Shews 'tis to Heaven a *Jollier* way:
With *Organs* and with *Violin*,
And *Ballad* new on merry pin,
He means to *Wheedle* souls from sin.

Geneva in a huff he kicks,
And swears by 's reverend *Cassac-Coat*.
The *Leaman-Lake's* a second *Styx*,
Where none but *damned souls* do float,
Though wise men think its waters be,
From all such secret venome free,
Nor half so blackish as *Romes* See. [*qu.* brackish]

Perhaps the man has cause to *stickle*,
Since *Interest* leads him to complain,
Fearing some *Neighbouring Conventicle*,
His *Incomes* to Low *Ebb* should Drain;
But be not, *friend!* at that dismaid,
Should *preaching* prove a *sorry Trade*,
Ballading is not quite *decay'd*.

---

[1] A clue is here, by reference to a Gloucester congregation; if not to the certain authorship, at least to the attributed or supposed authorship of the "Geneva Ballad."

He varnishes his *envious* hate
With a pretended *loyal* zeal,
  But would in truth *subvert* the state;
And all *embroil* the common-weel; [weal]
    His business is but to *divide*,
    wound *Protestants* through *Calvins* side,
    That *Popelings* once more might us ride. 63

See how he *slyly* acts his part,
Commends Queen *Maries* bloody days:
  And doubtless, should we *sound* his heart,
Such *Bonefires* here afresh would raise.
    But Heav'n defend those sad *extreams*,
    We hope to keep *uns*[*o*]*illed Thames*,
    Free both from *Twe*[*e*]*ds* & *Tiburs* streams. 70

Cease then impertinently to Rant,
We understand the *Stale Intrigue:*
  Remember the *Scotch Covenant*,
Was copied from your *gall*[*ant League*]:[1]
    Against blew bonnet swagger not,
    We know who hatcht the *powder-plot*,
    Nor yet is *Irelands* blood forgot.[2] 77

Our Soveraigns pleasure we'l obey,
But scorn to *Truckle* unto thine;
  Since *Charles* does liberty display,
How dare such *Pamphleteers* repine?
    Peace, *Becket Junior*, know your place,
    Let no oblivion reach your case,
    Who *Cyphers* make of *acts of Grace*. 84

The constant *Rules* of Heaven we know,
Whose Starrs in *Various Orbs* do move,
  Which we may *Copy* here below,
Whilst *several parties* live in *Love*.

---

[1] We venture to guess this addition, which we bracket.

[2] A series of attacks on Rome: 1.—That the Presbyterian "Solemn League and Covenant" of 1637, renewed in Charles the Second's days, stained with the murder of Archb. Sharpe, May, 1679, was at worst but imitative of the Roman Catholic League of Henry III. in 1579. 2.—That the Romanists intended all the mischief charged against them in 1605 by "Gunpowder Treason." 3.—That the massacre of Protestants by the Irish, from 1641 onward, provoked a just reprisal in the butcheries of Cromwell's troops at Drogheda, Wexford and elsewhere. Carlyle's defence of these butcheries is itself indefensible. Always idolatrous of successful despots, he coolly tells us that Revolutions "are not made by sprinkling rose-water."

Without *Yoak* of Conformity,[1]
We can keep Christian *Unity*,
As different *Notes* make *Harmony*.

Yet well may each *good shepherd* cry,
Unto his *flocks*, beware of *Rome*,
When forraign wolves so oft we spy,
Making Domestick *broils* at home;
And in each corner of the Land,
Perceive those slye *sheep-steelers* stand,
To give them the *Red-Letters* brand.

With Holy Beads they teach to chaunt,
Their *Aves* and their unknown prayers,
And all the while to Heav'n they mount,
Take special care to tell the stairs:
The *Kitchin-wench* comes into Matin,
And loyns her soul with shreds of *Latine*,
Like greasy *Fustion* fac'd with *Sattin*.

Their *whole* Religion is so Odd,
It seems a Dark *Mysterious* Trade
To *Disturb Kings* and Worship *God*,
Only in shew and Masquerade:
A *Chaos of* Deformity
Made up of *blood*, *hypocrisie*,
fraud, *treason*, and *idolatry*.

Yet you as *soon to Mass* would Gad,
Alas! it is *all one* to thee;
He that *Religion* never had,
May easily a *Papist* be,
Where *purchas'd pardons* set him free,
Beyond a *Ran*[*t*]*ers* Libertee,
To wallow in *Debaucheree*.

Though he contrive to *hide* his Plot,
We yet can apprehend the *snare*,
Through the *sheeps-cloathing* he has got,
His *foxes* Ears do plain appear:
Protestant Drones, look to your lives,
He'd fain be *burning of your hives*,
And counts the *Scriptures* dangerous *Knives*.

[1] *Scilicet*, Uniformity.

We'l not *Recriminate* the case,
Nor make *boast* of our Loyalty,
But still with *thankful* hearts embrace,
Our Gracious *princes* clemency :[1]
Yet hope to prove our *innocence*,
And actions void of just offence,
Against this *slanderous* Pretence.

When *surplice* was an *useless* thing,
And *Miter* a poor *Relique* lay,
The *preaching Cloak* brought back the King,
And turned our Dismal *Night* to *Day* :
'Mun Calamy,[2] and a few more,
Did then *more* on their *Soveraigns* score
Then troops of *Railerists* before.[3]

FINIS.

Printed in the Year 1674.

[In White-letter. No printer's name, or woodcut.]

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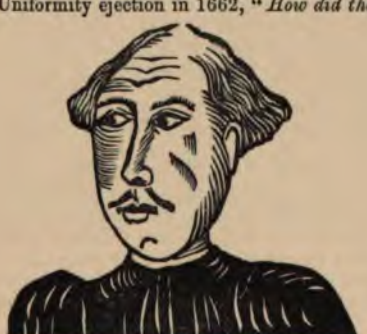
[1] Probably a reference to the favour which the Nonconformists received from Charles II., when they solicited an audience, to represent their wishes.

[2] In original "Mun," for *Edmund Calamy*, the Nonconformist Preacher: Born 1600, died in October, 1660, through sorrow at the Fire of London. He had contributed zealously towards the Restoration of Charles II.

[3] After having been scandalously used by the Independents, at first deluded as cat's-paws, and then oppressed and scorned, the Presbyterians helped the Royalists to bring back Charles II. But they were not disinterested. It was not from loyalty, but from a politic design, hoping to keep possession of the benefices, which in 1640 they had usurped, in the Church of England. As Archdeacon Venables well put it, in 1862, when answering the clamour about the Bicentenary of the Uniformity ejection in 1662, "*How did they get there?*"



[Our tail-piece represents the Answerer's fancy-portrait of "*Spruce*, with coat canonical." This is no caricature of the present day; but a genuine copy, in *fac-simile*, of a clerical portrait, 200 years old, from Roxb. Coll., ii. 489, R.]

The Loyal Protestants' Litany.

"I crave permission of your Majesty
To order that this insolent fellow be
Chastis'd: he mocks the sacred character,
Scoffs at the State."—Shelley: *Charles the First.*

THE number of these Mock Litanies, written and circulated from the beginning of the Civil Wars until the close of the century, was enormous (several are in the "Rump" Collections: "From all and more that I have written here," Bagf. Coll., iii. 43, is reserved for the Civil-war Series). We possess many dozens of them. Both political parties indulged in these questionable verses during the reign of Charles II., but, it must be confessed, the greater number and the worst came from the Anti-Papist printing-presses. The spirit of them all was condensed into one ejaculation by "Old Noll" when he forcibly dissolved the Rump Parliament in 1653: "O, Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" A long martyrdom under intolerable prosing is revealed by the gasp of the Protector. To rigid moralists, such mockeries of the Litany are extremely reprehensible: still worse, they are often drearily monotonous.

We borrow an illustration from Roxb. Coll., i. 459, and its description from a broadside, "Rome's Thunderbolt," dated 1682, Bagford Coll., iii. 93:—

These following Couplets to your sense makes good
What by the Emblem may be understood:

A. The World's Redeemer in the Clouds above,
Amidst the Angels doth in Glory move.

B. The *Pope* attempts to fix his lofty Throne [Omitted.]
As high, and Heads ambitious *Babylon.*

C. Then see the Whore is mounted on the Beast,
Whose character at large is manifest.

D. An armed *Popish Army* may be seen,
Furnish'd from *Rome*, & Hells vast *Magazeen.*

E. Suppose this *Smithfield Pounds*, where you may see
An Emblem of the *Marian* Cruelty.

F. Behold the *Beast* on which the Strumpet rides,
And the false *Prophets* kneeling by it's sides.

G. Then see the Gulf, devouring Crowds of those
Who were to *Christ* and to his people Foes.

H. And if you'l be inform'd from whence they come,
Look to the other Corner, there stands *Rome.*

Motto from Revelations xviii. 7, 8, "For she saith in her heart, I sit a *Queen* and am no Widdow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day," &c. Printed by H.B. for J. Conyers at the sign of the Black Raven in Duck Lane, 1682. Signed R.S.

[Bagford Collection, III. 41; Wood's Coll., 417, art. 36.]

THE

LOYAL PROTESTANTS

NEW

LITANY.

FRom the *Romish* Whore with her Tripple Crown, [own,
From the Plots she hath hatch'd, and her Babes now dis-
Though they dy'd with a Lie in their mouth is well known,
Libera nos Domine. 4

From such as presume to speak ill of Queen *Bess*,
From a Popish Midwife[1] in a Sanctifyed Dress,
Adorn'd with a wooden Ruff for a Crest,
Libera nos, &c. 8

From *Judas* the Pursebearers Protestant face,[2]
From any more of his *Machiavel* race
That henceforth may ever succeed in his place,
Libera nos, &c. 12

From a Doctor[3] that durst prepare such a Dose
That would take a Protestant Prince by the Nose,
(Although it be spoken under the Rose.)[4]
Libera nos, &c. 16

From a Papist that Curses the Catholick Whore,
Although in his heart he the same do adore,
And still is contriving more Plots than before,
Libera nos, &c. 20

From a Jesuit drest up in Masquerade,
That understands his Blood-thirsty Trade,
That can neither by Justice [n]or Mercy be laid.
Libera nos, &c. 24

From *Bumpkin* and *Citt* that at a random do range
And for a Sham-Plot do true honesty change,
Though come off by the LEE, methinks it is STRANGE.[5]
Libera nos, &c. 28

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[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Cellier, implicated in "The Meal-Tub Plot," was tried in June, 1680, and acquitted, as also, a few days later, was the Earl of Castlemaine. See "Dangerfield's Dance," Bagf. Coll., iii. 51. For publishing an alleged "malicious libel," her Defence, she stood in the Pillory, which became her "wooden Ruff." Thus in the ballad, Truth Triumphant (180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685), we read of Titus Oates:—

But now he's bound in *Garter* and *Cuff*
To Penance within a *Wooden-Ruff*,
With a *Sa-la-man-ca la*.

[2] The Lord-Treasurer, Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby: impeached by the Commons, on six articles, in 1678. The Peers supported him, and the King dissolved Parliament. In 1679 the impeachment was revived, Danby was committed to the Tower, and not admitted to bail until 1684.

[3] The Queen's Physician, Sir George Wakeman, who was accused by Titus Oates of conspiring to poison the King. His acquittal in June, 1679, showed the turn of the tide. He nevertheless fled abroad, for safety.

[4] This was not only a proverbial saying, "Prattle your pleasure under the Rose," implying spoken under confidence as a secret, but had been formerly celebrated in a ballad, Aug. 21, 1647, "There is an Old Proverb, which all the world knows," Ouvry Coll., iii. 8, and in the King's Pamphlets, folio.

[5] A palpable allusion to Sir *Roger L'Estrange*, the Licenser, etc.

From such a hard Fortune as barely to write
But only for Bread from Morning till Night;
That would more than a Crack-farts Courage affright.
Libera nos, &c.

From those that Sedition do daily invent,
To render a breach and gross discontent
Betwixt our Great King and Loyal Parliament,[1]
Libera nos, &c.

From such as do daily possess us with fears,
And yet at the same do prick up their ears,
Which care not which Course our Council now Steers,
Libera nos, &c.

That[2] the *Romish* Whore may be stript of her dress,
And cast in the Pit that is call'd bottomless;
That her Plots, Loyal Subjects no more may distress.
Quesimus te Domine.

That Queen *Besses* Enemies[3] run the same fate

[1] The quarrel showed its full bitterness when Parliament assembled in 1680.
[2] Begins second column, with a changed burden: cp. "From villainy drest," &c.
[3] Probably referring to Cardinal Howard, for one. He was represented in the Mock Procession through the City of London, 17th November, 1679.

As lately they did in the last Eighty eight,[1]
May never one want to peep through a Grate.
Quesimus, &c. 48

That the Purse-bearer *Judas* his Protestant face[2]
May never resume his former high place,
Except for to fall in Eternal Disgrace,
Quesimus, &c. 52

That the Doctor[3] beyond Sea, in spight of his skill,
May never return, but keep close there still,
Or else may he Die by his own Poysonous Pill.
Quesimus, &c. 56

That Popish Curr in [an] honest disguise,
That Curses us all before he do rise,
May his Plots be confounded though never so wise.
Quesimus, &c. 60

That such whose hands are still dipt in Blood,
And intend to make [a] second *Noah's* Flood,
That all such may perish, and all of their Brood.
Quesimus, &c. 64

That such as do render the Plot for a Fable,
And make it the talk of each Coffee-House Table,
To enter Heaven Gates may they never be able.
Quesimus, &c. 68

That such[4] as are forced to write but for Bread
May be by the daily Providence fed,
Much rather than those who will Plot till they're dead.
Quesimus, &c. 72

That Seditious Spirits may now be supprest,
And that in true earnest, not only in Jest,
That such may never more feather their Nest.
Quesimus, &c. 76

That those who do daily possess us with fears,
May fall themselves together by th' Ears;
And quit us all from that Cloud which appears.
Quesimus te Domine. 80

London, Printed for T. Davis, 1680.

[In White-letter. *No woodcuts:* ours on pp. 659 and 661, are from Roxb. Coll.]

[1] 1588, Spanish Armada defeat. [2] Cp. l. 9. [3] Sir G. Wakeman, see p. 660, [4] Settle, and pamphleteers. In a different "Litany" we read: "From the Bishop's Chaplain who scribbles everlasting, . . . And now writes for Bread, to keep him from fasting: *Libera nos*, &c."—*State Poems*, iii. 210.

The Popish Plot.

"There was a monstrous Doctor,
This Doctor had no Peer,
A Rogue from his Cradle
And bred to lie and Swear;
And a Swearing *we will go, will go, will go.*
And a Swearing *we will go.*

180 Loyal Songs: *The Swearers Chorus.* 1685.

FEW chapters in the History of England are more disgraceful than those which tell of the senseless rage and terror excited by the perjuries of Titus Oates, his abettors and followers, in relation to the so-called "Popish Plot." Even now, when the whole of the tangled skein lies ready for any honest inquirer to draw forth the thread, there are not lacking scores of prejudiced believers in the veracity of the "Salamanca Doctor" and of the Protestant Peer who encouraged him in his career of falsehood, greed, and bloodthirsty malice. The most deservedly popular of recent historians was, unquestionably, too much infected with party spirit, and hated the English Stuart Kings, more fiercely than he hated any one, except his contemporary, Gifford. But even Macaulay denounced with honest manly indignation the vileness of Oates, Dangerfield, Bedloe, Dugdale, and the rest of the vampyres, who drew their nourishment from the blood of defenceless victims.

The Court of Charles the Second bears an evil reputation; neither men nor women having preserved their honour stainlessly amid its guilty revelries. What then must be thought of the citizens of London, and the Members of Parliament, even of the Peers themselves, who were so ruthless in their persecution of every one whom the "Plot Discoverers" denounced; howsoever innocent the accused might be, howsoever preposterous and self-contradictory were the statements of the informers: so that even the Court appears less a den of corruption than the House of Commons and the Committee-rooms of the City? Grave discredit is thrown on all our cherished institutions by the scandalous abuses of those days. When ignorant bigots pledged themselves beforehand to convict the prisoners, Trial by Jury became worse than a mockery. Witnesses for the defence were bullied from the Bench, and assaulted by the populace without redress. No one dared speak a word against the notorious gaol-birds who were driving a brisk trade as perjured informers, and who were being paid the

price of blood. No one, without risk of encountering some criminal charge, backed by false-swearing, could venture so much as to hint at being incredulous.[1] Distant counties felt tremors of the earthquake, which was shaking the foundations of social life in the metropolis. It was chiefly in London that the full effects of the gigantic system of perjury and Satanic malice were felt, in the madness and misery of the multitude. We may well blush at the records of such a time.

Unfortunately, a few pages only can be afforded for the development of the materials specially provided here in the Bagford ballads. A volume would be required to be devoted to a history of the series of sham Plots, which cost so many lives, and embittered the hearts of the two brothers who successively occupied the throne: thus tempting them to requite injustice with injustice, and ruthless cruelty of malice with an even-handed retribution, whenever the opportunities arose. Such

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[1] Among many others we find "The famous *Tryal of Mr. Hickeringill*, Author of *The Naked Truth*, for writing the said work," 1681; and a *Tryal of Nathaniel Thompson* (to whom we owe the publication of 86 *Loyal Poems*, 120 *Loyal Songs*, 180 ditto, the *Weekly Intelligence*, etc.), William Pain, and John Farnell, for Libel on the Justice of the Nation, in the proceedings against the Murderers of Sir Edmond Bury Godfrey, 1682. The very recapitulation of the indictment reads like a satire. Libel on the Justice of the Nation, forsooth! Poor "N.T." was by his enemies called "Thompson Tell-Lies," in revenge for his publishing a ballad mockingly entitled "Titus Tell-Truth." After the downfall of Oates, Thompson tells us, in a Preface, some of the persecutions he had endured,—"while the *Fergusons*, and heads of the Factions, were blowing up sedition in every corner of the country:"—

"Without ostentation I may say, I printed my *News-Papers* and divers other *Pamphlets* (that always vindicated the King and Government) to undeceive the People, who were daily impos'd upon by *Curtis*, *Smith*, *Harris*, *Care*, *Vile*, *Baldwin*, *Janeway*, &c., when no body else would or durst. For this the malice of the Factious Party swell'd so high against me, that they, with the assistance of a certain *Instrument* (who swore through two brick-walls before *Oates* appear'd), caused me to be imprison'd six times; so that for above six years I was never free from Trouble, having seldom less than three or four Indictments at a Sessions against me; at other times Informations in the Crown-Office, which villainous contrivances of their Agents [in another preface he mentions "*Robin Hog*"] cost me at least *five hundred pounds* in Money, besides the loss of my Trade and Reputation. The principal Crimes they alledged against me, were [the publishing, if not the writing also, the following political ballads] 'Let *Oliver* now be forgotten, a Song; A Hue and Cry after *T. Oates* when turn'd from *White-Hall*; The Character of an Ignoramus Doctor; A Dialogue between the Devil and the Doctor; The Prisoners Lamentation for the Loss of Sheriff *Bethell*.' All which Pamphlets tended to no other evil, than the laying open the Villanies of Oates and the rest of his perjur'd Disciples." The publishing "A Dialogue betwixt the Devil and the Ignoramus Doctor" [Oates] cost Thompson forty pounds. He smarted for his opposition to "*Bethellite* Sheriffs and *Barnardiston* Juries."

a time of requital seldom fails to be reached, if sought for and desired :—

> For time at last sets all things even:
> And, if we do but watch the hour,
> There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong.—*Mazeppa.*

Without accepting as proved the statement that Lord Shaftesbury[1] was the original fabricator of the pretended "Popish Plot," we believe him to have been throughout the most active encourager of the false witnesses and "discoverers," while himself convinced that they were destitute of all truth or honesty. He knew that innocent blood was being shed, that not only foolish zealots and intriguers like Coleman and some of the Jesuits, but absolutely guiltless persons also, were being slaughtered brutally on the scaffold. Yet so long as it promised to advance his own selfish schemes, and increase his power by popularity, he lent his countenance to evil.

It is impossible to acquit Russell and other active malcontents from somewhat more than suspicion of similar unscrupulousness. They, being men not devoid of sense, must have been aware of the folly and falsehood, the utterly depraved lives of the human instruments whom they employed to secure the ruin of their political foes. The "Exclusionists," indeed, in their hatred against the Duke of York, seem to have wilfully blinded themselves to a sense of common justice. They acted on a belief that everything was expedient, everything was permissible, if not actually lawful, so long as it promised to humiliate the Roman Catholics. The time was soon to come when they would be forced to learn the cost of having strained the laws to secure injustice; when packed juries were no longer to be at the service

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[1] In this same third vol. of the Bagford Collection, p. 96, is a satirical poem on Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury, dated 1681, beginning,

> Painter, draw near, Draw here the leering Look,
> Of th' By-got *Bloodhounds* when they swore on the Book,
> Licking their Lips, etc.

The full title is "Advice to the Painter from a Satyrical Night-Muse, for Limning to the Life the Witnesses Against the Right Honourable Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury." This was issued in 1681. There was popular exultation, when the "Ignoramus" Grand Jury threw out the bill, virtually acquitting him from the charge of High Treason. A ballad on his "Associators," 1682, begins "Lay by your Reason, Truth's out of Season," &c.; in 180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 100. The "Ignoramus" Ballad is in the same collection, p. 96, to the same tune, and begins, "Since Reformation," &c. Compare introd. to Bagf. Coll., iii. 64.

of intolerant Protestants, but turned against them, and swayed by equally-intolerant Papists, determined to claim blood for blood.

The pretended "Popish Plot" was assumed to be for the attainment of two objects. 1.—To kill King Charles, in order that his brother James might at once succeed to the throne. 2.—To overturn the Protestant government and religion, and thus re-establish Popery. By such subtle pretence, any evidence that might be brought against Papists, showing that they desired their religion to prevail, was made equivalent to a proof that they were conspiring to kill the King and subvert the Government. Charles was sufficiently popular to make most men feel indignant at any scheme of assassination. He himself bantered his brother: "Nobody will kill me, James, in order to make *you* king!"

The Bagford ballad on "the Popish Plot" is an important contemporary record, fully charged with the bitterness and personalities of the time. We therefore avail ourselves of the Luttrell and Wood Collections, and other works, to complete the imperfect verses of the narrative. The Bagford ballad is only "*The Fourth Part,*" although not bearing an open declaration of being thus limited. There are few historical students who will not be glad to possess, consecutively, in a genuine text, the whole Four Parts. We add such explanatory notes as may seem necessary for those to whom the subject is less familiar.

Of the first and second Parts a copy is preserved in Anthony à Wood's Collection, 417, vol. ii. art. 18, in a quarto pamphlet with printed marginalia. Almost *verbatim* in text, but without the marginal references, both these parts are contained among the 180 *Loyal Songs*, third edition, 1685; and 86 *Loyal Poems*, same date.

Although the third and fourth Parts are respectively asserted to be "written by a Lady of Quality," the real author was probably none other than JOHN GADBURY[1] the Astrologer. The whole are sung to the tune of "Packington's," or "Pagginton's,

[1] John Gadbury was an Oxfordshire man, born at Wheatley in 1627. He first served an apprenticeship to a tailor, but afterwards studied under William Lilly. He followed his vocation of casting nativities, and publishing annually such almanacks, or Ephemerides, as were in fashion. He, being a Roman Catholic, gave offence in some of these to the popular prejudices of those who believed in Titus Oates's greater impostures, of Plot-discoveries. To oppose the ultra-Protestant zeal and credulity was found to be dangerous. He probably outlived this time of difficulty; although Lilly, who died in 1681, believed that he perished by shipwreck in a voyage to Jamaica. But he is thought to have survived his instructor. He wrote several books, some being in defence of his loyalty and religious opinions. Granger records that Partridge in 1693 published a work (not seen by us) entitled *The Black Life of John Gadbury*. Cp. iii. 51.

Pound:" already mentioned on pp. 397, 492. The opening portion is in well-sustained irony, and fairly represents the gross improbabilities of the story which assumed to account for Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's death, and told how the dead body was conveyed, without being seen, to Primrose Hill; where, when required, it was found.

Dr. Israel Tongue, or Ezrael Tonge, was the first who publicly avouched the existence of the "Popish Plot," after his consultations with "the Salamanca Doctor," Titus Oates.[1] This was

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[1] His Doctor's-degree was declared to have been purchased at Salamanca; but some declared it must have been "an invisible degree, unknown to all the University." The career of this vapouring and malicious perjurer was full of vicissitude. He had been, in early life, so needy, and in such abject dependence on charity, that he was only saved from starvation by the kindness of the very men, Whitbread and Pickering, whom he afterwards denounced and brought to the gallows. When from obscurity and squalor he suddenly became notorious and popular, he was feasted and applauded, pensioned, and publicly guarded by a select band, as though he were the preserver of the nation. Encouraged by success, he lost sight of prudence. There were no limits to his audacity. He assailed not only the Duke of York, but the Queen herself, through her physician, Dr. Wakeman. Some people dared to expect that Charles would not be unwilling to rid himself of her, on such a pretence; but they were speedily undeceived. With all his faults, the King was not absolutely heartless. He pitied the woman whom his infidelities had sorely distressed. He visited with supreme displeasure the intriguers and calumniators. Even the delirious fury of Whig Jurymen began to abate, when they perceived to what extremities they were being led: for royalty itself was menaced by the Plot-Discoverers. The trial of Wakeman revealed the true issue. His acquittal gave the signal that a reaction had commenced. Oates and his abettors were unable to hide their anger. Instead of taking warning by defeat, they attempted to strengthen themselves by the support of the City and the populace, against the wiser part of the country and the Court. Rival plot-discoverers complicated the difficulties, and brought additional discredit on the earlier false witnesses. The exposure of Dangerfield, being followed by his being pilloried and whipt (see Bagford Coll., iii. 51), avowedly in punishment for his perjuries in the "Meal-Tub Plot," gave a clear indication of what was in store for Titus Oates. Public condemnation by the legal tribunals, fines, whippings, and imprisonment now befell him, instead of the rewards which had been so lavishly and injudiciously given. It appears certain that he was not intended to survive all this punishment. In some verses, entitled "The Melancholy *Complaint* of Doctor *Titus Oates*," printed in 1685 (86 *Loyal Poems*, pp. 291–310), he is made to draw the contrast between his condition at that date and what it had been six years previously:—

> Out of a Pallace, into a Dungeon thrust,
> From six good Dishes, to snap at one brown Crust,
> By God and man, like *Cain*, mark't out and curst. . . .
>
> Those were my golden days, my days of Power,
> When Great ones fear'd me, when I sent each hour
> At least a score to *Newgate*, and the *Tower*. . . .
>
> Then was I stout, as I St. *George* had been,
> At th' Commons Bar to stick I ne'r was seen
> Of Treason to accuse Lord, Duke or Queen.

on August 12th, 1678, when, through one Christopher Kirby, he obtained an interview with the King, and declared his danger. King Charles distrusted the man and disbelieved the story. He was far too shrewd to be imposed upon so easily. But there were many who desired to profit by the public belief that such a plot really existed. It was, therefore, acceptable to the disaffected Members of Parliament, so soon as Drs. Tonge and Oates caused their information to be taken before the House. This was after the King had refused to consent to let "honest William" Groves and Pickering be arrested; and after the Duke of York had laid before the Council such letters as Bedingfield received to entrap him. The Council treating the letters contemptuously, Oates on the 6th September made his sworn depositions before a Justice of the Peace, Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. The story of the Plot now became public. The Council, being informed by the Lord-Treasurer, Earl Danby, examined Tonge and Oates (as also Christopher Kirby), and assigned them lodgings in Whitehall and weekly pay. A few arrests, of Jesuits and other denounced persons, followed. Then, on October 17th, the body of Sir Edmondbury was found, on Primrose Hill, and the excitement became overwhelming. It was evident that he had been murdered, and there were certain indications (mentioned in the ballad which follows) that not so much showed an attempt to give a deceptive appearance of *suicide*, as they showed a deliberate intention to demonstrate that it was *not a case of suicide but murder*, which the murderers had been unsuccessfully trying to disguise. No clever conspirators, if Papists, could have blundered thus. Evidently there was contrivance here to make it appear their work. Medals were struck (copies of which are in Knight and Macfarlane's *Pictorial History of England*) representing the

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No man durst thwart me; with desire of pelf,
I rag'd, and grew to such a peevish Elf,
Had the King vext me, I had peach't Himself.

Few if any of the Plot-Discoverers long escaped retribution. Israel Tonge, Wm Bedloe, and Shaftesbury died, in their beds, within a few months of one another; Dangerfield also perished, but with physical agony after punishment. Contrary to expectation, Titus Oates not only survived long enough to see the Revolution drive his enemy James II. away from the land, but also to be pensioned by William III., a thousand a year from the nation which he had scandalously deceived. The man's character, it is true, was so irretrievably blasted, by all that had come to light concerning his private infamies of conduct, as well as his public perjuries, that no Commons' vote or civic recognition could cleanse him. What was attempted, with this view, only cast disgrace on the government of the Revolution. Oates survived until 1705. Let a cairn mark his burying-place: or let it be forgotten, as being too polluted for remembrance.

murdered magistrate, whose stanch Protestantism was asserted to have been the sole cause of his death. The commotion increased. In November William Bedloe came forward with evidence, for reward. The Commons made the most of everything to harass and destroy. Edward Coleman, Secretary to the Duke of York, tried and condemned for high treason, was executed on December 3rd (see the immediately-following "Plotter's Ballad," Bagf. Coll., iii. 50, with its important illustration). In the course of the month Miles Prance was arrested, examined, and found continually prevaricating under the torture of his imprisonment. Chiefly through his evidence, in the following February, on the 21st, Robert Green and Lawrence Hill were executed, asserting their innocence, for the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.

*** In considering the bitter hatred and the unblushing falsehood shown by the denouncers of the apocryphal "Popish-Plot," we are compelled, after careful examination, to censure those who selfishly encouraged them. Thus we have not hesitated to reflect on the over-rated Russell, the egotistical and boastful Burnet, the faithless Monmouth, or one who was greater and more culpable than them all together—the Earl of Shaftesbury. But we write not, either now or ever, as an advocate of party. We would have gladly praised them, if we could have deemed them worthier of praise. Errors may honestly be charged against the first Anthony Ashley Cooper:—

> Dark convict, seared by History's branding curse,
> And hung in chains, from Dryden's lofty verse;
> Yet who has pierc'd the labyrinth of that brain?
> Who plumb'd that genius, both so vast and vain?

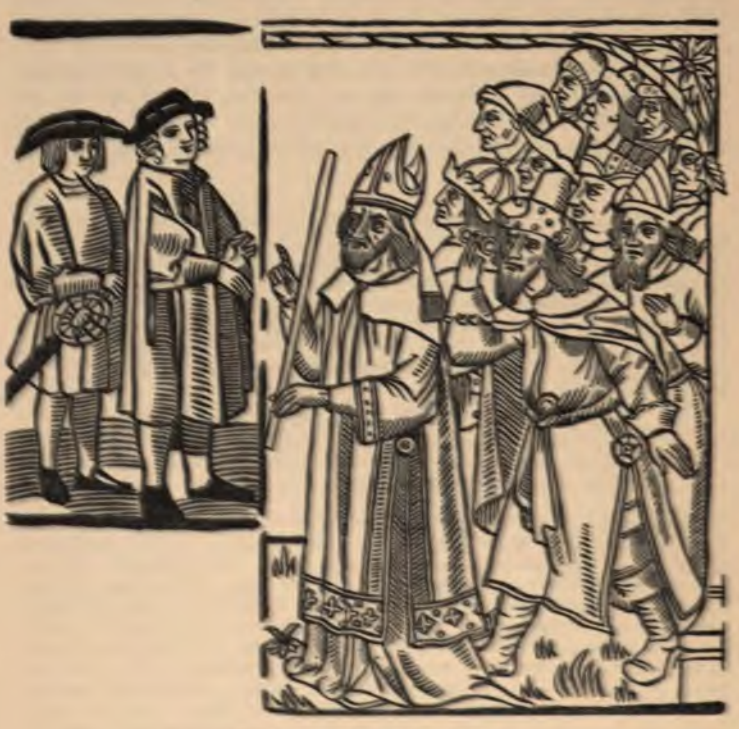
Weakness clung to his "unfeathered two-legged thing, a son:" father of the third Earl who wrote the *Characteristics*. Dull commonplace next weighed on several generations; even as mediocrity clung to the race of Russell. In our own day, a higher lustre of moral purity, religious faith, and unwearied labours to benefit mankind, distinguish the inheritor of Shaftesbury's name—"One in whom ambition is chastened by the pure aims which make ambition virtue—who has uniformly employed his advantages of rank, wealth, and station to alleviate human misery, to improve the moral and material condition of the poor—who stands pre-eminent amongst British nobles for elevated, disinterested, untiring benevolence and philanthropy." This is the nobler fame. Such a contrast makes pale the glitter which had dazzled those who looked upon his ancestor, in the troubled days of civil war and sectarian intolerance. But the saddest point of contrast is in this, that, with such great powers at command, the shrewd counsellor of "Absolom" Monmouth was false to himself, both to his genius and to his duty. Selfishness marred the patriot, and thus condemned him with posterity. In one sense, like his prototype, "Achitophel went home, and hanged himself."

[Wood's Collection, 417, ii. art. 18; 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 42.]

A Narrative of the Popish Plot,

Shewing the Cunning Contrivance thereof,[1]

(To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*)



The Contents of the First Part.

How Sir Godfrey *is kill'd, his Body they hide,*
Which brought out in Chair, *a* Horseback *does ride,*
How Jesuits *disguis'd our Houses do fire;*
How subtly they Plot, & the King's death conspire,
Of divers great Lords drawn in to their Bane,
An Irish *Army, and Pilgrims from* Spain.

---

[1] The quarto pamphlet adds to this: "With a signal providence to this Nation in the Discovery of It, and the Plotters; To the Confusion of the wicked Papists, and to the great Comfort of all good Protestants."

I.

GOod People, I pray, give ear unto me,[1]
A Story so strange you have never been told,
How the *Jesuit*, *Devil* and *Pope* did agree
Our State to destroy, and Religion so old:
To murder our King,
A most horrible thing!
But first of Sir *Godfrey* his Death I must sing;
For howe'er they disguise 't, we clearly can see
Who murder'd that Knight, no good Christian cou'd be.
The truth of my Story if any man doubt,
W' have witnesses ready to swear it all out.

II.

At *Somerset-house*,[2] there is plain to be seen
A Gate which will lead you into the back-Court;
This place[3] for the Murder most fitting did seem,
For thither much People do freely resort:
His Body they toss'd
From Pillar to Post,
And shifted so often, t' had like t' have been lost;
To watch with dark Lanthorns the *Jesuits* did go,
But no ways distrusted our honest *Bedlow*.
The truth of my Story, &c.[4]

III.

Lest such close Contrivements should at length take air,
When as his dead Body corrupted did grow,
They quickly did find an *invisible Chair*,[5]
And set him on Horse-back to ride at *So-hoe*:[6]

---

[1] The quarto version reads "I pray you," but *Loyal Songs* omits "you."

[2] Somerset House was named on purpose to suggest that Queen Catharine (whose chapel was there) was concerned in the murder of Godfrey; for which Hill, Green, and Berry, on Prance's equivocating evidence, were executed. Oates is made to say:—

I told the Parliament, how that the Queen,
After the murder'd Justice she had seen,
Made a low Courtesie to *Hill* and *Green*,
And thankt them kindly for the pains they'd ta'en.
86 *Loyal Poems*, p. 303.

[3] See *Hill's Tryal*, p. 16.

[4] This burden follows every verse.

[5] "The Sentinels saw none." At the trial of Hill, Berry, and Green, before Scroggs, 10th Feb., 1678–9, for the murder of Godfrey, the soldiers who had been sentinels at the gate testified "That no Sedan went out of the gate that night that the body was said to be carried off, though one did come in; and that they could not be mistaken in so plain a matter." It was also sworn that Berry, the accused porter, was in bed before midnight, and remained there.

[6] This, of itself, helps to disprove the assertion that the district of *Soho* was so named from Monmouth's watch-word at Sedgemoor fight (1685). "The Brick-kilns, near Soho," are mentioned in St. Martin's rate-books, 1636.

His *own Sword* to th' Hilt,
To add to their Guilt,
They thrust through his Body, but *no Blood was spilt*;
T' have it thought he was kill'd by a Thief they did mean,
So they left all's *Money, and made his Shoes clean.*

IV.

To shew now th' excess of *Jesuitical Rage*,
They this Loyal City to ruine would bring,
'Cause you Citizens are so religious and sage,
And ever much noted as true to your King:
T' your Houses they go
With Fire[1] and with Tow,
Then pilfer your Goods, and 'tis well you 'scape so;
Y' have seen how they once set the Town all in flame;[2]
Yet 'tis their best Refuge, if we believe Fame.

V.

By *Bedlow's Narration*[3] is shown you most clear,
How *Jesuits* disguis'd into Houses will creep;
In a *Porter's* or *Carman's* Frock they appear,
Nay, will not disdain to cry *Chimney sweep;*

---

[1] Dr. Oates's *Narrative*, p. 22.

[2] In Oates's *Narrative* he charges on the Jesuits, beside many other mischiefs, "the dreadful fire in 1666. which was principally managed by *Strange*, the Provincial; in which their Society employed eighty, or eighty-six men, he could not tell which, and spent seven hundred fire-balls, and over and above all their vast expense, they were fourteen thousand pounds gainers by the plunder, amongst which was a box of jewels, consisting of a thousand caracts of diamonds. He farther learnt, that the fire in Southwark, in the year 1676, was brought about by the like means," etc. Gilbert Burnet was more credulous of any such idle tales than some of us are likely to be (after experience) of his own solemn asseverations. He reports that he was informed, by Dr. Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, that "one Grant, a Papist," had intentionally gone to Islington and stopped the water-supply, carrying off the turn-cock keys, the very day before the Great Fire broke out, Sept. 2nd. But as at that time it suited people to charge the incendiarism against the Republicans, so it became the fashion, in the Plot-terror, to accuse the Roman Catholics. Lord Wm. Russell (despite the pleadings of his amiable wife) descended so low as to do this in his 1680 motion against Popery. The civic inscriptions on the Commemorative Monument (during the Mayoralty of Sir Tho. Davies, 1677,) were an outrageous libel; telling that the fire was "begun and carryed on by y^e^ treachery and malice of y^e^ Popish faction:" "*Sed furor Papisticvs qvi tam dira patravit nondvm restingvitvr.*"

[3] "Captain" Wm. Bedloe is too bad even for Burnet to countenance; at any rate, after the death of the informer. The Bishop writes, "*Bedloe* had led a very vicious life. He had gone by many false names, by which he had cheated many persons. He had gone over many parts of France and Spain, as a man of Quality. And he had made a shift to live on his wits, or rather by his cheats." Bedloe had been servant of Lord Bellasis, who was afterwards denounced. Then he had been an ensign in Flanders, and soon afterwards tried to ingratiate himself among the Jesuits. He, on the 12th November, deposed before the Lords, that he had been sent to Harcourt by the monks of Douay, and that the Jesuits told him of the powerful help expected; "ten thousand men from Flanders, twenty or thirty thousand religious men from St. Iago in Spain," etc.; and that a sacrament of secrecy had been administered to him.

Or sell you *Small-Cole*,
Then drop in some hole
A *Fire-ball*, or thrust it up by a long Pole.
But I now must relate a more tragical thing,
How these Villains conspir'd to *murder our King*.

VI.

At the *White-horse*[1] in April was their main Consult,
Where a writing these Plotters wickedly frame;
The Death of our Sov'reign was the result,
To which at least Forty all signed their Name:
They would not do that
In the place where they sat,
Trusty *Oates* must convey 't from this man to that;
To make sure work, by *Poyson* the deed must be done,
By a *long Dagger*, and *shot from a Gun*.

VII.

For fear at St. *Omers* their *Oates* might be miss'd,
They agreed with a *Devil* t' appear in his place,
In a Body of Air (believe if you list)
Which lookt just like *Oates*, and mov'd with the same grace;
'T cou'd Plot, it cou'd Cant,
Turn eyes like a Saint,
And of our great Doctor no feature did want:
Thus hundreds[2] might swear they saw *Oates* ev'ry day,
But true *Oates* was here, and the *Devil* saw they.

VIII.

From Father *Oliva* Commissions did come,[3]
To raise a great Army much Treasure is spent;
The *Old Man*[4] did once think to take Post from *Rome*,
For to ride at the Head of them was his intent?

---

[1] *Ireland's Tryal*, p. 18, &c. Compare note 2, on our p. 678.

[2] *St. Omer's Certificate*, and the *Jesuits' Tryal*. On June 13th, 1679, on the *trial* of the five Jesuits, the accused produced sixteen witnesses, who swore "that *Oates* had been all April, May, and till the latter end of June, 1678, at St. *Omers*; and that they saw him every day, and conversed and dined with him, and that he was never out of the College, except two days and one night he was at Watton, and two or three he was at the Infirmary, &c., and consequently he could not have been at the [pretended] Consult on the 24th of April," the same year.

[3] Another ballad, The Compleat Swearing-Master (*Loyal Songs*, p. 67), tells how

> The *Doctor* swore he brought Commissions to Town,
> From Father *Oliva* to men of Renown:
> To raise mighty Forces the King to destroy,
> For which many Ruffians the Pope did imploy;
> And the *Doctor* did swear that little *Don John*
> Was black, and also a very tall man.

[4] The "Old Man" is Pope Innocent XI., who was supposed to be aware of everything that happened or was intended.

But *Bellas'* was fit[1] [Lord Bellasys.]
(Who can deny it?) 72
To command in his place, when his *Gout* wou'd permit;
Lord *Stafford*[2] was proper'st to trust with their pay,
Old *Ratcliff*[3] to range them in Battel-Array.

IX.

The High Treasurer's place the Lord *Powis*[4] did please, 76
(Men of desp'rate Fortunes oft venture too far;)
Lord *Peters* would hazard *Estate*, and his *Ease*,
And Life for the *Pope* too, in this Holy War;

---

[1] Bedloe deposed before the Lords that he had been informed by Walsh and le Phaire, two Jesuits (hearsay evidence being quite sufficient for the enemies of the Catholics to receive). "That the Lord *Bellasis* had a commission to command forces in the North, the Earl of *Powis* in South Wales, and the Lord *Arundel* of *Wardour* had a commission from the Pope to grant commissions to whom he pleased." These three Lords, with Viscount Stafford, Petre, and Sir Henry Tichbourne, had been committed to the Tower about the 24th Oct., 1678. Bellasis was not released until 12th Feb., 1683–4. Petre had sickened and died in the Tower, a month earlier, protesting his innocence. Stafford was judicially murdered, three years before.

[2] Lord Stafford was almost the latest victim of the Popish-Plot perjurers. Having been long kept imprisoned, he was brought to trial in Nov., 1680, and beheaded on the 29th December. When he had declared his innocence, many persons exclaimed, "We believe you, my Lord." Charles himself protested his disbelief of the accusation, yet signed the death-warrant, although unwillingly. Lord William Russell, thirsting for the blood of the old man, attempted to resist the exercise of the King's prerogative, who changed the sentence of death by hanging to that by decapitation. Three years later, Charles II. grimly reminded the Rye-House conspirators, when the whirligig of time had brought about its revenges, that he indeed possessed such a dispensing power. He extended it in Russell's favour also, and Algernon Sidney's. Of Lord Stafford, going to his execution, it is written:

> The Scaffold steps did *Jacob's* Ladder seem,
> The Scaffold was a Monarch's throne to him;
> And with such joy he did resign his breath,
> As other mortals save themselves from Death.
> For those who caus'd his Death was his last prayer,
> And his last words his Innocence declare.—*Advice to the Carver.*

[3] See *Oates's Narrative*, p. 58, &c. November (between 18 and 21), 1678, "Bedloe, being further examined before my Lord Chief-Justice, accused my Lord Carrington and my Lord Brudenell to be privy to the Plot; the former was therefore committed." Bedloe said "that 10,000 Spaniards were to land at Burlington, and to be commanded by Sir Henry Tichborne as general, and Sir Frances Ratcliffe as lieutenant-general; which was very improbable, Spain not having men at this time to supply and defend its territories, either at home or abroad, which gave France so great advantage against it."—Reresby's *Memoirs*, p. 151.

[4] At the trial of Richard Langhorn, a Counsellor-at-Law of the Temple, and a Roman Catholic, 14th June, 1679, Oates swore against him "that he saw in Langhorn's Chamber certain Commissions which they called Patents; and that he permitted the witness to peruse several of them. One was to the Lord *Arundel* of *Warder*, to be Lord Chancellor; another to the Lord *Powis* to be Treasurer; and one to the prisoner, to be advocate of the army: all signed *Johannes Paulus de Oliva*, by virtue of a brief from the Pope."

Lord *Arundel*,[1] of old
So war-like and bold,
Made choice of a *Chancellor's Gown* we are told;
All these did conspire with the Lord *Castlemain*,
Whom now his good Dutchess will ne'r catch again.[2]

---

[1] Several poems were written by the Rt. Honble. Henry Lord Arundel of Wardour, whilst prisoner in the Tower, at the time now under notice. They are entitled, respectively, A Valediction to the World, Persecution no Loss, God chastiseth whom he Loveth, Considerations before the Crucifix, and Upon the Pains of Hell. As a specimen of the writings of those whom Oates slandered and tried to destroy, we quote the fourth, *Considerations before the Crucifix*:—

WHEN I behold Thee on that Fatal Tree,
(Sweet *Jesu*) suffering, and that 'tis for me;
When I consider in that purple flood
My Sins ebb out, but with thy Life and Blood;
When I reflect how dear my Soul hath cost,
I'm mov'd to wish it rather had been lost;
For how can that Life please that doth destroy
The Life of him, by whom we Life enjoy?
And yet to wish thou hadst not suffer'd so,
Were to condemn thy Love and Wisdom too;
For if we joy in what thy Death hath brought,
We must allow the pains with which 'twas bought:
So both our Life and Death unitedly,
[Are debts we owe, thy Love to glorify:]
Nature's Life is to have her Maker die.
It is thy will (dear Lord) must be obey'd,
And in that Duty both these debts are pay'd.
O let my Soul, in a due measure, find
A joy becoming, and a mourning Mind;
A joy in thy kind Will, ev'n whilst it made
Sunshine in Nature by thy God-head's shade.
A grief to see the torments Sin did merit,
And Man deserv'd, God should himself inherit.
That this divided 'twixt thy Pain and Will,
We may resign with joy, and yet grieve still.
Uniting so these trophies of thy Love,
That, weeping here, we may rejoyce above.

Others of the five "Popish" Lords, while imprisoned in the Tower, were said to have written the Paradox against Liberty, beginning, "A Prison or the Isle, are much the same," etc., which is printed among the 86 *Loyal Poems*, 1685, p. 314. It will not bear comparison with Lord Arundel of Wardour's sacred poems.

[2] "Dr. *Oates* saw my Lord's Divorce, as he swore before the King, and Council." It was said to have been, "about November or December last, in the hands of Richard Strange, late Provincial of the Jesuits in England." When Castlemaine, after having made some pretences of "outraged honour," had separated from his wife Barbara Villiers, he, on a bond dated July 16, 1662, obtained a compensation of ten thousand pounds. He then travelled. On October 24, 1678, Oates accused him of being a Jesuit priest, &c. On November 2, next year, he was committed to the Tower, for the Meal-Tub Plot, tried, and acquitted, on June 23, 1680. He got into the Tower again in 1689, was bailed out four months later, and survived until July 21, 1705. Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* contains a list of his many writings.

X.

Great store of wild *Irish*,[1] both civil and wise,
Designed to joyn with the Pilgrims of *Spain*,
Many thousands being ready all in good [dis]guise,
Had vow'd a long Pilgrimage over the Main: 88
To arm well this Host
When it came on our Coast,
Black Bills forty thousand[2] are sent by the Post,
This *Army*[3] lay privately on the Sea-shore, 92
And no man e'er heard of 'em since or before.
The truth, &c.

[Same Collections, Wood's; and 180 Loyal Songs, 1685, p. 46.]

THE SECOND PART.[4]

How[5] *the* Plot *over* England *kept secret all knew,*
And Bedlow[6] *was trusted, and Post-riders too;*
While Pickering *and* Grove *they fittingly bring*
To hide in a crowd, and unhurt kill the K . . g.
With Miles[7] *and with* Stephen[8] *to each play his part,*
To be sworn at, brave Boys, *and to ride in a Cart.*

---

[1] *Lords Journal*, as also Langhorne's Tryal, p. 20.
[2] *Coleman's Tryal*, p. 23.
[3] *Journal*, and *Tryal*, ut supra.
[4] A different *Second Part*, entitled "An Answer to the Lady of Qualitie's Ballad of the Popish Plot," begins "Since Hell is broke loose, and the Press set to work." It is of ten verses, similar in length to ours, and found in the Luttrell Coll., iii. 101. No printer's name, or woodcut. See *Appendix*.
[5] In the 4to. pamphlet, Wood's Coll., 417, vol. ii. art. 18, this *Argument* or verse of *Contents* is different:—

Of Arms under ground for Horse and for Foot,
The King almost kill'd, but Gun will not shoot,
For which *Pick'ring* is whipt. All of them swear
To be true to the Plot; yet *Oates* not for fear,
But revenge, being turn'd away, and well bang'd,
Discovers them all; the *Jesuits* are hang'd.

[6] "Nov. 21 [1678]. His Majesty told me *Bedloe* was a rogue, and that he was satisfied he had given some false evidence concerning the death of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey."—Reresby's *Memoirs*, p. 151. "This *Bedloe* was the son of a cobbler in Wales, but had cheated a great many merchants abroad and gentlemen at home, by personating my Lord Gerard, and other men of quality, and by divers other cheats; and when he was taxed with it, he made it an argument to be more credited in this matter, saying *nobody but a rogue could be employed in such designs*."—Ibid. p. 149.
[7] Miles Prance, the silversmith: see p. 679.
[8] Stephen College, the "Protestant Joyner," had made himself obnoxious by his invectives against the Court party and the Papists; also by his inventing a deadly instrument (a precursor of our modern life-preserver) called "the Protestant flail." See North's *Examen*, p. 173. When the reaction set in, after the death of Wm. Howard, Viscount Stafford, a bill of indictment for high treason was

I.

THe *Plot* being thus subtly contriv'd, as you hear,
To God knows how many this *Secret* th' impart;
Some famous for *Cheats*, yet their faith they don't fear;
To tie a *Knave* fast they had found a new Art:
They swore[1] *on a Book*,
And *Sacrament*[2] took;
But you'l find, if into their grave Authors you look,
To forswear's no Sin (as the *Recorder*[3] well notes)
Nor Treason, Rebellion, nor cutting of throats.
The truth, &c.

II.

Still blinded by Zeal, and inveigl'd by Hope,
Store of Arms they provide for Fight and Defence;
The Lords must command as Vice-Roys of the Pope,
And all over *England* they raise *Peter-pence*:[4]
Their Letters[5] they send
By *Bedlow* their Friend,[6]
Or else by the Post, to shew what they intend;
Some hundreds *Oates* saw, which the *Jesuits* did write,
'Tis a wonder not one of them e'er came to light.

III.

Pounds two hundred thousand they to *Ireland* sent,[7]
Fifteen thousand to *Wakem*[*an*],[8] for Potions and Pills.
Forty thousand in Fire-works,[9] we guess that they spent,
And at least ten thousand for the fore said *Black-Bills;*

---

preferred against College, but rejected in London by the grand jury. The triumph was brief, the trial being soon ordered to proceed at Oxford, where some of the treasonable words were declared to have been spoken. Dugdale and Turberville witnessed against him (as they had done against Stafford); his note-book was removed from him to damage his defence; he was condemned, and executed as a traitor. That same day, Oates was turned out from Whitehall, 31st August, 1681. (See our p. 99, where the date is erronously marked "1682.")

[1] See *Ireland's Tryal*, p. 23. [2] See also *Hill's Tryal*, p. 32.

[3] Sir George Jeffreys. See his Speech in *Ireland's Tryal*, p. 81.

[4] At the trial of Ireland, Pickering, and Grove, it was sworn by Oates "that *Grove* did go about with one *Smith*, to gather *Peter-Pence*, either to carry on the design, or to send to *Rome*. That he saw the book wherein it was entered, and heard the said *Grove* say He had been gathering it."

[5] The Compleat Swearing-Master ironically comments on the fact:—

And the *Doctor* did swear he had letters full many,
But for all he Swore, he ne'er produced any.
It's much he kept none, to make out the matter,
But it may be he lost them in crossing the water!
—*Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 67.

[6] *Jesuits Tryal*, p. 33. [7] *Coleman's Tryal*, p. 23. [8] *Ibid.*, p. 40.

[9] These items are not forgotten in the whimsical ballad, The Compleat Swearing-Master, already mentioned:—

He swore two hundred thousand Pounds [were] sent
To *Ireland*, which was all to be spent:

Fifteen hundred more
Grove shou'd have, they swore,
Four Gentleman Ruffians[1] deserved Fourscore;
Pious *Pickering*[2] they knew was of Masses more fond,
And for thirty thousand they gave him a Bond.

IV.

These two, to kill the King by promises won,
Had now watch'd for some years in St. *James's Park*,[3]
And *Pickering* (who *never yet shot off a Gun*)[4]
Was about to take aim, for he had a fair mark:
Just going to begin 't,
He missed his Flint,
And looking [in th'] Pan, there is no Powder in 't;
For which he their Pardon did humbly beseech,
Yet had thirty good lashes upon his bare Breech.[5]

In *Squibs* to burn Houses, Ammunition and Bills,
And pay Popish Doctors for King-killing Pills:
Which he swore had been done if the Plot had gone on,
And then swore *Don John* was a tall black man!

With such absurd improbabilities Oates fed the credulity of the herd. It is simply incredible that Shaftesbury, Russell, and the rest could have believed in him, although for their self-interest they countenanced the perjurer.

[1] These "four Irish Ruffians," according to Oates at Grove and Ireland's trial, had been employed to kill the King at Windsor. But since they had failed, *Pickering* and *Grove* were to endeavour to assassinate His Majesty, in his morning walks at Newmarket."

[2] On the 17th Dec. 1678, at the trial of Wm. Ireland, Tho. Pickering, both priests, and John Grove, a lay-brother, for connexion with the Plot, Oates deposed: "That at the grand Consult of April the 24th, at the *White-Horse* in the *Strand*, whereof *Ireland* was one; it was resolved that *Pickering* and *Grove*, as having been formerly engaged, should go on in their design and attempt to assassinate the King. And that *Grove*, being a layman, should have fifteen hundred pounds for his reward; and *Pickering*, being a Priest, thirty thousand Masses, which at twelvepence a Mass amounted to that sum." Bedloe was well up in the same tale, as to the sums named; as if told to him by Harcourt.

[3] Oates swore, at Ireland's trial, that in pursuance of the resolve to murder the King, he "did several times see *Pickering* and *Grove* walk in the Park together, with screwed pistols, longer than ordinary pistols, and shorter than some carbines. That they had silver bullets champt, to render the wound incurable, and that he saw *Grove's* bullets in May, and *Pickering's* in August."

[4] In his defence at the trial along with Ireland and Grove, it was solemnly declared by Pickering "that he never shot off a pistol in his life."

[5] *Ireland's Tryal*, p. 25. Oates swore: "That before the consult, in the month of March, *Pickering* had a fair opportunity to shoot the King; but the flint of his pistol happened to be loose, and he durst not venture to give fire; and because by their negligence this opportunity was missed, *Pickering* underwent Penance, and had twenty or thirty strokes of Discipline, and *Grove* was chidden for his carelessness, as the deponent had seen in *Whitebread* [Provincial of the Jesuit]'s letters."

V.

But a sadder mischance to the Plot did befall,
For *Oates* their main Engine fail'd, when it came to 't;
No marvel indeed if he cozen'd them all,
Who turn'd him a begging, and beat him to boot.
He wheeling about.
The whole Party did rout,
And from lurking holes did ferret them out,
Till running himself blind, he none of them knew,
And fainting at Councel, he could not swear true.[1]

VI.

To strengthen our *Doctor*, brave *Bedlow's* brought in,
A more credible *Witness* was not above ground;
He vows and protests, whate'er he had been,
He wou'd not swear false now for five hundred pound;
And why should we fear
They falsly would swear,
To damn their own Souls, and to lose by it here;
For *Oates*, who before had no peny in Purse,
Discov'ring the Plot was *seven hundred pound worse*.[2]

VII.

Two Witnesses more were let loose from the Jayl,
Though One,[3] 'tis confest, did *run back from his word;*

---

[1] Oates made these excuses, for failures in recognizing Coleman and Wakeman, etc., whom he had denounced, and for self-contradictions in evidence. His *Melancholy Complaint* alludes to the same:—

Though now and then I bawkt by Candlelight,
Pox on my sences, and my duller sight,
Could not discern a Squire from a Knight.

[2] "Thus Dr. *Oates* and Mr. *Bedlo* affirm in *Langhorne's Tryal*."

[3] *Miles Prance*, a London silversmith, and Roman Catholic, who had sometimes worked for the Queen at her Chapel in Somerset House. He was arrested, 21st December, 1678, on the information of Wren, who lodged in his house. Prance had insisted on the payment of fourteen months' rent overdue from his lodger. The times were so disturbed that any malicious person, who objected to paying debts, could either obtain release, by threatening to lay an accusation against his creditor, if the creditor were a Papist, or else revenge himself by doing so. This enforcement of payment was not denied, and it accounted for Wren's conduct. There seems to have been also a cooking of evidence; the prisoner being taken to places where Bedloe might identify him, which he failed to do until properly instructed. Prance was next confined all night in the condemned cell at Newgate, loaded with irons, and goaded to confess, under fear of death, and with the promise of pardon if he implicated others. He soon lost courage. Next morning he expressed an ominous wish to confer with Shaftesbury, Chairman of the Committee of Lords, who were investigating the Plot and the death of Godfrey. On examination, Prance accused, of having been present at the murder, Gerald and Kelley, two Irish priests; Robert Green, Cushionman at the Queen's Chapel; Lawrence Hill, servant to Dr. Godden, Treasurer of the same Chapel; and Henry Berry, Porter of Somerset House. When further examined before the Council, confronted with some of the accused men, and then returned for several days to prison, he retracted his confession, and solemnly swore to the

(In danger of life a good man may be frail)
And th' Other[1] they slander for *cheating his Lord:*
T' each one of these men
The *Jesuits* brought ten,
To disprove 'em in time and in place, but what then?
One Circumstance lately was sworn most clear,
By a Man[2] who in hopes has *four hundred a year.*

VIII.

Besides 'twas oft urg'd, We must always suppose,
To murder the King a great Plot there has been;
And who to contrive it so likely as those
Who Murders and Treasons do hold for no sin?
Things being thus plain,
To plead was in vain,
The Jury instructed again and again,
Did find them all Guilty, and to shew 'twas well done,
The People gave a Shout for Victory won.

IX.

'Tis strange how these *Jesuits*, so subtle and wise,
Should all by the *Pope* be so basely trepann'd:
To hang with much comfort when he shall advise,
And go to the *Devil* too at his command.

King "that the men he had sworn against were all innocent, and that all he had sworn against them was false." Yet after this he retracted his retractation, once, if not oftener. It is reported that the terrors and tortures of nine days, during a twelve days' further imprisonment, utterly unnerved him. From a cold filthy dungeon, with galling irons, amid piercing cold (it was from 29th Dec. to 11th January that he was confined in chains), where he lay miserably in pain of body and mind, groaning, and crying out, "Not guilty, not guilty: No murther, no murther!" he was removed to a better lodging, whenever he avowed a willingness to persist in the accusation of others. "On the 11th January his irons were knocked off, and he was removed from hard boards, and a dismal cold room, to a fine lodging and a curious bed, with variety of the best meats and drinks." Despite his frequent recantations, his testimony secured the condemnation of Green, Hill, and Berry, who were executed. Prance was not forgotten, after the fall of Dangerfield and Oates. In May, 1686, he was tried for perjury, in this very matter of swearing against Berry, Hill, and Green; pleaded guilty (a sentence of whipping was therefore remitted), and condemned to pay a fine of one hundred pounds and stand thrice in the pillory. His portrait (*Abbotsford Waverley*, vii. 540) shows a weak, kindly-dispositioned man, unfit for all heroic resistance. He was a tool, not a desperado like Dangerfield.

[1] *Stephen Dugdale*, who, as steward, had cheated Lord Aston. He gave evidence, 13 June, 1679, against Whitebread, Gawen, Harcourt, and Turner, the Jesuits. His *Narrative of the Wicked Plot*, 1679; *Further Information*, 1680.

[2] Not referring to Oates, whom the Commons liberally subsidized with £1200 a year pension, food, and free lodgings at Whitehall, but to one "Mr. *Jenison*." The *Narrative of Robert Jenison* contained a further Discovery of the late Horrid Plot, against the King's Person, and the Protestant Religion, 1679. Rich. Chiswel in 1680 published Mr. John Jenison's *Additional Narrative about the Plot*. Thomas, an imprisoned Jesuit, was Robert's brother; John, their father.

He may give leave
To lye and deceive;
But what when the Rope does of Life them bereave?
Can his *Holiness*, think you, dispense with that pain,
Or by his *Indulgence* raise them again?

X.

Yet, like Mad-men of Life a Contempt they express,
And of their own happiness careless appear;
For Life or for Money not one wou'd confess,[1]
They'd rather be *Damn'd*, than be *Rich* and live here.
But surely they rav'd,
When God they out-brav'd,
And thought to renounce him the way to be sav'd,
And with Lies in their mouths go to Heav'n in a string:
So prosper all Traytors, and *God save the King.*
The truth of my Story if any one doubt,
We have Witnesses ready to swear it all out.

Concordat cum Recordo Cl. Par.

[No date, but soon after June, 1679.]

[Luttrell Collection, iii. 102, 103, 143.]

THE THIRD PART.

Written by a Lady of Quality.

The Plot *is vanish'd like to a bashful Sprite,*
Which with false flashes, Fools could only fright.
The wise (whose clearer Souls can penetrate,)
Find's shadows drawn before Intrigues of State.
God bless our King, *the* Church, *and* Nation *too,*
Whilst perjur'd Villains have what is their due.

To the [same] Tune: *Packington's Pound.*

I.

THe *Presbyter* has been so active of late,
To twist himself into the Mysteries of State,
Giving birth to a *Plot* to amuse the dark World,
'Till into Confusion three Kingdoms are hurl'd;

---

[1] The five Jesuits were executed on the 20th June, 1679, to the last continuing to protest their innocence. Whitebread expressly declared "that he renounced from his heart all manner of absolutions, dispensations for swearing, &c., which some had been pleased to lay to the Jesuits' charge, thinking them unjustifiable and unlawful." Langhorn, a month afterwards, protested his innocence with dying breath. So had Ireland and Grove, when executed in the previous January.

It is so long since
He *Murther'd his Prince*,[1]
That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,
With Jingling words that bears little sence,
Deluding them with Religious pretence.

II.

Their Scribbling Poet[2] is such a dull Sot,
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot;
The Murther o' th' King, with many things more,
He falsly would put on the *Jesuits* score:
When all that have Eyes,
Be they foolish or wise,
May see the sly *Presbyter* through his disguise;
Their brethren in Scotland has made it well known,
By Murthering their *Bishop*,[3] what sins are their own.

III.

The Poet, whose senses are somewhat decay'd,
Takes *Joan*[4] for a Jesuit in Masquerade:
His Muse ran so fast, she ne'er look'd behind her,
Or else to a Woman she would have prov'd kinder.
His fury's so hot,
To Hunt out the Plot,
That fain he would find it where it is not,
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wise,
He has stifled his Reason, and blinded his Eyes.

IV.

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men astray,
And leaves them i' th' Ditch, yet still keeps his way,
In politique head first framed this Plot,
From whence it descended to *Presbyter* Scot,[5]
Who quickly took fire,
And as soon did expire,

---

[1] Thirtieth of January, 1648-9. "Remember!" as was said to Bishop Juxon.

[2] Elkanah Settle, ultra-Protestant poetaster. See pp. 662 and 694.

[3] The murder of the aged and obnoxious Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews, on Magus Moor, May 3rd, 1679, is here referred to. He was dragged from his coach and butchered before the eyes of his own daughter, by a band of Cameronians, Balfour of Burley and others. Of these, only two were afterwards executed (neither of whom had struck a blow), Hackston of Rathillet, his chief enemy, and a shepherd who held one of the horses. A fresh test was constructed to entrap the Covenanters and Cameronians, "Do you consider the slaying of Archbishop Sharp to have been Murder?" An illustrated broadside, representing the murder, is in Luttrell Coll., vol. iii. Sir William Allan painted a powerful picture of the assassination. It was well engraved, and a small copy is in *Old Mortality*, Abbotsford ed., p. 416.

[4] Settle's play of *Pope Joan*, in 1679.

[5] Shaftesbury, the *Ignis fatuus*, must have felt sure of ultimately absorbing the power, if he could advance Monmouth, the popular favourite, on destruction of the lawful heir, James of York. By an early marriage with Anne Scott, heiress of Buccleugh, Monmouth had gained her fortune and *taken her name*. So far as he had any religion at all, his Protestantism inclined to Presbyterianism.

Having grave factious fools their zeal to admire;
Who for the same cause would freely fly out,
But Plotting's more safer to bring it about.

V.

Here's one for Religion[1] is ready to fight,
That believes not in Christ, yet swears he's i' th' right;
If our English Church (as he says,) be a Whore,
We're sure 'twas *Jack Presbyter* did her deflowr;
He'd fain pull her down,
As well as the Crown,
And prostitute her to every dull Clown;
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,
Whilst Atheism serves himself that's more able.

VI.

A Pestilent Peer of a levelling Spirit,[2]
Who only the sins of his Sire doth inherit;
With an unsteady mind, and Chymerical brain,
Which his broken Fortune doth weakly sustain,
He lodg'd i' th' City
Like Alderman brave,
Being fed up with *Faction* to which he's a slave;
He never durst fight, but once for his Whore,
Which his feeble courage attempted no more.

VII.

Another[3] with Preaching and Praying wore out,
Inspir'd by th' Covenant is grown very stout;

---

[1] Probably neither Algernon Sidney is here intended, nor Lord Shaftesbury: against whom were current charges of deistical errors, if not actual atheism, notwithstanding Shaftesbury's proclamations of unswerving "true-blue Protestantism." Reference may be here made to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who, partly from whim, partly from a strong revengeful feeling against the Court of Charles (which he was always lampooning), took it on himself to be publicly an assailant of the Papists at this time. Gilbert Burnet relates, in *Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Rt. Hon. John Earl of Rochester*, who died the 26th of July, 1680,—"As to the Supream Being, he had always some impression of one: and professed often to me, That he had never known an entire *Atheist* who fully believed there was no God. Yet when he explained his Notion of this Being, it amounted to no more than a vast power, that had none of the Attributes of Goodness or Justice, we ascribe to the Deity: These were his thoughts about Religion, as he himself told me" (1st ed., 1680, p. 23).

[2] George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham: see ballad, and notes, on p. 640. He affected zeal for the Protestant cause, and was made an Alderman! The fatal duel with the Earl of Shrewsbury is referred to, in line 53.

[3] There were several of the zealous Protestants encouraging the Plot-discoverers. Among them was Mr. Hampden, the grandson of the John Hampden who fell at Chalgrove Field, in 1643. He was arrested at the same time as the Earl of Essex and Algernon Sidney on the information of Lord Howard of Escrick; but was released after a heavy fine. Lord Wm. Russell, flitted uncomfortably between the Commons and his country-house at Stratton. His chaplain, Samuel Johnson, was Dryden's "Ben Jochanan." Sir Patience Ward (Lord Mayor in 1681), with Sheriffs Cornish and Bethell (1680), were zealously discontented.

Th' Old Cause to revive it is his designe,
Though the fabrick of Monarchy he undermine:
He tortur'd his Pate,
Both early and late,
I' th' Tower, where this Mischief he hoped to create;
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,
To Preach to Domesticks whilst they do admire.

VIII.

Another [1] with head both empty and light,
For the good *Old Cause* is willing to fight;
I' th' choice of fit members for th' next Parliament,
He spit out his zeal to the Rabbles content.
Whilst his Wife in great State
Chose a Duke for her Mate,
For whose sake a Combustion he needs would create;
For since his Indulgence allows her a Friend,
He'd make him as great as his Wish can extend.

IX.

There's one [2] whose fierce Courage is fal'n to decay,
(At *Geneva* inspir'd) he's much led away;
He would set up a Cypher instead of a *King*:
From *Presbyter* zeal such folly doth spring.

---

[1] Ford, Lord Grey, of Wark. There was a floating scandal about his wife's connexion with the Duke of Monmouth. Thus, in The Last Will and Testament of *Anthony* King of *Poland*, [i.e. Shaftesbury,] we read:—

To thee (young *G*[*re*]*y*) I'll some small Toy present,
For you with any thing may be content,
Then take the Knife with which I cut my Corns,
'Twill serve to pare and sharp your Lordships *Horns*,
That you may rampant *M*[*onmouth*] push and gore,
Till he shall leave your House, and change his Whore.
(86 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 127.)

Lord Grey escaped to Holland, when the Rye-House Plot was discovered. He returned, and was with Monmouth at Sedgemoor; but his raw troopers brought him no credit. Captured and imprisoned, Grey saved his forfeited life by paying a fine of forty thousand pounds. See the *Narrative* he published. His own wife's sister, Lady Henrietta Berkeley, had eloped with him. A trial followed, in 1682, at the instance of her father (see Howell s *State Trials*, ix. 127). The *Love-Letters of a Nobleman to his Sister* (probably the paraphrastic work of Mrs. Hayward) are records of this infamous intrigue. In a scurrilous "New Song, made by a person of Quality, and sung before the King at Winchester, to the tune of Cook Laurel," one verse tells how—

He scarce had said this when a Baron approach'd,
That ruin'd two Sisters, the younger debauch'd:
The reason he cry'd, I'm loath to describe,
He would have a maiden-head out of the Tribe.
180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 104.

[2] Possibly Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, is here intended, who cut his own throat in the Tower, on the day of Lord William Russell's trial, July 21st,

He once did betray
A whole Town in a day;
And since did at Sea fly fairly away:
He had better spin out the rest of his Thread,
In making Pot-Guns, which disturb not his Head.

X.

Some others, of Fortunes both disperst and low,
With big swelling Titles do's make a great show;
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,
That to *Presbyter* Subjects should be a meer slave;
They'd set him on's Throne,
To tumble him down,
They scorn to submit to Scepter and Crown;
And into Confusion, or *Commonwealth* turn,
A People [that] hastens to be undone.

XI.

If such busy heads that would us confound,
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under ground;
We'd honour our King, and live at our ease,
And make the dull *Presbyter* do what we please,
Who has cheated our Eyes,
With borrow'd disguise,
Till of all our Reason they'd taken Excise;
But let's from their slavery strive to be free,
And no People can e'er be so happy as we.

[In White-letter. No woodcuts, or date; but issued about Jan. 1679-80.]

We now come to our Bagford ballad, the Fourth Part. It claims to have been "written by a Lady of Quality"; but if, according to Juliet, "at lovers' vows Jove laughs," we scarcely think Olympus takes care that every publisher confineth himself strictly to truth. Yet it may be that these two final portions were written by Lady Powys, and in conjunction with John Gadbury the astrologer. That he alone wrote the two earlier parts is not unlikely. To him we shall return in "Dangerfield's Dance." The husband of Lady Powys was one of the imprisoned Catholic Lords, who had been denounced by Oates and Bedloe (see note 4, p. 674). Lord Castlemaine, Lady Powys, and Gadbury were accused by Dangerfield of having organized the Meal-Tub Plot. They were arrested, but released after a short detention in prison.

1683. This suicide influenced the fate of his fellow-conspirators, being accepted as a proof of conscious guilt. There were assertions of foul play, it is true, but no trustworthy evidence of murder. On the contrary, Essex was predisposed to melancholy by temperament, liable to be affected by a sudden impulse, acting on him after disappointment and despair. His widow, after a careful investigation, was satisfied that he had slain himself.

[Bagford Collection, III. 44.]

A Ballad upon the Popish Plot.

WRITTEN BY A LADY OF QUALITY.

[The Fourth Part.]

Whether you like my song or like it not,
It is the down-fall of the Popish Plot;
With Characters of Plotters here I sing,
Who would destroy our good and gracious King;
Whom God preserve, and give us cause to hope
His Foes will be rewarded with a Rope.

TO THE TUNE OF *Packington's Pound.*

1.

SInce Counterfeit Plots has affected this Age,
Being acted by Fools, and contriv'd by the Sage:
In City, nor Suburbs, no man can be found,
But frighted with Fire-balls,[1] their heads turned round.
From Pulpit to Pot
They talk'd of a Plot,
Till their Brains were inslav'd, and each man turn'd Sot:
But let's to Reason and Justice repair;
And this Popish Bugbear will fly into Air.

---

[1] Stubbe's pretended confession, in April, 1679. It was believed that the Papists were designing a second great fire of London: even as they were falsely accused of having caused that of 1666. In April, 1679, a house in Fetter Lane, belonging to a man named Bird, being discovered in flames, suspicion fell on Elizabeth Oxley, his servant. She was committed to prison. She confessed to having set it on fire, and that "she had been employed to do it by one *Stubbs*, a Papist, who had promised her five pounds. *Stubbs*, on being taken up, confessed that he had persuaded her to it, and that Father *Gifford* his Confessor put him upon it, telling him, it was no sin to burn all the houses of Hereticks. He added, that he had had frequent conferences on this affair with *Gifford* and two Irishmen. Moreover, *Stubbs* and the maid-servant declared, the Papists were to make an insurrection, and expected an army of sixty thousand men from *France*. *The Commons obtained a pardon for* Stubbs *and the servant, in consideration of their ready confession.*" Plainly it was a got-up case, to suit the purposes of the intriguers. They could always find instruments by assuring them of reward and safety. The small fire-balls were called Tewxbury-mustard Pills.

2.

A Politick States-man,[1] of body unsound,
Who once in a Tree with the Rab[b]le set round,
Run Monarchy down with Fanatick Rage,
And preach'd up Rebellion i' that credulous Age;
He now is at work,
With the Devil and Turk,
Pretending a Plot, under which he doth Lurk,
To humble the Miter, while he squints at the Crown;
Till fairly and squarely he pulls them both down.[2]

---

[1] Contemporary gossip is alluded to in the 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p 259:

If you have e're a Lord that's used to Preach
I' th' top of a *Crab-Tree*, above your reach, &c.

But this seems to refer to the infamous Lord Howard, who afterwards gave evidence against Algernon Sydney; for the next line runs,

And still the Lord's Supper expos'd in *Lambs-wool*, &c.

Which agrees with another ditty (both referring to Howard profanely taking the Sacrament in "Lamb's-wool," not in wine, while imprisoned),

Next, Valiant and Noble Lord *H* . . . . . *d*,
That formerly dealt in *Lambs-wool*,
And knows what it is to be Tower'd,
By Impeaching may fill the Jayls full.—*Ibid.* p. 5.

Otherwise, our second verse might well refer to Shaftesbury, who bore the credit of having devised the Plot-imposture. The allusions to Shaftesbury's sickly condition are innumerable. He is called a "spiggoted Roundhead," "Tapski," (or "Potapski," an affectedly Polish name, in mockery of his supposed pretensions to the throne of Poland, in 1675). Generosity to opponents being unknown, some described him, that he "looks like a Cask with a Tap in his side."—*Ibid.* 276. "He'll let out Rebellion by broaching his side."—*Ibid.* 316. In Duke's *Review*, we read:—

The working ferment of his active mind
In his weak body's cask with pain confin'd,
Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
But that 'tis tapt to give the treason vent.

It was said that the abscess, here alluded to, had been caused by an accidental fall from a carriage, in 1660, when Shaftesbury went to meet Charles at Breda. After undergoing an operation, he was obliged to keep the wound open with a silver spiggot. He died at Amsterdam; it was said to be "with rage in his heart, and gout in his stomach." While dwelling at his house in Aldersgate Street, he trusted for safety to his City followers, the "ten thousand brisk boys," who were ready to maintain him in championship of the Protestant cause. He had early boasted that "he would walk the King leisurely out of his dominions, and make the Duke of York a vagabond upon the earth, like Cain!"

[2] At this point, beginning a second page, there is in the Bagford original, unnecessarily, a line, "The Second Part to the same Tune."

3.

He hath found out an Instrument[1] fit for the Devil;
Whose mind had been train'd up to all that was evil:
His Fortune sunk low, and detested by many;
Kick'd out at St. *Omers*,[2] not pitty'd by any.
Some W[h]isperers fix'd him
Upon this design;
And with promis'd Reward did him counter-mine;
Though his Tale was ill told, it serv'd to give fire;
Dispis'd by the Wise,[3] whilst Fools did admire.

---

[1] Titus Oates. In another of the 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 273, entitled, "*Oates's* Lamentation, and a Vision that appeared to him since his Tryal, at the King's Bench," we find an imperfect list of his chief victims:—

Then *Whitebread* and *Fenwick*, brave *Gavin* and *Harcourt*,
Turner and *Pickering*, *Coleman* and *Langhorn*,
Ireland, *Grove*, *Staley*; I deserve to hang for't,
And *Stafford* came bleeding, and in the same form,
Their heads in their hands, they quite round me mov'd,
Blood sprung as from fountains where their heads had stood. &c.

[2] In their defence the five Jesuits (13th June, 1679) showed the improbability of Oates having been entrusted with any secrets of importance, seeing that he had been turned away from St. Omer's Seminary for his misdemeanours and immoralities, which were so great that he had been denied the Sacrament.

[3] Even Burnet (after the man's detection) cannot help being disgusted:—"I asked him, what were the arguments which prevailed on him to change his religion and go over to the Church of Rome. He upon that stood up, and laid his hands on his breast, and said, 'God and his holy angels knew that he had never changed, but that he had gone among them on purpose to betray them.' This gave me such a character of him that I could have no regard to anything he either said or swore after that."—*Hist. of his own Times*, p. 428. Evelyn mentions "the folly, knavery, impudence, and giddiness of Oates."—*Diary*, 18 June, 1683. Sir John Reresby gives a good specimen, illustrating our text (December 26, 1680):— "I received the Sacrament at the hands and in the chapel of that excellent man, Doctor Gunning, Bishop of Ely. There came and received with us Doctor Oates, the famous evidence of the Popish Plot. We dined together afterwards at the Bishop's table, where the Doctor, blown up with the hopes of running down the Duke, spoke of him and his family after a manner which showed himself both a fool and a knave. He reflected not only on him personally, but upon the Queen his mother, and her present Majesty, till, nobody daring to contradict him, for fear of being made a party to the plot, I at last did undertake to do it, and in such a manner that he left the room in some heat. The Bishop told me *this was his usual discourse*, and that he had checked him formerly for taking so indecent a liberty; but he found it was to no purpose."—*Memoirs*, p. 196. But why, after such once happening, did the Bishop ever again admit him to companionship with other guests at his private table? There were some who, knowing the infamy of Oates, the cause for which he had been dismissed from the Navy, and also expelled from St. Omers, declared that he ought to be repelled from receiving the Sacrament. Perhaps the Bishop thought that, feeling incapable of fencing the Lord's Table, it would be idle to deny him admission to one in his house.

4.

The next that appear'd, was a Fool-hardy Knave,
Who had ply'd the High-ways, and to Vice was a Slave.[1]
Being fed out of Basket in Prison forlorn;
No wonder that Mon[e]y should make him forsworn.
He boldly dares swear,
What men tremble to hear;
And learns a false Lesson without any fear.
For when he is out, there's one that's in 's place,
Relieves his Invention, and quickens his Pace.

5.

In a Country Prison another[2] was found,
Who had cheated his Lord of One Thousand Pound;
He was free'd from's Fetters, to swear and inform,
Which very courageously he did perform.
To avoid future Strife
He take's away Life,
To save poor Protestants from Popish Knife;
Which only has Edge to cut a Rogues Eares,
For abusing the People with needless fears.

6.

Another[3] starts up, and tel[l]s a false Tale,
Which strait he revoked, his Courage being frail;
But to fortify one that needeth his Aid,
Being tempted with mon[e]y, which much doth perswade;
He swore he knew all
That contrived the fall,
Of one,[4] who that day was seen neer to *White-Hall*:
Where he, by the Treasurers powerful Breath,[5]
More likely by far received his Death.

---

[1] Wm. Bedlow: "one condemn'd for Robbery by the Law" (*Loyal Poems*, p. 178); died Aug. 10, 1680. See p. 672, note 3.

[2] *Stephen Dugdale*, who had been steward to *Lord Aston:* see note 1, p. 680. Dugdale was one of the chief witnesses whose false evidence secured the death of the good Lord Stafford.

[3] *Miles Prance.* See note 3, p. 679.

[4] Probably Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.

[5] Either the present Treasurer, Tho. Osborne, Lord Danby (see III. 61), or Shaftesbury, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, after the Restoration.

7.

A Gown-man most grave with Fanatical form,
With his scribling wit doth blow up this storm;
For Moth eaten Records he worships the Devil,
Being now lodg'd at Court he must become civil.[1]
He hunts all about
And makes a great Rout,
To find some Old Prophecy to help him out;
But his Friend[2] that was hous'd with him at *Fox-Hall*,[3]
Being joyn'd with his master[4] still strengthens 'em all.

8.

Then com[e]s a crack'd Merchant[5] with his shallow Brain,
Who first did lead up this stigmatiz'd train;
He since is grown useless, his Skill being small,
Yet at a dead lift,[6] he's still at their call.

---

[1] Dr. Ezrael Tonge, who, having his head stuffed full of plots and Marian persecutions, "patcht up the depositions, and busied himself with Titus Oates and Bedloe on the one hand, and Shaftesbury on the other." He died in September, 1680, soon after Bedloe. In a poem called "Poor *Robin's* Dream: or, the Visions of Hell" (see introduction to Bagf. Coll., iii. 64), Bedloe thus reproaches Tonge, in the nether regions:—

> Why what wast thou, poor fool, in 'forty-one?
> But a poor Weaver just leapt from thy Loom.
> Then stept into a Tub to preach sedition,
> And tookst the *Covenant* for thy Commission.
> Which thou pursu'dst till all the *Rump* was ruin'd,
> And *Charles* return'd, and to his Right resum'd. &c.

[2] Titus Oates. There may have been some earlier acquaintanceship between Tonge and Oates. Tonge had held the living of Pluckley, by Ashford, in Kent, "but quitted it, being vexed by his parishioners and Quakers." Oates had held a smaller living in Kent, Bobbing, 1672, fifteen miles distant. Among Tonge's writings (he had belonged to Univ. Coll., Oxford), Wood mentions "*The Jesuits Unmasked*, 1678; *Jesuitical Aphorisms*, 1678; *The Jesuits' Morals*, 1680 [1670]. The last two translated from the French."

[3] The hired house in which Tonge and Oates used to meet and arrange schemes was at Vauxhall, Lambeth. Echard mentions it: "One *Lambert's* house, a Bell-founder's, at *Fox-Hall*, called afterwards the Plot-House." That Gilbert Burnet was glanced at is not improbable.

[4] *Id est*, Shaftesbury or the Devil. Compare lines 15 and 19.

[5] Hy. Care, who wrote a *History of the Plot;* or . . *Turberville* (see Bagf. iii. 52, 64). At Lord Stafford's trial, 1680, it was shown that Turberville had said "G—— d—— me! There is no trade good now, but that of a *Discoverer*."

[6] Sir Roger L'Estrange, the Licenser, in his *Observator*, made some of the Plot-supporters wince, and uses this very expression—"The whole story was but

He has pester'd the Press, 68
In ridiculous dress,
In this scribbling Age he could not do less;
But to so little purpose, as plainly appears,
With Pen he has as good sate picking his Ears. 72

9.

To end with a Prayer, as now 'tis my Lot,
Confounded be Plotters, and their Popish Plot:[1]
God bless and preserve our Gracious good King,
That he may ne're feel the PRESBYTERS sting; 76
As they brought his Father
With rage to the Block,[2]

---

a farce of so many parts, and the noisy Informations no more than a lesson, that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, *to bring them off at a dead lift.*"

[1] Remembering the despicable characters of the accusers, "discoverers," and witnesses, the credulity and insane terror of the public, and the irreconcileable contradictions of statements given on oath, we believe the summing up of the evidence, given in so masterly a style by Dryden, may here be an acceptable finish:—

From hence began that Plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Raised in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the multitude,
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dasht and brew'd with Lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

Published so early as November, 1681, this anticipation of the future verdict is singularly bold and correct. But the extended knowledge in "succeeding times" inclines us more to disbelief. As an historical event, as a most humiliating proof of the madness of a nation during a popular delusion, and also of the influence wielded by designing reprobates if once admitted to companionship, the story of the Popish Plot deserved all the space and attention we could yield to it here.

[2] Thus we read, in the *Coll. of* 180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 13, 1685:—

The noble Marquess of *Worcester*,
And many such a brave Lord,
By the King-killing Crew,
They daily are Abhorr'd,
And call'd evil-Councellors,
When the truth they did discover:
And Charles *the first they murdered,*
And so they would the other.

So would they extirpate all the whole Stock :[1]
But with their false Plots, I hope they will end,
At *Tyburn*,[2] where th' Rabble will surely attend. 81

[In White-letter. Date, 1679–80. No printer's name, or woodcut. Ours on p. 670 is from Roxb. Coll., i. 76; below, portrait of Charles II., from Bagford Coll., i. 60.]

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[1] North, in his *Examen*, p. 186, plainly declares that when Oates had begun his Plot-discoveries, a design was formed upon it "for cutting off the Queen by a false accusation, and thereupon this evidence was given," against Wakeman, her physician, with statement that she had been present, weeping, but yielding consent for the King to be murdered. Again, "It was not a cabal of ordinary authority could encourage Oates to come to the bar of the House of Commons, and say, 'Aye, Taitus Oates, accause Catherine Quean of England of haigh traison.'" Charles indignantly stopped him, and afterwards said, "They think I have a mind to a new wife; but for all that [a virtual acknowledgment of its truth], I will not see an innocent woman abused."

[2] *Tyburn's* Courteous Invitation to *Titus Oates*, the *Salamanca* Doctor (in 86 *Loyal Poems*, 1685, p. 123) begins, with ironical affection:—

Oh! name it once again; will *Titus* come?
My dearest, hopeful, that long-wish'd-for One,
For whom my *Triple Arms* extended were,
(To hug with close Embraces) many a year. &c.

The Plotters' Ballad.

"All those who use Religion for a Fashion,
All such as practise Forms and take great Pains
To make their *Godliness* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Distractions of a Nation,
She by her Art ensnar'd and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase *Toleration*,
The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spendthrift *Lands*,
Out of the King's or Bishops' Hands.
Nay, to her Side at last she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
Promis'd strange *Liberties*, and sure Redress
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances:*
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-day* Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning *Paste-board* Popes."

Thomas Otway: 1678–9.

NOT the least valuable portion of the broadside which we are about to transcribe, is the woodcut, representing the unfortunate Edward Coleman being drawn *on a sledge* to the place of execution, with the veritable and original "Jack Ketch" beside him. It is therefore reproduced of the same size as the original, nearly as possible in *fac-simile*.

The tone of exulting cruelty, of bitterness and petty malice, in this, as well as in other of the Anti-Romanist ballads of the same date, needs little comment. With such a stock of hatred in his breast, the ballad-writer did not even require to believe the falsehoods that were circulated by the "Discoverers" of the Plot. True or false, it mattered not to him. There was an opportunity of discharging his venom against the Roman Catholics, and such was all that he asked for. Dirt, flung vigorously, would stick. Stones, if scattered continuously, would surely wound somebody. The pleasure of doing mischief was much; but to find it applauded and profitable was better.

Another ballad on Coleman's execution is in Wood's Collection at the Bodleian, E. 25, fol. 33. It is entitled "A Looking-Glass for Traytors; or, High Treason Rewarded." To the Tune, Aim not too high; or, Fortune my Foe (our p. 318). It begins, "Let all bold Traitors here take a view," and, with three woodcuts (virtually five), is printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke.

The tune to which our Bagford ballad is directed to be sung is "No, no, 'tis in vain," a song which it parodies. (Music was composed by Abiel Whichello to a much-later "No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent town, &c.," which is in Jn. Watts's *Musical*

Misc., v. 12, 1731; *Hive*, iv. 197; *Vocal Misc.*, ii. 307; *Masque*, 287, 1767, etc.) The original is found among *New Songs à la Mode*, 1677, sh. sign. D. 4 *verso*; also in *Hive*, i. 148; and, extended, in Roxb. Coll., ii. 99, to its own "playhouse tune." We give it from *The Hive* of 1724, where it is entitled "The Lover's Anguish:"—

NO, no 'tis in vain,
Tho' I sigh and complain,
Yet the secret I'll never reveal;
The rack shall not tear it
From my breast, but I'll bear it
To the grave, where it ever shall dwell.
O wou'd that the gods had created her low,
And plac'd thee, poor *Hylas!* above;
Then, then I a present might freely bestow
Of a heart, that is all over love.

Like the damn'd, from the fire,
We may gaze and admire,
Yet never can hope to be blest:
Oh! the pangs of a lover,
That dares not discover
The poison that's lodg'd in his breast.
Like a deer that is wounded, I bleeding run on,
And fain I the torture would hide;
But oh! 'tis in vain: for wherever I run
The bloody dart sticks in my side.

As to the authorship of "The Plotters' Ballad," we have no signature, initials, or external evidence to guide us. Poor as it is, it appears more full of dash and energy than the work of Elkanah Settle; who might probably be the writer of such an exultant pæan.[1] To him, about 1682, Oldham refers, in a *Satyr*, among those "broken scribblers" who

> Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,
> And write Heroick verse for *Barthol'mew.*—*Works*, p. 428, ed. 1702.

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[1] Elkanah Settle, born in 1648, and, after descending to all mean expedients to secure a livelihood, died in the Charterhouse, so late as Feb. 12, 1723-4. Not many old dramas are poorer than what we have seen among Settle's seventeen in print. He came to his level when he wrote Drolls for the booths, and acted a dragon vomiting fire, at Bartholomew Fair. But in 1680 he had been a very demonstrative Protestant; entrusted with the superintendence of November Pope-burning in the City, and dedicating his *Female Prelate: Pope John VIII.* to the Earl of Shaftesbury. Settle was quite ready to crawl to such feet, performing any servile homage, "and do all that a dog so diminutive can." Thus he writes of himself, in such a position: "I can only describe myself by Negatives. And first I am no Temporizer, as your Lordship may believe by the choice of my Subject [Pope Joan]: next, I am no Politician; for that Scribler must have no prospect to his Interest, who dares affront so numerous a Party that

Dr. Young, also, in an Epistle to Pope, mentions:

> Poor *Elkanah*, all other changes past,
> For bread in *Smithfield* dragons hiss'd at last, &c.[1]

Under favour, we prefer the Court-Dramatists of the Restoration to such "Protestant True Blues" as Elkanah Settle. But at Peterborough they may hold different views, even now.

We have already, in the introduction to our series of ballads on "The Popish Plot" (Bagford Coll., iii. 44), briefly alluded to the trial and condemnation of Edward Coleman. That he was enthusiastically desirous of converting the English nation to Popery, and was by no means unlikely to join in any unwise schemes that promised to bring about such a result, is proved by the letters read at his trial. But that he for one moment engaged in any conspiracy against the King's life, no trustworthy evidence was adduced. He was butchered unjustly, to glut an insane thirst for blood. The man was personally weak, bigoted, and a dupe; but, none the less, a victim to the worst perjurers the land ever owned. His safety or destruction turned on a slight incident. He seems to have had one day of liberty, which he might have employed in destroying his papers; but he forgot or disregarded some letters of the years 1674, 1675, and part of the following. These he left in a drawer, where they were found. They were not, in themselves, sufficient to incriminate him. But it was argued, by those who were determined to secure his destruction, that, although the letters did not prove what was alleged against him, the *destroyed* documents must have been much worse, and would have condemned him if found: therefore, he had burnt them. If he had left all, he might have escaped, as the whole of

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are so powerful a Support of the Stage: and, lastly, I am no Hypocrite; for I write as I think: nor am I like *Clodpate's* Fidler, that sings against his Conscience." This self-portraiture, in "Negatives," is incorrect. He was not sufficiently sincere or consistent to remain one of Shaftesbury's "Protestant Boys, so valiant and stout." At the accession of James II., he became a renegade once more, wrote "an heroic poem on the coronation of the high and mighty monarch, commenced as journalist for the court, and published weekly an essay in behalf of the administration." When the Orange party triumphed, he found out his blunder, but sunk into destitution.

[1] A single specimen will settle his pretensions; it is from the last act of his tragedy on "Pope Joan":

> *Lorenzo.* I will not fight with thee.
> *Saxony.* Not fight!
> Art thou a Brute so rank, and yet so fearful.
> But I do talk, a Minutes life's too long. [*Fights.*]
> *Lorenzo.* Thou hast kill'd me, and Damnation thank thee for't. [*Dies.*]
> *Saxony.* Thus far, blest Saint, thy great revenge succeeds, &c.

the papers may have been harmless. Or, if he had been cautious enough to leave no papers undestroyed, there was not sufficient external evidence to convict him. But, with the supposition of the destroyed letters having been tokens of guilty conspiracy, his doom was secured.

On the information and depositions of Titus Oates, Coleman was arrested, before Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's body was discovered (he had been missing from October 12 to 17). The murder, by whomsoever it may have been perpetrated, inflamed the public against the Jesuits, eight of whom were arrested at the same time as Coleman. They were Whitebread, Gawen, Turner, Ireland, Marshall, Rumley, Corker, and Pickering. Coleman being Secretary to the Duke of York (to destroy whom was a special object of the Statesmen who encouraged the "Discoverers of the Plot"), was at once accepted as an indication that the King's brother was at the head of the conspiracy, to murder Charles and establish Popery.

The Earl of Danby, against the King's desire, communicated to the House of Commons, on the opening of the eighteenth session, what was known about the Plot. With avidity the members laboured to make the most of it, and the Lords also, holding secret conclaves and sitting long.

William Bedloe, taking the title of Captain Bedloe, caused himself to be apprehended, at Bristol, on November 6th, and gave hearsay-evidence against Coleman, to the effect that two Jesuits, Walsh and Le Phaire [Fevre], mentioned how "Coleman had been a great agitator in the design against the King."

Of the many trials connected with the pretended Plot, which cast so much disgrace on the legal procedure and the public ferocity of the time, Edward Coleman's was the earliest in date. It was held at the King's Bench bar, before the notorious Lord-Chief-Justice Scroggs, on 27 November, the same year 1678. It is reported in *State Trials*, tom. ii. p. 656, etc. Coleman's letters were to Father la Chaise and others. These letters certainly prove that Coleman and his correspondents were intriguing for the revival of Romanism, and the increased influence of the King's brother.[1] But there is little more than might be expected from a busy, weak-minded tool.

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[1] In one we read:—"Our prevailing in these things will give the greatest blow to the Protestant religion here, that ever it received since its birth." In another:—"We have a mighty work upon our hands, no less than the conversion of three Kingdoms, and by that, perhaps, the subduing of a Pestilent Heresy, which has domineered over great part of this Northern world a long time; there were never such hopes of success since the death of Queen *Mary*, as now in our days."—*Coleman's Letters to Father la Chaise.*

These letters found at his lodgings, and the unsupported testimony of Oates and Bedloe (despite numerous self-contradictions on their part, and discrepancies), secured his condemnation. He swore that he had never seen Bedloe, and Oates only once. He was declared guilty of high treason, received sentence of death next day, and on the 3rd December was drawn to execution, hanged and quartered. He avowed his intention had been "to procure Liberty of Conscience for the Papists," but this, of course, scarcely accounted for all the indications of zeal in extension of their creed. To the last he declared his innocence of all other matters charged against him, and died calmly, with the reputation of being a martyr for religion, or for Rome.

Squire Ketch is mentioned in line 78 of our ballad. So, earlier, it had been "Squire" Dun, the hangman. Most of the worst executions fell to Jack Ketch, including the bungling butchery done on the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. See p. 460, note. In the "Melancholy *Complaint* of Doctor *Titus Oates*," 1685, he boasts:—

> The many famous deeds that I have done,
> Since I the Kingdom's mighty work begun,
> Have made *Ketch* half as rich as Squire *Dun*.

86 *Loyal Poems*, p. 297.

[Bagford Collection, III. 50.]

The Plotters Ballad:

Being Jack Ketch's Incomparable Receipt for the Cure of Trayterous Recusants: Or Wholesome Physick for a Popish Contagion.

Licensed *December* the 2*d*. 1678. To the Tune of, *No, no, 'tis in Vain.*

The Explanation of the Cutt, *Coleman* drawn on a Sledge to the place of Execution, with the Popes pardon in his hand, speaking these words out of his mouth, *I am Sick of a Trayterous Disease.*

And *Jack Ketch*, with a Hatchet in one Hand, and a Rope in the other hand, saying, *Here's your Cure, Sir.*

[The above paragraphs in the original appear on the right and left hand of the large woodcut, which we print on opposite page.]

1.

NO, no, 'tis in Vain, Plot again and again,
Contrive as long as you will,
Your Cost, Labour, Policies, all is in vain,
Our Protestants shall flourish still:
Let your Jesuits fret, and practice their Skill,
Let the POPE and his Council assist,
Our Church stands secure upon *Sion* Hill,
Let them try to destroy it that List.

2.

All the Art you can use, is too little you'l find,
To bring in your Beads into Fashion,
We like not your Devotion, your zeal is too blind
For so Sober a Protestant Nation.
Set your Engines to work, lay your Traps all about,
You'l catch but few Souls, I believe,
Your Plots and Snares, which occasion your fears,
Will prove Vain, and their Authors deceive.

I am Sick of A TRAYTRS DE SEASE
HERES YOUR CVRE

3.

Your Gun-Powder-Treason, and *Spanish* Invasion,
Are motives too weak to prevail,
Blood will not move us unto your perswasion,
'Till our Senses and Reason do fail.
We dislike you the more for your Bloody designs,
Such Arts will no Proselites gain,
We're afraid to come near to the Roman confines
Where so many poor Martyrs were slain.

4.

Your Doctrine is famous in every Nation,
You convince and convert us in Blood,
Where ever you come, there's no want of Vexation,
This we have long since understood.
Queen *Mary* Converted by Faggot and Fire,
And so would you do if you might;
But blessed be God there's no need for the same,
For we read by a far better light.

5.

Send whom you think fit, send some of the Crue
From the Cells of *Pluto* below,
Send more of your Money, your Plots to persue,
And hope you may yet give the Blow.
Heaven we hope, with deserved Fates,
Will break the stiff Neck of your Plots,
And your Politick Heads shall hang on our Gates
And Preach to such Treacherous Sots.

6.

Send o're to your Popish Bogg-Trotters in hast,
Two Hundred Thousand Pounds more,[1]
Send some [one] Infernal (that no time will wast)
To do what you could not before.

[1] Part of Oates's deposition against Coleman, at the trial, was to the following effect:—"That in August, 1678, *Coleman* was present at a Consult with the Jesuits and Benedictine Monks at the Savoy, for raising a Rebellion in Ireland, for which forty thousand Black Bills as arms were provided; and was very forward to have Dr. Fogarthy sent over to poyson the Duke of Ormond. And, at another time, being in Fenwick's Chamber in Drury-Lane, Coleman said to him, in Oates's hearing, That he had found a way to transmit *two hundred thousand pounds* to carry on the Rebellion in Ireland."

Let him try by his Magick if that can prevail,
To lay our great *Ormond* in dust,[1]
And if once again your Mischiefs do fail,
Conclude that God's Judgments are just.[2]

7.

Send to St. *Omers*, and send to *Lashee*,[3]
Take *Ashbies*[4] instructions, they're reckon'd the best,
Wake-man,[5] and give some Physitian a Fee,
He perhaps may do more than the rest.
If Physick should fail, use some other thing,
There's Ruffians enough to be had;[6]
Send them to *Windsor* to Murther a King,
Then the Devil and the Pope will be glad.

8.

But what says your Conscience to all these damn'd Plots,
Has the Devil quite pluck['d] out its Tongue?

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[1] See the previous note on p. 700.

[2] Alluding to the supposed providential failures of the Spanish Armada and the Gunpowder Treason, etc.

[3] *Anglicè* for Father *La Chaise*. Oates deposed that in November, 1677, through his own confessor, Father John *Keins*, who lodged at Coleman's house, he was made acquainted with the prisoner; from whom he (Titus Oates) carried letters to St. *Omers*. These letters he saw opened when he arrived. There was also one in Latin, which he carried on from St. Omers to Paris, to *Father la Chaise;* in which were thanks returned for the £10,000 remitted by him to England, for the propagation of the Popish religion, and to cut off the King, etc.

[4] *Ashbie*, or *Ashley*, Rector of St. Omers. Oates deposed that Coleman was privy to the instructions brought in July, 1678, by Ashley from Father Whitebread, "to impower the consultators to propose ten thousand pounds to Sir *George Wakeman* to poyson the King, provided Pickering and Grove failed to do the work" of shooting Charles, as arranged at Wild-house, on 24th April, 1678.

[5] See the previous note: Sir *George Wakeman*, the Queen's Physician. He was afterwards tried, on the 18th June, 1679, along with Corker and Marshall, Benedictine Monks, and Wm. Rumley, a lay-brother. The acquittal of all these was the first clear token that juries were becoming disgusted with the Sham-Plot prosecutions and butcheries. In the *Coll. of* 180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 202, 1685, Oates is made to sing:—

I swore that the Queen would poyson the King,
That *Wakeman* had moneys the Poyson to bring,
When I knew in my Heart there was no such thing,
I now must be pillori'd, and after be hang'd.

[6] This refers to another part of Oates's depositions, telling that in August, 1678, "Coleman knew of the four *Irish* Ruffians sent to kill the King at *Windsor*, and, in Oates's hearing, asked Father Harcourt, at Wild-house, 'What care was taken for those Gentlemen that went last night to Windsor?' Who replied, 'That eighty pounds was ordered them,' which he saw there on the table, most of it in guineas," etc.

No wonder you meet with so many shrew'd blots,
Since Conscience lies sleeping so long;
How shall we wak't, with Cravats[1] or with Swords?
Alass no, I see but small hope.
It's in vain, it's in vain, to spend many words,
We must rouz't by a Sledge and a Rope.

9.

Then mount, Mr. *Stayley*,[2] for it's to be fear'd,
By what you but lately have said,
That your Roman Conscience will still be much sear'd,
Until on a Sledge it is laid.
And rise Monsieur *Coleman*, *Jack Ketch* is your Debtor,
He'l cure you of a hard Heart,
Truly I fancy you will be much better
Before you do come from his Cart.

10.

You are Sick I am told, ev'n Sick unto Death,
And of a Rebellious Disease,
A Hempen Cravat to stop up your Breath,
Will give you abundance of Ease.
And good Mr. Ink-horn prepare for the same,
Squire *Ketch* now shall give you your Fee;
He is known to be a Splitter of Fame,
And you were best with him to Agree.

11.

Thus you Jesuits, Priests, and Gentlemen, all
That are of the Red-Letter Rout,
Jack has ready, if into his hands you do fall,
An Infallible Cure without doubt.
And if Holy Father himself he were here,
He dares venture a Catholick Rally,
His Receipt of the Noose should suit the Popes ear,
As well as with *Coleman* or *Staley*.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for H[enry] B[rome], in the Year 1678.
[In White-letter.]

[1] An allusion, doubtless, to the murder of Sir E. Godfrey, the magistrate who took Oates's first deposition. See our previous pages 668, 671, and notes. The death was reported to have been from strangulation *with a cravat*.

[2] *William Stayley*, goldsmith, was on 21 Nov. 1678, tried and condemned for treasonable words. He was executed on the 26th, a week before Coleman.

Dangerfield's Dance.

"Then *Dugdale* was a Saint, till he *the Cause* forsook;
And *Dangerfield* did rant, in person of a Duke.
With *Cummins* too, a Perjur'd Crew, came swearing o're the Main,
Who the Plot so rent and tore, That 'twill never be mended again.

But now the *Doctor's* flogg'd, and 'brac'd the Pillory twice;
With Chains and Fetters clogg'd, for his curs'd Perjuries.
And *Dangerfield*, for all his skill, is catcht in the same Chain,
For the Plot is rent and torn, 'Twill never be mended again."

180 *Loyal Songs* : 1685.

IN the following verses we come to as bitter and unscrupulous a note of triumph as sounded in the previous ballad, but now belonging to the reaction. The perjuries of the Popish-Plot Discoverers no longer sufficed to influence such packed juries as had given their verdict of guilty against so many innocent men. Vengeance was beginning to claim blood for blood. The Plot-mania, like the French Revolution of little more than a century later, was, "like Saturn, devouring its children."

"Captain" Dangerfield had come before the public in October, 1679, as a principal witness in what is called "The Meal-Tub Plot." It was said to have been concocted by the Countess of Powys, Mother Cellier, a Popish midwife, the Earl of Castlemaine (Roger Palmer, husband of the Court-favourite, Barbara Palmer, *née* Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland), and five Roman Catholic peers, already confined in the Tower. Dangerfield told the Duke of York that a Protestant plot existed, and contrived to have certain papers found, after having himself hidden them. But his clumsy contrivance being detected, and Sir William Waller finding a fairly-written model of the supposed plot hidden within a meal-tub, when he searched Mrs. Cellier's house, Dangerfield saw himself to be in danger. He now offered to tell everything, and gave evidence against the persons who had, he said, employed him. The Earl of Castlemaine, Lady Powys, John Gadbury, and Mrs. Cellier were accordingly arrested. In June, 1680, they were brought to trial. The grand jury threw out the bill against the Countess, while both Castlemaine and Cellier were acquitted. Evidently, Dangerfield's attempts to establish his credit were doomed to failure. The world was already weary of Oates, and of Bedloe (who was then near his death, which took place at Bristol on the 20th of August). It required no fresh ruffian of the same sort.[1] There had been too many already.

[1] We attach no weight to anything that Gilbert Burnet declares. Falsehood and self-conceit were victuals and drink to him. Yet even he has no fellow-

Informing of late 's a notable trade:
For he that his neighbour intends to invade,
May pack him to *Tyburn* (no more's to be said)
Such power hath *Information.*
Be good, and be just, and fight for your King,
Or stand for your Countrie's Honour;
You're sure by precise *Information* to swing:
Such spells she hath got upon her.[1]

Retribution fell on Dangerfield in 1685, soon after James II. came to the throne. Not only had there been the avowedly-false evidence, self-contradictory, in regard to the "Meal-Tub Plot" of 1679, but Dangerfield had published "*A Narrative* of all the secret practices used, as well to corrupt him as to render the plot probable." This was now adjudged to be a scandalous libel, and he was committed for trial. He was found guilty, and condemned, at the King's Bench bar, "That he should stand twice in the pillory; that he should be whipt from Aldgate to Newgate on one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn on another: and should pay a fine of five hundred pounds." These punishments are represented in the contemporary woodcuts, at the top of the broadside which we now copy.

It caused the death of Dangerfield, although indirectly. The whipping was vigorously administered, but not so severely as had been given to Oates (with full intention of "finishing him," no doubt), a few days earlier. But on the second day, after the whipping was over, Dangerfield was taunted by one Robert Francis, a barrister of Gray's Inn. This was in Hatton Garden. According to Echard, Francis mockingly asked him, "'How now, friend, have you had your heat this morning?' Upon which the other, with two or three curses, called him, 'Son of a Whore.'" Francis, making no allowance for the state of the man's cuticle and epidermis, influencing his temper or language (never habitually good, we may feel sure), struck him with a cane, and so wounded him in the eye as to cause death in two hours. Francis was tried for the crime, found guilty, and hanged. Attempts were made to obtain remission of the sentence, but without success. Even-handed Justice went thus far, in vindicating "the majesty of the Law."

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feeling with Dangerfield, but writes that "He was a subtle and dexterous man, who had gone through all the shapes and practices of roguery, and, in particular, was a false coyner. He was in jayl for debt, and was in an ill intrigue with one *Cellier*, a Popish midwife, who had a great share of wit, and was abandoned to lewdness."—*Memorials*, p. 475.

[1] *A Song upon Information* (180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685).

[Bagford Collection, III. 51.]

Dangerfield's Dance.

Giving an Account of several Notorious Crimes by him Committed; *Viz.* He pretended to be a DUKE, *And feigned Himself to be MONMOUTH* with several other PRANKS: For which he was Sentenced to Stand in the *Pillory*, to be Whip'd at the *Carts Arse*, and to be sent back to Prison.

This may be Printed, *July* 2, 1685. *R. L. S*[*trange*].
Entred according to Order.

IT is no Wonder in this *Crittick* Age,
To see Offenders mounted on the Stage,
And shameful Punishment on them attend,
Who on their Shamming Wits so much depend;
Scourging and Pillorys fall to their share,
But all too little to make them beware:
And *Impudence* to such a height is grown,
As I believe the like was never known.
Here you may see how *Dangerfield's* Aspir'd!
Who needs would be a *Duke*! by all admir'd!
His subtile *Crotchets*, and his cunning Pate,
Hath brought his Person to a dreadful State.
How he did Scamper, if you did but mind,
When on his Back he did the Torment find
Of Scourging Justice, it would make you Smile,
To see how Fortune did his hopes beguile;
And brought his feigned *Highness* to the *Lash*,
Till brinish Tears his Brazen-Face did Wash.
O hapless *Dangerfield*! thou art mistook,
That did for *Honour* and *Obedience* look.

Thy great Ambition all Men do Rebuke,
Could nothing serve, but thou must be a DUKE?[1]
Fie, fie, it was too great and high a Stile,
Tho' Fortune for a moment seem'd to Smile;
Yet from thy Honour thou cam'st tumbling down,
When she once fac'd about on thee to Frown:
Old *Newgate* was the place to Entertain
The *Shamming* DUKE, where thou didst long remain;

[1] He had cheated, under the name of Monmouth. See p. 703; "The Plot rent and torn."

Till thou wert *Whipt* and *Scourg'd* along the Streets,
Which seem'd *Soure Sauce* after so many *Sweets;* [1]
Yet 'twas but Just thou shouldst it undergo,
Because that you such *Shirking Tricks* did show;
And brought thee unto Condign Punishment,
If't please Your Highness, what was your intent?
Poor Women to deceive, and get their Coyn,
It is no better then for to *Purloyn;*

[1] Thus, at the same date 1685, Oates is supposed to sing,

"From wine, and six dishes a day,
Is sure a deplorable fate,
To fall to the Basket, and pray
For an Alms through an *Iron grate.*"—180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 20.

And make the World believe thou wert some Spark
Who had such Honour from thy Servant *Mark*,
Like *Oats*, thy hopes are now in pieces crash'd,
The Brains of thy Ambition out are dash'd.
Whipping, instead of *Cringing* unto thee,
Thou may'st expect will now thy Portion be.
Thy Name for ever will be on Record,
Thou must not be a *Duke*, nor yet a *Lord;*
A *Newgate-Bird* thou may'st accounted be,
Highly deserving of the PILLORY.
And since so Arch and Cunning thou art grown,
To play such Pranks as ne'r before was known;
'Tis pitty thou should'st want of thy Desert,
Tho' now thy Title is not worth a Fart.
And so *Duke Dangerfield* I bid adieu,
A thousand *Lashes* I bequeath to you;
And hope you may to others warning be,
Never to practice such base Villany.
Your Suffering, you cannot well deny,
Is the Reward of your Audacity;[1]
To this your Reason cannot chuse but yield,
And now look to your Hits, *Duke Dangerfield*.[2]

FINIS.

London, Printed by J. M. in the Year MDCLXXXV.

[In White-letter. The two woodcuts,[3] inclosed in a black border, head the two columns of verse.]

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[1] In original, this is Audaucity.

[2] Dangerfield is described as one,—

Who horse to battel never led,
But has with many Horses fled
Out of his neighbour's Field,
A *Captain* was; and with his Word
Kills more than with his duller sword
He ever made to yield.

[3] The legend in the second cut has been imperfectly copied: it should read: *Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici.*

°°° Among the *State-Poems*, iii. 312, is one in rhymed couplets, 36 lines, entitled "*Dangerfield's* Ghost to *Jefferies*." It alludes to the Western Bloody Assizes, and seems to have been written after the Chancellor's arrest, on attempting to escape, in 1688. Our Bagford ballad does not mention the death of Dangerfield; but the "Dangerfield's Ghost" poem contains a horrible description of his sufferings and appearance:—

> Revenge! Revenge! my injur'd Shade begins
> To haunt thy guilty Soul, and scourge thy Sins.
> For since to me thou ow'st the heaviest score,
> Whose living Words tormented thee before,
> When dead, I'm come to plague thee yet once more.
> Start not away, nor think thy Brass to hide
> But see the dismal Shape in which I dy'd:
> My Body all deform'd with putrid Gore,
> Bleeding my Soul away at ev'ry Pore.
> Push'd faster on by *Francis*, less unkind;
> My Body swoln, and bloated as thy Mind.
> This dangling Eye-ball rolls about in vain,
> Never to find its proper Seat again,
> The hollow Cell usurp'd by Blood and Brain.
> The trembling Jury's Verdict ought to be
> *Murder'd at once by* Francis *and by thee.* &c.

The public whipping of Oates preceded that of Dangerfield, whose detection gave the note of warning to both. (This was what we meant in p. 667.)

The tracts and broadsides connected with Mrs. Cellier are numerous. Her own account is entitled *Malice Defeated: or a brief Relation of the Accusation and Deliverance of Elizabeth Cellier*, wherein her Proceedings both before and during her confinement, are particularly Related, and the Mystery of the *Meal-Tub* fully discovered. Together with an Abstract of her Arraignment and Tryal, written by her self, for the satisfaction of all lovers of undisguised truth. London, printed for Elizabeth Cellier, and are to be sold at her House in Arundel-street, near St. Clement's Church, 1680. In this she tells of Titus Oates having given her a letter, which she showed to the Countess of Powys, mentioning how he had been acquainted with Bedloe in Spain, and how "*Beddo* (*sic*), under the name of the Lord *Gerrard*, robb'd *Oates* of ten pieces of Eight, which he said was all he had, and had quite undone him" (p. 2). She testified against Dangerfield, on the score of his being unworthy of acceptation as a witness, because he "had been burnt in the hand, whipt, transported, pilloried, outlawed for felony, fined for cheating, and suffered publick Infamy for many other notorious Crimes" (p. 37). All of which charge against him was supported by the certified London Record, produced in Court.

A calumny was circulated, of a licentious connexion between John Gadbury and Mrs. Cellier. See woodcut in our *Appendix* and note in *Introd.* to iii. 94.

The Licentiousness of the Times.

"For who can longer hold? when every Press
The Bar and Pulpit too has broke the Peace?
When every scribbling Fool at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen and rises up in Arms?
And not a dull Pretender of the Town
But vents his gall in Pamphlet up and down?
When all with license rail, and who will not,
Must be almost suspected of the PLOT,
And bring his Zeal or else his Parts in doubt?"

John Oldham's *First Satyr upon the Jesuits:* 1679.

THE following ballad suggests, by its title, a very different subject from that on which it is actually composed. Belonging to the date 1679. it is directed against the unbridled insolence of those who had misemployed the Printing-press: viz. the pamphleteers, satirists, flying-stationers, and ballad-mongers. No complaint is made, here, against the notorious profligacy of conduct, in Court and City, or the riotous debauchery, sensuality, and corrupt misuse of privileges, parliamentary or regal. For a denunciation of these we must look elsewhere. For instance, to Butler's posthumous *Satyre* (on the Licentiousness of the Age of Charles the Second):—

'Tis a strange Age we've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the Sun in all his Travels view'd;
An Age as vile, as ever Justice urg'd,
Like a fantastic Letcher, to be scourg'd. &c.

Soon after the sudden dissolution of the Long Parliament of Charles II., on 27th May, 1679, the Press became free. The Licensing Act had been limited in duration to the existence of that Parliament, and the first session of another. Not having been renewed, the censorship was at an end. It appears to have taken the nation by surprise: and, truly, the flood of unlicensed printing which ensued cannot be regarded as a pleasant spectacle. The unscrupulousness of the libellers forms the subject of the following ballad. The complaint comes from the Court-party, and not unreasonably so. As usual, it was an open quarrel of mutual recrimination, but "*Tu quoque!*" is scarcely a dignified answer to an accusation such as this.

The contemporary printed lists of books, pamphlets, and single sheets on the subject of the alleged Popish Plot, which were published in 1678-9, with additions and supplements, and further additions (lists preserved at the Bodleian), prove the

insatiable appetite of the public for such unwholesome food, besides the industry of pamphleteers. Libellous, monotonous, and trashy they usually were. Neither side held a monopoly in malice, in folly, or in foul language. It is not impossible to trace the authorship of many individual broadsheets and tractates, or, at least, to find who were believed to be the writers; for references to private history are not unfrequently made by political enemies. But the general uniformity of style as well as of topic makes the separation of one from another dull work, and comparatively valueless. Says one writer, satirically,

> Let *Jenkins* in a Tub my worth declare,
> And let my Life be writ by *Harry Care.*

Another writes, in a *Letany from Geneva*, 1681–2,

> From *Jenkins' Homilies* drawn through the Nose,
> From *Longley*, *Dick*, *Baldwin*, and all such as those,
> And from brawney *Settle's* Poem in Prose,—
> *Libera nos Domine.*

A third, rebuking the hireling press, in The Carman's Poem; or, Advice to a Nest of Scriblers, 1683-85, declares,

> It's the dull Satyrs of this envious Age,
> That puts my Fancy in so great a rage;
> They swarm in ev'ry Street, in ev'ry Shop,
> They are the froth of ev'ry idle Fop.
> He that has nought to do, takes Pen and Ink,
> Calls for some Paper, and a Pot of Drink. . . .
> He's wise that's bold, the fittest man for th' Times
> That dare presume to write the worst of Rhimes.
> Hang Sence, that's out of fashion, so is Reason;
> Come, let us see you write *Sedition*, *Treason.*
> Move for a *Commonwealth*, cry down the King,
> Another Royal Head to th' Block let's bring.
> Rail at the Bishops, and the Common-Prayer,
> Abuse the *Papists*, that is past compare.

Another writer gibbets in a single line, "Both *Care* and *Curtis*, *Smith* and pillori'd *Ben;*" (*i.e.* Ben Harris, publisher:) another, or the same, does as much with "*Care*, *Curtis*, *Baldwin*, and *Seditious Dick.*" One of Nathanael Thompson's 180 *Loyal Songs*, of the same date, 1685 (p. 63), had prophesied,—

> The Libelling Tribe, that so long have reign'd,
> And sowed Sedition, shall now be arraign'd;
> Their Shams and their Lies shall do them no good,
> When they come to the Tree, there's no shamming that wood:
> *Janway* and *Curtis* in the forlorn hope,
> Then *Vile*, *Smith*, and *Care* shall neck the next Rope.

This Henry Care was specially obnoxious, for his anti-Romanist History of the alleged Popish Plot. One writer, not devoid of poetic strength and dignity, describing Algernon Sydney's un-

justly-compassed death, in 1683, begins "The Reformation: a Satyr," with the apostrophe,

> How *Roman*-like did our Old Rebel dye,
> With his last breath profaning Majesty!
> And braving Heav'n it self, he would not stay
> (Lest 'twere a piece of Cowardice) to Pray.
> And cannot all this gallantry engage
> Some Zealot, spurr'd up to Poetick rage?
> But not a word—there's not one Ballad made:
> *Curtis*, I see, will have but slender Trade,
> For Rhymers now begin to Renegade.[1] &c.

A few years later in date, a curious revelation of the bitterness and intolerance of King William's Parliament, against one who was believed to favour the Nonjurors in 1692–3, is given in the "Diary and Autobiography of Henry Bohun," Licenser of the Press. On a false suspicion of having written or instigated a pamphlet entitled "William and Mary, Conquerors," he was abruptly censured and ordered into custody. His having given his imprimatur to it was voted a grave offence, and the attempt was made to ruin him. He had been faithfully attached to James II., and the taking service at all under William was a blunder, if not a political crime. But that he should be punished for this by the Williamite faction was, to say the least, equally bad in taste and in policy.[2]

The book in question appears to have been written, in a feigned character and with a treacherous purpose (like Defoe's "Short Way with the Dissenters"), by Charles Blount (to whom, as probable author of "The Sale of Esau's Birthright," we return in Bagford Coll., iii. 62). Henry Bohun had succeeded Fraser, "Catalogue Fraser," in the office of Licenser; their predecessor being the *Observator Heraclitus* Tory, Sir Roger L'Estrange. Fraser, an extreme Whig, had given official sanction to a book by Walker, which aimed to prove that *Ikon Basilike* was not written by Charles the First, but by Dr. John Gauden. A storm arose, on account of his having done this, and the old book-hunter resigned. Warned by the fate of his two predecessors, Tory and Whig, Bohun had tried to trim his sails to suit the opposing gusts of faction; but vainly, for his short voyage was tempestuous. The Commons took up the question of his offence, in licensing a book

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[1] Elkanah Settle (Dryden's "Doeg") is one example. See pp. 694-5.

[2] Not worse, however, than had been the infamous countenancing of past evil, in rewarding the perjuries of Oates, by the Whigs renewing his cancelled pension, and treating him with marked consideration, as though he had been a martyr in the cause. This shows that no iniquity was considered foul, so long as it had assisted to bring about (directly or indirectly) the Orange Revolution of 1688.

which advocated such views as logically condemned their own past Revolutionary intrigues and rebellion. To assert that William and Mary possessed the throne by right of conquest, was to deny the supremacy of Parliament-men, who had arrogated to themselves the transference of regal authority.[1] Bohun was stripped of his office[2] (less degraded by expulsion than by exercising servile functions), and committed to prison. There followed, however, so much of debate and investigation, concerning the clumsiness and inefficacy of Licensing, as a means of repressing evil and encouraging good writings, that there was only a temporary two-years' renewal of the censorship. The law had been in force for seven years. Before long it was, by lapsing, to be virtually abrogated.[3]

Into such an important subject as "the liberty of unlicensed printing" our scanty remaining space will not permit us to enter fully, even if it were otherwise expedient. The best that can be urged in its favour has been nobly written for all time in the *Areopagitica* of John Milton, 1644. It is the storehouse whence Charles Blount and later writers have borrowed their materials, often without acknowledgment. In our own days the victory remains almost uncontested. It is, no doubt, desirable to stop

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[1] It is amusing to remember that Gilbert Burnet's Pastoral-letter of 1689 was burnt by the common hangman, under sentence of Parliament, at the same date, and for inculcating the same idea as Charles Blount's deceptive "William and Mary, Conquerors." Burnet, of course, attributes no blame to himself. Sir Walter Scott declared, in Feb., 1809, "Burnet has now nearly found his level. . . . His clumsy and slovenly language, his extreme personal vanity, his gross and inconsistent credulity, will prevent his ever laying claim to the title of an historian," etc.—*Quart. Rev.*, i. 176. Macaulay feels a quiet contempt for him, even while pleading in his defence on sundry occasions: confessing that "His self-conceit had been proof against ridicule, and his dauntless temper against danger. But on this occasion his fortitude seems to have failed him." Burnet writes of himself "*That I, who perhaps was the greatest assertor of publick liberty*, from my first setting out, of any writer of the age, should be soe severely treated as an enemy to it. But the truth was the Toryes never liked me, and the Whigs hated me because I went not into their notions and passions." John Kelsey similarly acknowledges, "I thought the world mad, and the world thought me mad, and they outvoted me."

[2] Henry Bohun writes in his *Diary and Autobiography*, p. 108,—"On the 24th the manuscript of the book was delivered back to Mr. Bently; who said he believed it was writ by one Mr. Charles Blunt. It was greatly suspected I writ it; but by the hand they found the contrary."

[3] He was followed in it by Mr. Heron (whom he calls "Herne," *Diary*, p. 114), "who finding one [Edward] Cook of the Temple put in licenser with him, about Michaelmas threw it up; and it was given to one [D.] Poplar, who would have been my reader." The *Autobiography and Diary* is carefully edited by S. Wilton Rix, 1853, privately printed. Compare Dunton's *Life and Errors*, pp. 267, 268, 153.

the circulation of works injurious to public morals, loyalty, or religion. But, we have learnt to know, this failed to be secured by the most rigorous system of licensing. Moreover, on the mere pretence of regulating the press, many gross acts of tyranny were committed, many works of value were mutilated or destroyed.[1] The punishment of any persons who seek to poison the minds of the nation, by writing, printing, or publishing books of a seditious or blasphemous or obscene character, is amply secured by the enactment of 1799, which fixed the responsibility on certain parties, in cases where an offence is recognized.[2]

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[1] In our own days one insulting and utterly worthless remnant of the old tyrannical censorship exists, in the Chamberlain's authority to suppress, or to extort fees by licensing, theatrical performances of plays; which he remains incapable of hindering from being printed. This power has been often abused. The large hornets and wasps bounce through the legal cobweb, while the timid little day-flies are caught and devoured, according to established precedent.

[2] At the same time, let us remember, we are not free from danger, even in these days. Incredible though it may appear to outsiders, the Memoirs of Count de Grammont, Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales, Cervantes' exemplary Novels, Boccaccio's Decameron, Queen Margaret of Navarre's Heptameron, the Works of Rabelais, and others, were compulsorily withdrawn from circulation, recently, under threat of prosecution under the Campbell Act. More costly editions are still attainable. But Puritanic tyranny is not yet extinct. Some day, either at the bidding of a Low-Church Bishop, or of some paid spy, there will be a raid against private libraries, and all facetiæ will be confiscated. Still earlier, the British Museum and the Bodleian Libraries will be disinfected and emasculated by a committee of prurient prudes or members of the third sex. Nothing honestly out-spoken will be tolerated, should they ever gain power in the future. Meantime, our logical and moral nation asks daily for full reports of police trials, and "evidence unfitted for publication."

[This cut is one of the four used in the Rawlinson version of The Careless Gallant, see p. 720. It is also in Roxb. Coll., i. 526.]

[Bagford Collection, III. 52; Brit. Mus. Poetical Broadsides, 93.]

A new satyricall Ballad of the Licentiousness of the Times.

To the Tune of, *The Blinde Beggar of Bednall-Green.*[1]

THe devil has left his puritanical dress,
And now like a Hawker attends on the Press,
That he might through the Town Sedition disperse,
In Pamphlets, and Ballads, in prose and in Verse.

'Tis surely so, for if the Devil wasn't in't,
There would not be so many strange things in print;
Now each man writes, what seems good in his Eyes,
And tells in bald Rimes his Inventions and Lies.

[1] The tune to which our ballad was appointed to be sung is that belonging to the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green:—

It was a blind beggar had long lost his sight,
He had a fair Daughter of beauty most bright;
And many a gallant brave Suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty *Bessee.*

Both the old tune, and the one to which in modern days it is commonly sung, are given in Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, pp. 159, 160. The words are in his *Roxb. Bds.*, i. 38; *Bagf. Coll.*, i. 29; ii. 108; *Old Bds.*, 1723, ii. 203; *Percy's Folio MS.*, ii. 281; *Percy's Reliques*, etc.

Some relate to the World their own causeless fears,
Endeavouring to set us together by the ears,
They strive to make Factions for two great Commanders,
Tho' one be in *Holland*,[1] the other in *Flanders*.[2]

They bawl and they yaul aloud thro' the whole Town,
The rights to Succession and Claims to the Crown,
And snarling and grumbling like Fools at each other,
Raise Contests and Factions betwixt Son and Brother.[3]

Here one doth on this side his Verses oppose,
Up starts another and j[o]usts with him in prose,
On Rumor, a Jade, they get up, and mount her,
And so like *Don Quixot* with Wind-mills Encounter.

Our Sun is not setting, it does not grow dark yet,
The King is in health still, and goes to *New-Market*,[4]
Let then idle Coxcombs leave off their debating,
What either side says is unmannerly prating.

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[1] James Duke of Monmouth, dismissed from being Captain-General, had retired to Holland.

[2] The Duke of York was residing in Brussels, at the bidding of King Charles, goaded to this by the Shaftesbury faction.

[3] The quarrels, betwixt the illegitimate Protestant son and the Romanist younger brother, that came to a fatal conclusion a few months after the death of King Charles. The abortive West-Country Rebellion of August, 1685, and the execution of Monmouth by his unrelenting uncle, were the logical results of the bitter agitation to promote the Exclusion Bill of 1680. It is characteristic of the cold-blooded policy and foresight of William of Orange that he jealously resented the attempt of Monmouth to play the part of "Protestant Deliverer," which he had marked out for himself. In 1685 he actually offered to send Dutch troops to help King James to suppress the rising in those Western counties (whereto he was himself to come on a similar adventure, but crowned with better success, in November, 1688). His father-in-law knew enough of him to distrust this zeal, and courteously declined the dangerous assistance. Some remembrance of what history showed, the difficulty of getting rid of the Saxons after they had helped to expel the Danes, taught him caution. William's dislike of Monmouth could not have sprung simply from the illegitimacy of the Duke, for he was favourably disposed to his after-ally, the Duke of Grafton, who was of equally spurious descent from Charles. But Grafton was not a dangerous rival, popularly welcomed; both of which Monmouth was, beside being earlier born.

[4] See p. 79. Charles's love of Newmarket, and its races, was counted on by the framers of the Rye-House Plot. Even so late as February 6th. 1684-5 (the day before Charles's death), he was regarded with so much affection and anxiety that Sir John Reresby mentions in his *Memoirs*: "I went to York, where the news being arrived that the King continued better, there was nothing but bonfires and signs of joy from one end of the town to the other" (edition 1876, p. 313). There was also a fear of what might follow his death. Charles had long before shown his easy indifference in the presence of plots, telling his

Another, tho' he be but a senseless Widgion,
Will, like an Archbishop, determine Religion:
What ere his opinion is, that must be best,
And strait he Confutes, and Confounds all the rest.

I' the Coffee-house here['s] one with a grave face,
When after salute, he hath taken his place,
His Pipe being lighted, begins for to prate,
And wisely discourses the affairs of the State.

Another in fury the board strait doth thump,
And highly extolls the blest Times of the Rump;
The Pope and all Monarchs he sends to the Devil,
And up in their places he sets *Harry Nevill.*[1]

Another, who would be distinguished from Cit,
And swearing G——d d——n me, to shew him a wit,[2]
(Who, for all his huffing, one grain hath not got)
Scoffs at all Religion, and the Popish Plot.

One with an uncivill satyrical Jest,
To be thought a wit, has a fling at the Priest,
He jears at his Betters, and all men of note,
From th' Alderman to the Canonical coat.

A politick Citizen in his blew gown,
As gravely in shop he walks up and down,
Instead of attending the wares on his staul,
Is all day relating th' intreagues at *White-hall.*

---

brother, in Feb. 1678-9, that it was from no distrust of his loyalty that he felt obliged to request him to absent himself "for some time beyond the seas." It was for James, not himself, he yielded, thus far, to the pressure of adverse opinion. He added, in his letter, "You may easily believe with what trouble I write: there being nothing I am more sensible of, than *the constant kindness you have ever had for me.* I hope you are as just to me, to be assured, that no absence, nor any thing else, can ever change me from being truly and kindly yours, C.R." Despite his faults, Charles was sufficiently noble to repel all suggested suspicions that James himself was an enemy: and we doubt not that he was happy in his confidence (Robert Bell disingenuously omits all the above words, when citing the dismissal by this order, to convey the impression that Charles was glad to be free of his brother. *Poems of Dryden*, i. 285.)

[1] *Id est*, any such determined opposer of monarchy as Harry Nevill, who, in Feb. 1659-60, when a Councillor of State, had violently resisted the proposal for a Restoration. Most of the Council were Presbyterians.

[2] We follow another print in the dashes of this line: glad to get them, although, like the sisters Brontë, we believe that, if bad words are indicated, it is generally better to let them appear in their naked deformity.

And though, to speak Truth, he be but a Noddy,
He'd have you to think that he is some-body,
With politick shrug, ev'n as bad as a Curse,
He cries out, Oh! the Times, no Mortal saw worse.

Then comes a wise Knight, as the whole Citty's Factor,
Speaks Prologue in prose, too grave for an Actor,
And being sore frighted, in a learned speech,
To stand to their Arms all the Citts doth beseech.

The Cobler in stall, did you but hear him prate,
You'd think that he sate at the helm of the State,
His awl lay'd aside, and in right hand a pot,
He roundly rips up the Soul[1] of the Plot.

But it is not enough to see what is past,
For these very Men become Prophets at last,
And with the same eyes can see what is meant,
To be Acted and done in the next Parliament.

His Worship so wise, who a Kingdome can Rule,
Is by [his] none dear Wife[2] at home made a Fool,
For though he doth see through dark mists of the State,
He can't see the Horns that she plants on his pate.[3]

The Women, too, prate of the Pope and the Turk,
Who should play with their Tails, or else be at work,[4]
But two Noble Virtues they've attain'd to, I think,
To handle State matters, and take off their drink.

Petition the Players to come on the Stage,
There to represent the vice of the Age,
That people may see in Stage looking-Glasses,[5]
Fools of all sorts, and these pollitick Asses.

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[1] Another version points this jest, by printing *Soul* in Italics.

[2] This was a familiar term of endearment, used in the Wycherley, Dryden, and Ravenscroft comedies; humorously burlesquing the romantic "mine own" or "thine own" of lovers.

[3] "But of all Pates, *Cit* has the softest one;
'The better,' cries the Wife, '*to graft upon.*'"—*Loyal Poems*, 1685, p 132. The City must have been a perfect wilderness of horned beasts, if half the allusions by dramatists and ballad-writers were true. Unless there had been a solid foundation in fact, the widely spread scandal could never have survived so long as it did. Are there any Londoners lineally descended from their putative ancestors? The dramas and ballads of the time make the answer doubtful.

[4] Another version:—"Who should cease to play false, and tend to their work."

[5] Compare: "*to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.*"—*Hamlet*, iii. 2.

And thus I have shown you the vice of the Nation,
Which wants of these Things a through-Reformation ;
But when that will be I cannot determine,
For plenty breeds Vice, as foul Bodies breed Vermine.

Men may prate and may write, but 'tis not their Rimes,
That can any ways change or alter the Times ;
It is now grown an Epidemical Disease,
For people to talk and to write as they please.

God bless our Good King who our little World Rules,
And is not disturb'd at the Actions of Fools ;
It very much helps a Wise Man's Melancholly,
To see and observe, and to Laugh at their Folly.

London, Printed in the Year, 1679.

[In White-letter. Date cut off from Bagford copy. No woodcuts : that on p. 715 is from Roxb. Coll., i. 390, and those below, from the same Coll., i. 174.]

The Careless Gallant.

"Betweene the *Muses* and the God of *wine*,
There is a league of kindenesse, peace and loue,
There consanguinity doth them combine
Being begotten both by lusty *Ioue*,
So that, no Muse well bred, and truly borne,
Her naturall brothers companie can scorne,
And by their crownes their amity is seene,
One wearing *Lawrell*, th' other *Iuye* greene.

And this to be the reason I suppose
That every Iouiall *Poet* loues good liquour;
It is the *Heliconian* Butt that sweetly flowes
With sprightly *Sack*, which makes inuention quicker,
And hee's no lawfull sonne vnto the Muses
That loues small beere, and better drinck refuses,
Nor can a watrish wit the Lawrell win,
His Muse is lancke, and his conceit is thin."

Pasquil's Palinodia: 1619.

WE borrow both our motto and the woodcut on p. 722 (there being no engraving in the original ballad of Bagford Collection, iii. 53), from that racy old poem "*Pasquil's Palinodia, and His progresse to the Taverne*; where, after the Suruey of the SELLAR [*i.e.* Cellar], you are presented with *A pleasant pynte of Poeticall Sherry*." We transcribed the Douce original. The woodcut of the Muse, and the homage-paying poet, who draws for her the before-mentioned "Pint of Sherry," was afterwards used to adorn Roxb. Coll., i. 158. Would that moderns could get such good measure to *their* pints! They have shrunk, like the capacity of the choice spirits who drank from them. This is not the worst of our manifold inferiorities to "the men of old," but still it is one. Hinc illæ lacrymæ!

The author of this jovial ditty is THOMAS JORDAN. We have had occasion to mention him already, on p. 457; where the initials T. J. suggested a possibility of his having written the ballad "A Merry Dialogue." But we incline to think the real Simon Pure in that instance was Thomas Jones: for the same printer, R. Burton, certainly published other ballads by Jones.[1] Thomas Jordan can spare him the "Merry Dialogue," having plentiful claims on our remembrance.

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[1] Another signed "T. J." [? Jones] is in Douce Coll., vol. ii., "The Merry Man's Resolution; or, A *London* Frollick," also printed for R. Burton. It begins, "If young men and maidens will listen a while," and is to the tune "I'le hold thee five shillings." A different impression, unsigned, n.p.n., is in Roxb. Coll., ii. 342.

The music of the following ballad is in Playford's *Choice Ayres*, i. 95, 1676, without composer's name. The words are in Thomas Jordan's *London's Triumph*. p. 20, where it is entitled "The Epicure." It was sung in Sir Joseph Sheldon's Mayoralty, at the banquet of the Drapers' Company, Oct. 29, 1675, "by one in habit of a Town-Gallant."[1] We note different versions.

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[1] It is somewhat elaborately introduced in the printed Mayoralty Pageant. "His Lordship and the Guests being all seated, the City musick begin to touch their instruments with very artful fingers, and after a lesson being played, and their ears as well feasted as their mouths; an acute person with a good voice, good humour, and audible utterance (the better to promote digestion), sings this new droll."

[This cut (with Richard Burton's initials to it) appears in the Rawlinson version.]

[Bagford Collection, III. 53; 4to. Rawl. 566, fol. 109.]

The Careless Gallant;

Or,

A Farewel to Sorrow.

Whether these Lines do please, or give offence,
Or shall be damn'd as neither Wit nor Sence;
The *Poet* is for that in no suspence,
For 'tis all one a hundred years hence.

To a Pleasant lofty New Tune.

LEt us drink[1] and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoyce,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and voice,
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain,[2] Then down with your dust;
In frolicks despose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence. 6

[1] Rawlinson version begins "Let us *sing*, and be merry."
[2] In Bagford version, the fourth line is improperly broken into two half-lines.

We'l sport and be free with *Frank*, *Betty* and *Dolly*,[1]
Have Lobsters and Oysters to cure melancholly,
Fish Dinners will make a man [2] spring like a Flea,
Dame *Venus*, love's Lady,[3] Was born of the Sea;
With her and with Bacchus *we'l tickle the sence,*
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence. 12

Your beautiful bit, that hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sells for a hogo of honour, [sc. haut goût]
Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splender,[4]
That none are thought fit But the stars to attend her;
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the sence,
Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence. 18

Your greatest grand Seignior,[5] who rants it in riot,
Not suffering his poor Christian neighbours live quiet;
Whose numberless army that to him belongs,
Consists of more nations Then *Babel* hath tongues:
Though numerous as dust, yet in spite of defence,
Shall all lye in ashes a hundred years hence. 24

Your Usurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth, and pines in his plenty,
Laies up for a season which he shall ne'r see,
The year of one thousand, Eight hundred and three;
Shall have chang'd all his baggs, his houses and Rents,
For a worm-eaten Coffin a hundred years hence.[6] 30

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by subtilty[7] thrives,
In spinning a sute to the length of three lives,
A sute which the Clyent doth wear out in slavery,
Whilst pleader makes conscience a cloak for his knavery,
Can boast of his cunning but i' th present Tense,
For non est inventus *a hundred years hence.* 36

[8]Then why should we turmoyl in cares and in fears,
And turn our tranquility to sighs and tears?

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[1] In *London's Triumph*, 1675, we read, "With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Philly*," &c.
[2] *London's Triumph* reads "a *lass* spring." [3] *L.T.* reads "Love's *goddess*."
[4] *L.T.* reads "doth *shine in such* splendour."
[5] *L.T.* has "Your *most Christian Mounsieur*," etc.; the seventh verse.
[6] Instead of these two lines, *London's Triumph* has,
"His Wit and his Wealth, his Law, Learning, and Sence,
Shall be turn'd into nothing a hundred years hence."
[7] The Bagford ballad misprints "conscience" for "subtilty" of other version.
[8] This is fourth verse in *London's Triumph*: fourth and seventh transposed.

Let's eat, drink, and play, e're the worms do corrupt us,
For I say that, *Post*[1] *mortem nulla voluptas:*
Let's deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence
Have broods to succeed us a hundred years hence.

I never could gain satisfaction upon
Your dreams of a bliss when we'r cold as a stone,
The Sages call us Drunkards, Gluttons, and Wenchers;
But we find such Morsels, upon their own Trenchers:
For Abigal, Hannah, *and sister* Prudence,
Will simper to nothing a hundred years hence.

The Plush-coated Quack that, his fees to inlarge,
Kills people with Licence, and at their own charge,
Who builds a vast structure of ill-gotten wealth,
From the dreggs of a pi . .-pot, and ruines of health,
Though treasures of life he pretends to dispence,
Shall be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

The Butterfly Courtier, that pageants of state,
The Mouse-trap of honour, and May-game of fate,
With all his ambitions, intrigues, and his tricks,
Must dye like a Clown, and then drops into Stix.
His plots against death are too slender a fence,
For he'l be out of place a hundred years hence.

Yea, the poet himself that so loftily sings,
As he scorns any subjects, but Hero's or Kings,
Must to the Capricio's of fortune submit,
And often be counted a fool for his wit,
Thus beauty, wit, wealth, law, learning and sense,
All comes to nothing a hundred years hence.[2]

FINIS.

London, *Printed for* F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, *and* I. Clarke.

[In White-letter. Date, as shown, 1675. No woodcuts in Bagford copy, but four in Rawlinson; of which one is given on p. 714, and another on p. 720.]

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[1] *London's Triumph* has "'Tis certain that *Post*," &c.

[2] Instead of the last four verses (lines 43 to 66 absent), *L. T.* finishes thus:—

We mind not the counsels of such bloody elves,
Let us set foot to foot, and be true to our selves;
Our honesty from our good fellowship springs,
We aim at no selfish preposterous things.
Wee'll seek no preferment by subtle pretence,
Since all shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

The Quakers' Farewell to England.

"Stay not among the Wicked,
Lest that with them you perish,
But let us to *New-England* go,
And the pagan people cherish.

Then, for the Truth's sake, come along,
Leave this place of Superstition;
Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,
You would sink into Perdition."—*Merry Drollery*, 1661.

NEITHER "The Zealous Puritan" nor "The West-Countryman's Voyage to New-England"[1] agree in their metre with the following ballad of "The Quakers' Farewell." It has the same *swing* of verse as Mr. Birkhead's "Freemason's Health" of 1729, "Come, let us prepare, We Brethren that are;" which may have taken a hint from our "Quakers' Farewell."

The *May-Flower* had landed its Pilgrim-Fathers on the shores of Plymouth in 1620. The next Puritan settlement was that of Massachusetts Bay, the patent for the company being obtained in 1627–8. The first sixty emigrants, under John Endicott, established themselves in September, 1628, at Naumbeak or Salem. Another band, of fully two (some say three) hundred, followed in April and May next year. A third party of emigrants to Massachusetts, under the lead of John Winthrop, landed at Salem in June, 1630. Later, Cromwell and some other opposers of Charles I. were seriously deliberating on their own departure to these colonies. But the Civil War had to run its course, the Independents showing themselves more intolerant than the Presbyterians had been before them, equalling Laud himself in bigotry and narrow-mindedness to all who regarded freedom of religious opinion. After the Restoration, the troubles soon recommenced. Parliament continually interferes with Church matters, which it never understands, and always damages. The Act of Uniformity in 1662 not only dispossessed an immense number of experienced and tolerably-learned intruders, to their pecuniary loss, but, more unfortunately, no doubt, filled their vacant places with many claimants whose qualifications were those of compliance and time-serving, instead of scholarship, piety, or love for the work committed to them.

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[1] Both are in the 1661 and 1670 editions of *Merry Drollery*, included in the present Editor's Reprint, pp. 95 and 275. The tune of "The Independents' Voyage to *New-England*" must have been different from either of theirs, and for the words of it we are still searching.

Those were days when few educated gentlemen were, in our rural districts, willing to become magistrates; when Country Squires read little beyond the Weekly News-letter from London, that came in manuscript, the early issues of Playford's *Wit and Mirth* (afterwards republished as D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*), a few odd volumes of Heraldry and County History, or some naughty comedies that they had seen performed in town at the Duke's House. The Civil War had previously made havoc with the flower of our county families, turning many a promising youth into a swash-buckler of either camp. It had thrown the Universities into confusion, destroyed the yearning after scholarship, perverting some men with the cant. the spiritual pride, and intolerant bigotry of the sectaries; or disgusting others, to adopt the reckless humours of the Cavaliers. Anarchy bred hypocrites and infidels. It was long before the nation recovered its wholesome balance of intelligence; long before Parliament-members became sane, if ever. The clergy, residing habitually at a distance from cities, often were the only persons who knew anything about law, regarding property or person, except some peddling attorney at the market town. At such times, it may have been almost necessary, and it was certainly not blameworthy, to make our English clergy be also Justices of Peace. To now continue such blending of incongruous dignities seems not only inexpedient, but also indefensible. The loss of true clerical influence generally follows the assumption of magisterial functions.[1] This evil practice of spoiling good clergymen, by twisting them into bad justices, had much to answer for, in days of old. With a cloak of righteous zeal, to banish heresy and schism from his borders, the Parson-magistrate gained power to fine, imprison, and otherwise oppress all irregular worshippers (our Quakers included), who not only refused to kneel or respond and sing in the parish church, but who also noisily persuaded other people that it was unlawful to pay tithes, and sinful to wear a surplice.[2]

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[1] To warn parishioners against sin, and next day to punish them for crime, are duties not well commingled. It seems too much to expect Hodge to love his pastor's views of mercy and forgiveness, as they are preached on Sundays, while he still smarts under remembrance of a recent sentence judicially delivered from the same lips, which consigned him to jail-diet, oakum-picking, and close crop, for having picked up a rotten twig, and nibbled a farmer's turnip without leave, or for getting too much beer aboard, and threatening to punch the head of his rival Tummas, for the sake of Dolly dairymaid.

[2] We remember to have seen, at Cambridge, about 1863, a Nonconformist newspaper which denounced the red hood of a D.D. being worn there on a "scarlet day," as "the rags of Popery."

We need not enter on the subject of the alleged persecutions of the Nonconformists in Charles the Second's time, except in so far as they are connected with our present ballad.[1] No doubt there were often cruelties and even illegalities justly complained of, in the suppressing of conventicles, the imprisoning, fining, whipping, and branding persons who were obnoxious—not so much to Government, as to any individual Justice of the Peace.[2] The iniquitous proceedings in Scotland, under Lauderdale, were more atrociously cruel. But the same evil spirit reigned in both countries. Nay more: even the Puritan emigrants in America showed themselves equally vindictive, intolerant to other sects, and ruthless in expelling and slaughtering those few Quakers or other dissentients who had joined them in fleeing from State prosecutions. Witness for this, the unjustifiable murder of Mary Dyer, one of the Society of Friends, who was hung on Boston Common, in June, 1660. "To prevent her voice from being heard, drums were beaten before and behind her all the way." Two other Quakers, Robinson and Stevenson, had similarly perished during the previous October. Yet worse, whilst they were hanging on the scaffold, solely on account of their religious belief, having with their last breath borne testimony "to the light of Christ within," Mary Dyer was compelled to witness the agonies of their strangulation. With the halter still round her neck, her garments tied round her feet, she awaited her own death. Ready to die, she was respited at the final moment: but, nevertheless, suffered a few months later. These were the tender mercies of the Puritans, to all who dared dissent from their own heterodoxy.

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[1] It need not be forgotten, as in the heat of controversies it too often is, that most of the Nonconformists were (independently of theological convictions, or whims of worship) troublesome and dangerous to the civil power. Even William Penn and his friends can scarcely be held to have been harshly treated, when expelled from Christchurch, Oxford, for having forcibly torn the surplices from the backs of other students who wore them in the College Chapel. In regard to the persecutions endured by him in after-years, there can be but one opinion, that they were indefensible. Yet he lived through them, he conquered; both by voice and pen proclaiming, in words ever memorable, some of those great truths regarding our common rights or privileges which selfish and intolerant men are never willing to admit. His treatise on "England's present Interest" was published in 1674. In it he maintained that "to live honestly, to do no injury to another, and to give every man his due, was enough to entitle every native to English privileges." He had married in 1672, and resided at Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire.

[2] We see examples of this personal tyranny in Joseph Besse's *Collection of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers*, London, 1753, 2 vols. folio, and in the narrative of Bunyan's own experience as a Baptist preacher. He had himself encountered the fury of "Lord Hategood," whose oppression of Christian and Faithful he records in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Thus has it always been. Agitators, who rave against a State Church and use the words "Toleration," or "Civil and Religious Liberty," have invariably proved themselves ready to be as despotic and bigoted in the hour of triumph as any other persecutors. There was no real Toleration in William III. or his adherents. The enactments against the Roman Catholics, and the sufferings inflicted upon them, were as truly a wrong against Religious Freedom and Christian Charity, as any earlier suppression of prayer-meetings, or the "punishment of the Boot."[1]

This is not the fitting place to write the eulogy of the Quakers. Whatever may have been the extravagances of some among their earliest enthusiasts (who were punished for yielding to mere phrenzies and hallucinations, as though they were criminals or wild beasts), the Society of Friends have, for the greater part, proved their own superiority to their detractors, by the quietude and holiness of their lives, by their abstaining from intemperance and warfare, by their activity in all practical works of goodness, for the benefit of those who were in sickness, poverty, or misery. They, at least, have obeyed the words of their Master, in clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, tending the sick, and visiting the imprisoned. They have rebuked the unchristian lust of Conquest, and the madness of War. They have kept themselves free from the follies of Fashion, and the wasteful expenditure of Society. If they paid no heed to the graces of culture, the refinements of music, literature, and art, they at least were devoid of such sickly affectation as the assuming to be what they were not. We should have been unwilling to send forth this rude ballad of "The Quakers' Farewell," without adding a few words in defence or acknowledgment of a Society which is sincere in performance of what it holds to be the right: theirs is the one sect "Faithful found, among the Faithless."

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[1] See *Old Mortality*, cap. 36; and Burnet, *History Own Time*:—"So he [Maccail, a probationer preacher] was put to the torture, which in Scotland they call *the Boots;* for they put a pair of iron boots close on the leg, and drive wedges between these and the leg. The common torture was only to drive these in the calf of the leg: but I have been told they were sometimes driven upon the shin bone. He bore the torture with great constancy; and either he could say nothing, or he had the firmness not to discover those who had trusted him" (p. 160, edition 1875). This was in 1666, after the Battle of Pentlant Hill.

[Bagford Collection, III. 56.]

The Quakers Farewel to England,

Or,

Their Voyage to New *Jersey*, scituate on the Continent of *Virginia* and bordering upon *New England*.

To the Tune of, The Independents Voyaye to New England.

COme, Friends, let's away,
Since our *Yea* and *Nay*
In *England* is now slighted,
To the *Indians* wee'll goe,
And our *Lights* to them show,
That they be no longer benighted.

We'll teach them to Quake,
And wry Mouthes to make,
And pretend [to feel] Inspiration;
That the Priests that are there
Shall readily swear
We worship the Gods of their Nation.

For each *FRITAZIER*[1]
Is inspired there,
When the Spirit into him does enter,
And turnes up his Eyes,
And trembles likewise:
A Spark without peradventure.

Yet the World's People,
That worships at the Steeple,[2]
Will confidently aver it,
(Though it be a thing uncivil)
That it is the Devil,
That both of us call the Spirit.

Yet be it what it will,
So we get our fill
Of Riches, and good possessions;
When occasion shall be,
We can change, you shall see,
Both [our] Habits and our Professions.

The Country is good,
There's no want of Food;
'Tis fit for the Righteous to live in.
Nor need Sisters fear,
But this Country Cheere
Will make them plump and thriving.

For 'tis very meete
That such should well eate,

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[1] It may be that the name *Fritazier*, which we do not remember to have met elsewhere, was applied to the Medicine-man or professor of magic, among the North American Indians; such as the Rain-maker of the Mandans, Wak-a-dah-ha-hee, the White Buffalo's Heir, whom Catlin describes in his *Letters and Notes*. He was supposed to possess much influence with the Great Spirit. But, as shown by Fenimore Cooper, and as happened in other lands, the Indian people held those who were demented, whether ravingly insane or blunderingly idiotic, to be subject to special inspiration from the Unseen World, and thus entitled to veneration as well as protection.

[2] The *Steeple House* was the term applied to a church, by "the people who are called Quakers." "The Steeple House lands are ours," *Rump*, ii. 195.

And further Propagation,
Or else *ISRAEL'S* Race[1]
Will decay apace,
And leave us a Mock to the Nation.

There shall we be free,
And enjoy *LIBERTIE*,
No power our Will controules;
Then what greater Bliss
Could any of us wish,
Or desire from our very Soules?

With the *POPE* and the *TVRK*
We before made no work;
But if either now comes near us,
We'll let them both know,
That power we have now
Shall make them to Quake and fear us.

Neither *IVES*[2] nor *HICKS*,[3]
With all their Tricks,

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[1] The appellations *Levi* and *Israel* were often applied reproachfully to the Quakers, at this date. The previous leaf of Bagford Collection, iii. 55, holds a large type white-letter poem, of fifty lines, rhymed verse, beginning "O Times! O Manners! Whither's *Levi* fled, That Law and Gospel seem Abolished?" It is entitled "The Quaker's Wedding, October, 24. 1671." Printed for Rowland Reynolds, at the *Sun* and *Bible* in the *Poultry*, 1671: it is signed *Stevenson*. This was Matthew Stevenson, and it reappears in his *Norfolk Drollery*, 1673, p. 78. It is not necessary for us to give more than this reference.

[2] *Jeremiah Ives* wrote various theological treatises during 1658–72. Among them were *Innocency above Impudency*, 1656; *Quakers Quaking*, 1656 (answered by J. Nayler); *Confidence Encountered; Confidence Questioned; Eighteen Questions;* and *Vindiciae Veritatis*, 1672. His attacks on the Quakers were answered by Wm. Shewen, by Thomas Rudyard, and others, in 1674. He had, as an Anabaptist, assailed the practice of infant baptism, in 1655. There was a *John Ives*, a Quaker, who wrote *One Trumpet more sounded out of Sion*, 1661: but *Jeremy Ives* is our man.

[3] *Thomas Hicks* was a Puritan divine, who wrote *A Letter, or Word of Advice, to the Saints, known or unknown:* 1653. His *Three Dialogues between a Christian and a Quaker* bears date 1679. The two men, Jeremy Ives and Thomas Hicks, associated together (along with Wm. Kiffin, Tho. Plant, and Daniel Dike), were answered by the same Thomas Rudyard already mentioned, in 1674. His thirty-paged little pamphlet (two separately published sheets, sixteens), is entitled *The Anabaptists Printed Proposals*, bearing date the 12th

Shall baffle our Inquisition:
We'll make them to bend
If they dare here contend,
And come to a Examination. 60

These *BAPTISTS*, Alas!
Had a very bad Case,
To prove no Christianity
In Quakers is found,
Since we have good ground
For what we pretend to be. 66

Then why do we stay,
And make such delay,
When we to a *Canaan* are going?
For who stayes behind,
May afterwards find,
That it may cause their undoing. 72

They have proved already
Our Faith is not steady;
Therefore we no Christians can be,
Then next they will prove,
(If we do not remove)
Us guilty of Heresie. 78

Then will they perplex,
And the Outward Man vex,
We shall have no peace in our Quarters:
But if we get away,
The INFORMERS may
Go hang themselves in their own Garters. 84

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of October, 1674, subscribed by William Kiffin [&c., as above], *Briefly Discussed: and Jeremy Ives's late Parting Challenge to the Quakers Answered.* By a Lover of Truth, T. Rudyard.

A Hick is mentioned in one of the *Loyal Songs*, p. 38, about 1683:—

> Those Mushrooms (*i.e.* the *Whigs*) now have got
> Their Champion turn-coat *Hick*,
> But if the Naked truth were known,
> They'r assisted by Old Nick.
> *And a Tory I will be*, &c.

But this is Edm. Hickeringill, who wrote *The Naked Truth*: see p. 664, note 1.

In this Land we can live,
Get Money and thrive,
And follow our own Inventions,
In spite of all those
That seek to oppose
Our Zeal, or its pretentions.

To New *JERSEY*, with speed,
Come all *Friends* that need
Wealth, or large Possessions;
The *Indians* we'll make
To serve us and Quake,
And be Slaves to our Professions.

What they have is our own,
As plainly shall be shown;
For before us, *Israels* Race
The *Canaanites* did spoyle,[1]
And make them turmoyle,
For them in their own place.

London, Printed for *F. G*[*rove*]. 1675. With Allowance.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. The one we use on p. 729 is borrowed from Roxb. Coll., i. 94, representing the Duchess of Suffolk fleeing from religious persecution, in Queen Mary's days.]

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[1] Quite the contrary to such spoliation was shown: William Penn's treaty with the Indians being equitable and peaceful. This was in Oct. 1682, soon after he landed. The unrecalled calumnies on him in Macaulay's *History* injure the writer far more than the good Quaker, whose character has been vindicated elsewhere.

News from Chelmsford.

"Dear Madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man:
Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran!"
Swift: *The Grand Question Debated.* 1729.

LORD MACAULAY'S description of the character and position of the clergy during the reign of the last Stuarts has been shown to be distorted in outline and overcoloured.[1] Some bitter antagonism to parsondom must have been inherited from Zachary, yet without any balancing favour towards Quakerism. From a few caricatures or ribald ballads (such, for instance, as the one here given) it is scarcely fair to libel a whole class. There are, ever and anon, individual cases of clerical misdemeanor (few in proportion to the large number of the ordained priesthood), of which cases the utmost is greedily and maliciously made by

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[1] An answer was well given in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 283 (July, 1876), to Lord Macaulay's misrepresentation of the position, attainments, and morality of the English clergy during the reign of Charles the Second. But additional to that confutation, to us it appears that the historian's description of them and their families, although exaggerated so far as to become untruthful, applies with much more precision to a few generations later. When Macaulay writes "The wife [of the clergyman] had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well if she were not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favour;" he was wrongly biassed by remembering the gibes of Dean Swift on his contemporaries, some written half a century after the death of Charles. Thus, in his *Directions to Servants*, after ironically telling the waiting-maid how to make profitable concessions to her master, "although you are not half so handsome as his own lady;" and how she is "never to allow him the last favour under a hundred guineas, or a settlement of twenty pounds a year for life;" he continues: "In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers, the *chaplain*, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to choose the steward; but if you happen to be young [*query*, going] with child by my lord, *you must take up with the chaplain*." Also, in his Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition, 1700, he makes her, after losing her purse of money, say to him (then chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley and Galway, while she was housekeeper),

> "Parson," said I, "can you cast a nativity when a body's plunder'd?"
> (Now you must know, he hates to be called *parson*, like the *devil*!)
> "Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
> If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d'ye see,
> You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
> I was never taken for a *Conjuror* before, I'd have you to know."
> "Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
> You know I honour the cloth; *I design to be a parson's wife*;
> I never took one in *your coat* for a Conjuror in all my life."

The clergyman's wife in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, does not give one a high opinion of the class.

political Dissenters, and by their allies in destruction, the avowed sceptics or Freethinkers. When Dr. Dodd was executed for forgery, in 1777, there was an outcry raised against all "the cloth." The Church of England is always assailed *en masse* for every error of each individual son, in his unworthiness. When scandals arise, in the various sects that are so ready to decry, she does not imitate the unworthy example, and calumniate the collective body of that persuasion for the fault of any solitary preacher, elder, or class-leader. Let them rave against her who will: she has wrought good work among the poor, controlling their oppressors. Her chief fault is intestinal disunion. The extravagances of Ritualism are not counteracted by the ravings of Low Church, or the soul-deadening rationalism of the latitudinarian "Broad." The Bishops seem powerless, except to inflict injury on the clergy; who work on, without losing heart or hope.[1]

Dryden has given a masterly description of the result to be expected, should factious Nonconformity ever succeed in overthrowing the Church of England:—

> Without a vision poets can foreshow
> What all but fools by common sense may know:
> If true succession from our Isle should fail,
> And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
> Not thou nor those thy factious arts engage
> Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage,
> With which thou flatterest this decrepid age.
> The swelling poison of the several sects,
> Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
> Shall burst its bag; and fighting out their way
> The various venoms on each other prey. &c.—*The Medal*, 1682.

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[1] There is almost as much of rival-University sarcasm against Cambridge, as of parson-hating rancour, in this ballad, from an Oxford press. But it is of the same class as the earlier tales of ribaldry, pointed against monks and friars, in "Reformation" days. Truth was not needed as a foundation. So that the narrative were laughable, dirty, and sufficiently libellous, no more was required. Stories to the discredit of Churchmen preserve the traditional attractions. But dainty folks, who gloat over the letters of Eloisa to Abelard (whom her indignant uncle had mutilated similarly to Susan's paramour), either in the *Troyes* correspondence, or in Alexander Pope's versification, will affect to be scandalized by the plain-speaking of this "Bloody News from Chelmsford." They prefer the veiled impurity of her request: "Give all thou can'st, and let me dream the rest:" The Troyes manuscript reads:—"Concupiscentia te mihi potius quam amicitia sociavit, libidinis ardor potius quam amor. Ubi igitur quod desiderabas cessavit, quicquid propter hoc exhibebas pariter evanuit." Pope had documentary evidence of Eloisa's request; although we believe the "Letters" to be as apocryphal as is the tomb of these lovers at Père la Chaise. He had also similar authority for her other acknowledged desire, "make me mistress to the man I love!" It reads: "Dulcius mihi semper exstitit amicæ vocabulum aut si non indigneris, concubinæ vel scorti. Charius mihi et dignius videretur tua dici meretrix quam Augusti imperatrix." We copy our exemplar *literatim*.

[Bagford Collection, III. 60.]

Bloody News from Chelmsford:

Or,

A Proper New Ballad,

CONTAINING

A true and perfect Relation of a most barbarous Murder committed upon the Body of a Country *Curate*, who died of a great Wound given him in the *bottom of his Belly*, by a most Cruel *Country*-fellow, for being too familiar with his Wife.

To the Tune of *Chevy Chase*.[1]

GIve o'er, ye rhiming *Cavaliers*,
That jeer'd at every turn;
And sung how *Jane* towards *Elders Cur*
In flames of love did burn.[2]
You too that writ how *Peters Hugh*,
Was *Butchers* Cuckold-maker;[3]
Or penn'd the Courtship past between
She-Filly and the *Quaker*.[4]

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[1] *Vide* pp. 390–92, *ante*.

[2] An allusion to the ballad-broadside (Bagford Coll., iii. 57), printed in 1647, and reprinted in 1677 by D. Mallet. It is also in the rare "*Rump*" *Collection* of 1660, at beginning, and in the enlarged 1662 edition, i. 350. It was written by Sir John Birkenhead, and commences with "All Christians and Lay-Elders too." It is reported to have been founded on fact, and certainly there is a broadside ballad on a precisely similar event in Wood's Coll., E. 25, fol. 145; on the Execution of Mary Higgs and her Dog, 18th July, 1677. It is entitled "A Looking Glass for Wanton Women;" to the tune, "In Summer time." It begins "To a sad story now give ear, Of one who lived in this land." Printed for P. Brooksby. Dryden writes in *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part II.,

> But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
> The Dog that never heard the statute read.

[3] There were many scandalous stories currently related of Hugh Peters, the Parliamentary preacher, who was executed for high treason on 16th Oct. 1660. One, in particular (glanced at in the *Rump Coll.*, i. 341, 1662), alluding to this intrigue with a butcher's wife. Collections of *facetiæ* entitled *Hugh Peters' jests* are still extant, although scarce, but are neither amusing nor "edifying." In *Hudibras, his Heroical Epistle*, lines 305, 306, 1678, refer to Burgess and Hugh Peters:—

> Some precious gifted Teachers,
> Unrev'rently reputed Leachers.

[4] This probably refers to the ballad entitled "The Four-Legged Quaker," also attributed to Birkenhead, beginning "All you that have two, or but one ear," in *Rats Rimed to Death*, 1660, p. 73. *Rump*, i. 358.

But come Droll-rampant *Hudibras*,
Laureat of Garden-Paris,
Bring me the great *Bruino's* spoils,[1]
(That Champion that so rare is.)

For I would do as *Nero* fell
With *Primitive Christians* did;
I'd make a *Cassock* for my *Priest*,
And bait him in *Bear's* hide.

In *Essex* (which like *Affrick* still
Some *Monster* is a yeilding, [*Colt*.[2]
Where once was bred a *Round-headed*
And now a *Cavalier Gelding*.)

Neer *Chelmsford* Town [3] a certain grave
Conforming Parson [4] dwelt,
Chast from the Navil to the Teeth;
Yet this good man was *Gelt*.

Dull Laymen have small reverence
For any man of worth;
A Churlish *whorson* did the feat,
Sad hint for Holder-forth!

He dreaded not his Ghostly face,
Nor Circle of his Girdle,
But slash't him like to *Traitor*, new
Cut down, and laid on *Hurdle*.

Now you that would the story know,
That nothing may escape us,
Hark how poor *Levite* came to dy
A Martyr to *Priapus*.

There liv'd a crafty *boorish wight*
Neer Palace Sacerdotal,[5]
Whose Spouse most amiable was,
The *Sum* of Beauty *Total*.

Lovelier then she for whom *Jove* turn'd
Himself to milk-white *Bull* a:
Fair *Rosamond* was not so bright,
Nor half so comely *Trulla*.[6]

Sweeter then smiles of Infant day,
(As *Servant* Cant's to *Mistress*)
Ah! 'twas the Sorcery of *that Face*,
Led Teacher into distress.

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[1] *Id est*. Talgol the Bearwarden's hairy companion, *Orsin*, so powerfully described as to lift the burlesque of Butler's poem almost into sublimity:—

The gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin;
Clad in a mantle *della guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian King,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as Heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.

(*Hudibras*. Part 1st, Canto 1, published this same year, 1663.) Paris-Garden (line 10), Bankside, had its baited bears before 1526.

[2] Reference is here made to another Civil-War ballad, entitled "News from *Colchester*" (Horkesley, near Colchester); to the tune of, Tom of Bedlam; beginning "All in the Land of Essex." It is in the *Rump*, 1660, p. 6; 1662 edit., i. 354; but was written a few years earlier by Sir John Denham (or by John Cleaveland, among whose works also it is printed: *J. C. Revived*, p. 64).

[3] The market town of Chelmsford, built at the confluence of the rivers Chelmer, Can, and Wid, bears in its name a token of what it was, and was called, in early years, Chelmer's-ford: before the bridges were raised to cross the streams. Another *Essex Ballad* follows this, in iii. 61.

[4] We suppose Bever to be his name (see line 190). He was certainly one of those Independent or Presbyterian ministers, who had been instituted during the Commonwealth anarchy, and who (see line 22), in the previous year, had *conformed* to the Act of 1662, to avoid being ejected.

[5] Chelmsford is the seat of the Archdeaconry, in the diocese of Rochester; and it may be the Archidiaconal residence is here intended.

[6] Another reference to Butler's evidently admired *Hudibras*, Part 1st, Canto 2:

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As *Joan* of *France* or *English Mall*, &c. (See our pp. 309, 310.)

He spy'd *her* first from Pulpit high,
In *pause*, the first Pray'r after,
When zeal had turn'd up white of ey
To stare on Churches rafter.

(Quoth he to self,) why stand I here
(Giving the glass a jolt)
To *utter* Sermon by *retail*,
Which might be done by *Dolt?*

Is not *yon Woman* purer *Text*
To handle then an *Homily?*
Sure 'twould be *fruitful* truth to teach
Her, duties of a Family.

Thus having thought, in haste he read
To people *printed hurry;*
Yet, that he could not say't *by heart*,
For *her* sake he was sorry:

For now at spawling[1] *intervals*
His eye did onely taste her,
But *race was run* with greater speed
Then *Nun* saies *Pater Noster.*

The *Swain* her *Husband* all this time
Watch't whilst the *Parson Pray'd;*
He mark't his *leers* when finger was
At end of Sentence laid.

Observ'd those *Arrows shot* from sight
At his fair *But* was level'd,
But swore the *Priest* had better bin
In mothers womb *be-divel'd.*

Psalm sung, As from *Cornelius* Tub,[2]
The *Parson* came down, *reeking;*
And till he found that *Hobnails* house
Vow'd never to lin seeking.[3]

At last he came to humble *Cot*,
Shrine where his Goddess was;
Doublet of *Straw*, Breeches of *Clay*,
And fundament of *Grass.*

In *Age* of *Gold*, as Poet tells,
(*Who seldome see such day*)
This was the place where *Vertue slept*
Upon a lock of Hay.

The *Dame*, right busy at her work,
Sweet butter was a churning;
When at the *motion* of the stick
Priest's bowels fell a yeirning.

Fair *Nymph* (said he) *incontinent*,
Lay by thy *Typical* Churn;
(And then the Varlet turn'd aside
To steal a lecherous giern.)[4]

Phy (*Angel* blest) why should that hand
A *wooden* Instrument hold,
Design'd to wield a better *thing*
Then Scepter made with Gold?

Excellent Creature! be as kinde
As fair. "*An heart obdurate,*
"*Is Satan's Anvil*, where he *knocks:*
Shall *he knock*, and not *Curate?*

O Woman, put the *Dev'l behinde*,
But put the *priest before:*
Full many a *She* for *Cloke-divine*,
Hath done as much, or more.

When I commenced *Batchelor*,
All *Cambridge* did adore me:
Why should a thing of feeble Sex
Think much to *fall* before me.

This said; "Nay, *Pish*," the good Wife
"*Nay, stand away, for shame!* [cry'd:
"*Are you a Minister, and care*
No more for a good Name?"

Good Name[5] (quoth he)? with that *She*
And so they snugg'd together: [smil'd;
But he had better slept i' th' street,
Then in her Bed of Feather:

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[1] Between the lecture-divisions. *Spawls* are branches of a tree.

[2] Probably this alludes to Henry Cornelius Agrippa, 1486–1535, who, by his practice of physic (including the copious use of hot-baths as sudorifics), secured less notoriety than by his supposed practice of nigromancy.

[3] I.e. to *cease* searching. See Nares. Thus "Who never *lins* to run."—*The Return from Parnassus.* 1602 (true date).

[4] *Girn*, for grin. The word is often used in Scotland, and in the border-counties. "What are ye girnin' at, ye gowk?" *Gerne*, is to yawn or gape.

[5] The quotational commas of the original are by turns either omitted or

For just about that fatal hour
When *Dev'l* came for *Doctor-Faustus*;[1] as *Key of Lead* had him,
And in a dead *Sleep* lockt her;
The jealous *Bumpkin* blunders in:
Unseasonable Guest!
Welcome as stones in Oats to Horse,
Or *Skull* at *Egypt-Feast*.

O Caitiff vile, said *Country-man*;
And catcht him by the throat:
I'll wreck my malice on thy blood,
Thou curst *Canonical-Goat*.

"*Make me a Cuckold, Reading Rogue!*
"*No Pulpit serve but* Susan's?
"*Must* Susan's *Smock your Surplice be*?
"*I'll take away that Nusance.*

"*Good husband*, (quoth the panting wife)
"*Proceed in wrath no further,*
"*Lest you be turn'd out Churches pale*
"*For one committing murder.*

"*Sir, gentle Sir*, the Priest reply'd,
As well as he could speak;
For *Pesant* held his Gouty Fist
Hard on his Enemies Neck.

As *Tunes*, when Finger's taken off,
From *Flajolet* do come,
So issu'd words from *Curate's* mouth,
When *Lout* remov'd his *Thumb*.

"*Sir! I confess that I have wrong'd*
"*You, and your loving Wife.*
"*Confess and hang*, cry'd surly Boor;
(And strait he drew his *Knife*.)

The glitt'ring Blade, as keen as that
Which *Felton* bought near *Tow'r*,[2]
Made *Susan's* heat go *Pit-a-pat*,
And *Lovers* face look sow'r.

"*Hold, honest Friend*, Sir *Roger* cry'd;
"*What? wilt thou take my life?*
"*No:* but I'll *seize* those *arms* wherewith
Thou hast subdu'd my Wife.

Though *Theologu'* wept, and *Wife* did
Churl slighted words and tears; [beg,
And at one *gash* from *Curate* took
Musquet and *Bandaliers*.

Thus *RUMP* in *Forest* not content
To *fell* down *Timber* tall,
Fanatiqu' Slaves stubb'd *root and branch*,
Nay, *Underwoods*, and all

"*Now, Sir*, (said *Swain*) *if e're you*
"*Hereafter to be Pope*, [*chance*
"*There will not need a sacred Chair*
"*Your Holiness to grope*.[3]

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added, with no more discrimination than if they had been shaken from a pepper-caster. Compare line 102. The *Italic*-type, moreover, is flung about with reckless profusion, beyond fear of exhaustion. We preserve these peculiarities; even as Walker did, forbidden to soften a wart or bristle, when painting Oliver's portrait.

[1] The black-letter ballad of Faustus, "The Judgment of God showed upon *John Faustus*, Doctor in Divinity," is in Bagford Coll., ii. 55, but relinquished by us to Mr. Chappell, it being also in Roxb. Coll., ii. 235, and iii. 280. It is to the tune of "Fortune my Foe" and begins "All Christian men, give ear a while to me." Reprinted in *Mermaid* edit. of Marlowe, p. 307.

[2] John Felton, when preparing to assassinate the first George Villiers, in 1628. As confessed by him:—"At a cutler's shop on Tower Hill he bought a tenpenny knife, and, as his left hand was maimed, he sewed a sheath for it into his pocket [so] that he might draw it easily with one hand. As he passed through Fleet Street he went into a church and left his name to be prayed for as 'a man much discontented in mind.' So he passed on to Portsmouth, making his way on foot, with what help he could get to ride some portion of the way. On the morning of the 23rd [August, 1628] he was at Mason's house, ready for his victim."—S. R. Gardiner's *England under Charles the First and Buckingham*, vol. ii. page 340.

[3] Elkanah Settle took the hint from this ballad of 1663, or from a similar

" *Go, go, live chaste, as Clergy should,*
" *Course taken by your betters,*
" *But come not near to* London-*town,*
For there live Capon-eaters.[1] 176

But lo! while *Scoundrel* thus did taunt
The man of holy Function,
Wife well perceiv'd that body spent
Had need of *extream Unction.* 180

Then did she wring her sweating Palms,
And loudly did complain:
But sighs and groans, and bellows-snout,
To *dying* Bums are vain. 184

The blood continually ran
From *place* as *bare* as *Common;*
Yet, *even then,* good *Curate* cast
A dying *glaunce* at *Woman.* 188

" *Farewel,* said he: *bid Parsons all*
" *Beware of* Bever's *fate:*[2]
" *For when they shall be serv'd like me,*
" *Their dumps will be too late.* 192

" This said,—the *Curates* mortal *Cask,*
With Ribband *hoopt* about,
Roll'd down the Hill, and *slipp'ry* Life
For want of *Tap ran out.* 196

The EPITAPH.

COurteous Reader! underneath
These Spires of fading Grass
Lies Curate, who (if Wives may judge)
An able Preacher *was.*

We hope his Soul in Heav'n is safe,
(*Though some scarce think so can:*)
For, though he *sometimes liv'd* upright,
He *di'd no* Perfect Man.

OXFORD, Printed in the Year MDCLXIII.

[In White-letter. Four columns of verses. No woodcuts.]

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allusion elsewhere, and in his *Female Prelate,* 1680, makes a Cardinal say, after the discovery that Pope John VIII. is Pope Joan:—

How shall we guard our Mother Churche's brightness
From new pollutions; fence her holy Throne
From new Impostors; from all future Sorceries?

To which another Cardinal replies, describing the safeguard:—

Thus then, the Coronation Porphyry
On which *Rome's* installed Bishop, Heaven's
Lieutenant, takes his great Commission,
Shall thro' it have that subtle concave form'd
Thro' which a reverend Matron's hand—

Cardinal.—Now by yon Stars inspir'd by some good Angel,
I guess thy glorious purpose, &c.—(Act v. last scene.)

Compare *Hudibras,* Part I. canto 3, lines 1249, 1250, edition 1744 (and Dr. Zachary Grey's note thereon):—

The Cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made Pope.

Such were the chaste pleasantries indulged in, at the expense of the Roman Catholic Church. And there were liberal donations given, especially during the Plot terror, for the Pope-burnings in November. This was *Protestantism!*

[1] D'Urfey's "Caponides," "Some blooming honour get," is in *Pills,* ii. p. 1.
[2] See note 4, p. 737. "A martyr to Priapus" (the deformed garden-god).

GROUP OF ELECTION BALLADS.

"What is the matter, you dissentious rogues? . . .
He that will give good words to ye, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun."—*Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. 1.

WE possess in this Collection an important group of Parliamentary Election Ballads, and nearly all apparently of the same date, 1679–80. They relate to Essex, Buckinghamshire, Wiltshire, and the Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. It may be well for us, probably, before entering on the individual details of each locality, if we here give a brief chronological note of the five Parliaments held during the reign of Charles the Second.[1]

His first was scarcely fully constituted, amid the confusion of the time, and was regarded by the King himself as the *Convention* Parliament. Its date was April 25th, 1660, to December 29th of the same year.

The long Cavalier-Parliament we may consider as being the

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[1] On fol. 66 of this same third volume, Bagford Collection, is a rhymed-verse broadsheet, in white-letter, entitled "The Glory of the English Nation; or, an Essay on the Birthday of King *Charles* the Second." It begins, "The joys of this day one and fifty year, My *Pigmy Muse* means not now to declare." It bears the imprint, *London*, Printed for *W. Bucknel*, 1681 (but so far pared away as to be almost lost); and refers to May 29th, 1660. It is addressed to the London citizens, remonstrating with them for their disloyal inconstancy, "Is not the King the same, God that day sent?" It ends thus:—

Summon your Reason and your Loyalty,
The Cheat will bare-fac'd then appear and fly;
The Brain-sick-Fools, the disoblig'd Knaves then,
And Jesuites will prove the plotting Men:
Their Maxim is, Divide and Rule; Great *Jove*,
Knit us with the Bands of an entire Love,
Unite our Hearts. Great God, as thou art one,
There can be but one true Religion;
Heal our Divisions then, teach us to pray,
To the same God one and the self-same way,
And let us (one and all, together sing)
Long live Great Charles, our good and glorious King.

second. It was stigmatized as the *Pensionary Parliament.*[1] It met on May 8th, 1660, and lasted until 24th January, 167⅞, having by that time changed from the clamorous and servile loyalty, of the beginning, merciless against Republicans, to a still more uncontrollable and factious insubordination. There was an ominous arrogating to itself the control of legal procedure. Parliament became tyrannical and autocratic, expelling such members as dared to repress its violence.

The third, or *Habeas Corpus Parliament,* met on March 6th, 167⅞, and resumed the impeachment of Danby. It showed a determination to exceed its angry predecessor in opposing the Court, and seemed desirous of imitating the Parliament which had dethroned and slain Charles the First. It was found so impracticable that it was prorogued on May 27th, 1679, to the 14th August, but dissolved on July 10th, the same year.

The whole country was in commotion during August and

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[1] This name of the *Pensionary Parliament* was given to it after the year 1672, and before its dissolution in 1679, because many of the members were known to have accepted bribes of money, or lucrative offices from the Court, and to have sold their votes accordingly. Immediately after the House met on Oct. 13th, 1675, being the fifteenth Session, "the Commons being informed of a public report That many of their Members were Pensioners to the Court, resolved to oblige all their Members to take an oath, by which they were to protest, that they had not received any money from the Court, since the first of January, 1672." Whether this resolution was executed seems doubtful; but the form of oath is preserved. The fact is, it was too sharp a remedy to suit some consciences, for it cut both ways. It not only disavowed the receipt of any "grant, pension, gratuity, or reward, or any promise of any such office, place, or command, of or from his Majesty, or out of any money, treasure or estate, of or belonging to his Majesty;" but also, most inconveniently for those who had not been tampered with on that one side, it added, "or of, from, or *by any foreign Ambassador or Minister,*" etc. Though even here, being intended originally to act only against the Court-party, the receivers of secret bribes from Holland and France to oppose their King, took care to add a limitation to the forswearing such ambassadorial pensions: that it was in such cases as had been done "with the knowledge of his Majesty." We have Barillon's clear declarations (see the Dalrymple papers) that his master, Louis XIV., in his tortuous policy, stirred-up dissension in the English Parliament against its lawful sovereign. We have his record of the large sums paid, some being annual pensions, to the patriotic members; who, while accepting these corrupt wages, most loudly inveighed against such others as were bribed by the Court. It was not to the sale of influence, the degradation of soul, that William Russell and others of the Shaftesbury party objected. It was only to Charles or his brother being benefited by anything they were selling themselves to accomplish. That Russell did not personally accept a bribe for himself, counts little in extenuation. He "did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission schemes for embarrassing his own sovereign. . . . His principles *and his fortune alike raised him above* temptation of a sordid kind," are Macaulay's admissions. Algernon Sydney was of much grander nature than Russell and the rest of these confederates, but his honoured name is in the list of those intriguers who accepted the bribes of Lewis to secure his own ends.

September, in electioneering contests, preparing for the *Fourth Parliament*, which was summoned to meet in October, 1679. But it was prorogued, and did not actually meet until October 21st, 1680. During the interval there had been presentation of rival addresses, the angry Petitioners for an early meeting of Parliament being answered by loyal "Abhorrers," who supported the Crown (see pp. 749, etc.). Further prorogued to 10th January, it was dissolved on the 18th.

Lastly, came the fifth or *Oxford Parliament*, of eight days, which met on March 21st, and was dissolved on March 28th, 1681. The nation saw itself on the verge of Civil War, and, remembering what anarchy and fanaticism had done of old, was more disposed to support the King's authority.[1] Thenceforward Charles ruled without a Parliament until his death, Feb. 5, 168½.

Although angry passions among the middle and lower classes secured a majority for their representative Whigs at the elections, there is evidence to prove that the more sober and thoughtful part of the community, especially the large holders of property, were not carried away by the same fanatical excitement. Hallam gives a decisive answer on this question. He cannot be accused of a tendency to favour the Court, the clergy, or the landed gentry. His opinion, therefore, has the more weight, when he opposes the popular prejudices[2] of his party.

The Parliament of 1679 had shown an ominous preponderance of discontented enemies ranged against the King and his brother; against the Court-party, and the orthodox clergy. Short as was their session, the Commons used their power so unwisely that they forfeited the confidence of moderate men. The basest

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[1] Thus in The Riddle of the Roundhead: a Loyal Song, 1681, we read:—

Rowley now with Wisdom and grave Reason,
To prevent the swift approaching Treason,
In season,
Put a period to their strife;
In *Oxford* all the stratagems confounded,
The Roguish *Joyner* too; [*Stephen College*]
And may no better Fate attend the *Roundhead*,
That wou'd the *Church* and *Monarchy* subdue.

[2] "It appears that the ardent zeal against Popery in the smaller freeholders must have overpowered the natural influence of the superior classes. The middling and lower orders, particularly in towns, were clamorous against the Duke of York and the evil counsellors of the Crown. *But with the country gentlemen popery was scarce a more odious word than fanaticism;* the memory of the late reign and of the usurpation was still recent, and in the violence of the Commons, in the insolence of Monmouth and Shaftesbury, in the bold assaults upon hereditary right, they saw a faint image of that confusion which had once impoverished and humbled them."—Hallam's *Constitutional Hist. of England*, ii. 443, cab. edit., 1872.

slanders continued to be circulated, even after the Plot slaughters began to abate. Thus Charles was unblushingly accused of having murdered Godfrey:—

'Twas a Blast of Royal Breath, *with a Hey, with a Hey,*
Gave *Godfrey* his Death, *with a Ho.*
'Twas contriv'd by the Elf,
My Brother, and myself.
With a Hey Tronny Nonny Nonny No.—*State Poems*, iii. 71.

It is a general habit, almost universal, to rail at Charles the Second: most of our writers being avowedly of extremely "liberal" tendencies, although their devotion to freedom in these days is a very safe profession, and not often to be trusted longer than while it suits their purpose. Without attempting the unnecessary and arduous task of defending him against multitudinous accusations, we should be lacking honesty and courage if we did not avow a deliberate conviction that, for almost all the arbitrary proceedings of the last five years of his reign, the blame rests less on him than on those still more tyrannical and factious demagogues, who set his lawful authority at defiance. It was the rebelliousness within the House itself, shielded and encouraged under a pretence of "privilege," which at length caused him to throw off the lazy indifference of his character. He had been slothful and overpowered by sensual enjoyments. He had yielded to his besetting tendency, and sauntered idly and good-humouredly through life, as he did through his parks; sufficiently amused by feeding his water-fowl, sometimes trifling with an angle,[1] and pleased with making the pet spaniels of his Court as comfortable as their little hearts could wish.[2] Even

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[1] Thus Lord Rochester writes, in his Poem entitled "Windsor":—

Methinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant Angle trembling in his hand:
Pleas'd with the sport, good man; nor does he know
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative indeed of God,
Whose sceptre's dwindled to a fishing-rod!—*State Poems Cont.*, i. 43.

[2] An Anthem on the 30th of January, 1696, reads (tune of John Dory):—

A Merry Monarch as e'er liv'd,
Yet scandalous and poor a:
His Dogs at Council-board wou'd sit,
Like Judges in their Furs a,
'Twas hard to say which had most wit,
The Monarch or his Curs a.
Secret History of the Calves-Head Club, 5th ed. 1705, p. 37.

This description of the dogs at the Council-board (the first three lines) is borrowed from Rochester's *History of Insipids*, 1676, in *State Poems*, i. 150.

The precise Evelyn is careful to record his dainty dislike to the favour shown

his Court-circle of mistresses was kept up so expensively, more from gratitude for past endearments than for present pleasure. He let the ladies jilt or plunder him without remonstrating, showing the same philosophical forbearance to them, as he had done in regard to the bitter sarcasms, lampoons or satires, with which he had been assailed by such thankless reprobates as Rochester and Buckingham. It was easy for a disaffected Republican to sneer at the King's listless habits, and do his utmost to bring monarchy into contempt. "When plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb," he could mock at the proverbial poverty of Charles, who was lavish towards favourites, but free from all miserly and greedy care for himself. In language coarser than any Cavalier would use, Andrew Marvell insults the women lawfully married to his sovereign and to his sovereign's brother, and also foully satirizes those others whose bonds were only silken. In a less bitter mood, some other writer describes the King as saying,

> I'll wholly abandon all publick affairs,
> And pass all my time with buffoons and players,
> And saunter to *Nelly* when I should be at prayers.
>
> I'll have a fine pond with a pretty decoy,
> Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,
> And still in their language quack *Vive le Roy*![1]

Others had tried remonstrances and ridicule to arouse Charles, that he might take more interest in politics, and assume the reins of Government himself. His easy disposition deceived them. They found, in time, when too much advantage was being taken of his lassitude, that he could buckle to business, and circumvent those who long had plotted against him. They had scorned King Log. They were now to fear King Stork, whom they had themselves summoned. He had declared himself ready to yield consent to any amount of restrictions on his successor, to form safeguards of government and religion. But they would accept nothing less than the total exclusion of James, for the advantage of Monmouth, and ultimately of the Orange interest. Not only brotherly affection, but a desire to avoid civil war, kept Charles firm. Yet was he not rash and headstrong. "*You* may be willing to travel again, but I am not!" he said to James. Fully aroused to a knowledge of his own danger, he turned against his foes their own weapons. All the perversions

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to the (quadruped) female-dogs:—"King Charles II. . . . tooke great delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive."—*Diary*, 4th Feb. 168⅔.

[1] Not Marvell: see *Fuller Worthies' Library* edit. of his Works, i. 433.

and strainings of the law, which they had adopted, he now continued for their punishment. He exerted arbitrary rule, it is true:[1] but they had by their own tyranny and misconduct forced him in self-defence to become a tyrant.

That he did not imperil his own life and crown by resisting Parliament, to save Lord Stafford and Archbishop Plunket, both of whom he believed innocent, is the worst we know of him. That he was a pensioner and tool of Lewis is almost as bad, and we look on the judicial murder of Algernon Sidney with horror and reproach. But, as to the nation itself, the chief offence that can be justly charged against him was his governing the country without a Parliament during all the last year of his life. The interval had been too great. How long he might have continued successfully to do this, if he had not died, can scarcely be guessed. There was no renewal of the subsidy from France, and therefore the need of supply would have been soon felt. He was not wholly destitute of funds, and his revived popularity had not faded. Grievous faults he possessed, as all men knew, but his personal attractiveness, his charm of manner, and its contrast to the overbearing spirit shown by men who tried to thrust him from the throne, kept toleration for him in most hearts, if not affection. The graver sins of his reign, the judicial murders, were, let it be remembered, performed with outward forms of law. No baseness of judges, or juries, or witnesses, on the Court side, was unexampled and unequalled by the iniquities previously performed under the connivance of the Parliament. It was the House of Commons that showed

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[1] Those who cherish the old delusion about Charles's arbitrary acts may profit by the words of Hallam:—

"The fundamental privileges of the subject were less invaded, the prerogative swerved into fewer excesses, during the reign of Charles the Second than in any former reign of equal length. Thanks to the patriotic energies of Selden and Eliot, of Pym and Hampden, the constitutional boundaries of royal power had been so well established that no minister was daring enough to attempt any flagrant and general violation of them. The frequent Session of Parliament, and its high estimation of its own privileges, furnished a security against illegal taxation. Nothing of this sort has been imputed to the government of Charles, the first King of England, perhaps, whose reign was wholly free from such a charge. And as the nation happily escaped the attempts that were made after the Restoration to revive the Star-chamber and high commission courts, there were no means of chastising political delinquencies except through the regular tribunals of justice and through the verdict of a jury. Ill as the one were often constituted, and submissive as the other might often be found, they afforded something more of a guarantee, were it only by the publicity of their proceedings, than the dark and silent divan of courtiers and prelates who sat in judgment under the two former Kings of the house of Stuart."—*Const. Hist. of England*, iii. 2.

a thirst for blood in the execution of the Regicides, after the Restoration. It was virtually the same House that hastened the execution of later victims, slain by the perjuries of Oates and Bedloe. That James of York was remorselessly cruel, beyond all comparison with Charles, is written in the story of the Western Assizes and the fate of Monmouth. Charles had superior qualities, a better disposition, and more faithful friends. We cease to blame him for the irregularity of attempting to govern without a Parliament, when we remember what had been his experience of those already dismissed, and what had befallen his own father. His revocation of the municipal charters was certainly ungenerous, if not illegal; but it was a clever piece of jugglery, by which alone he obtained his later successes with the juries. Wrong-doers were outwitted at their own game. He had, unwillingly, assumed the reins of government, but those who had mocked and defied him, or plotted his overthrow, found that he could curb their unruly factions. Evidently, he grew weary of the exertion, and was not sorry when the play was over. The lights had burnt dim, the rouge and tinsel of the actors were undisguised, the music grew discordant. Time to ring the bell, to let the curtain fall, and leave the stage to be filled by another company of mountebanks.

Cedes coëmptis saltibus, et domo
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes: et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.—*Hor. Carm.*, ii. 3.

The Esser Ballad.

"From *Essex* Anabaptist Jaws,
And from *Norfolk* Plough-tail Laws,
From *Abigail's* pure tender zeal,
Whiter than a *Brownist's* veal,
From a sergeant's Temple pickle,
And the Brethren's Conventicle.
From roguish meetings, or Cutpurse-hall,
And *New-England*, worst of all,
Libera nos Domine."

A Letany, in *Merry Drollery*, Part ii. 1661.

NO tune is named to this "Essex Ballad," but the one intended was no doubt the same that was known afterwards (from the burden) as "An Orange;" still earlier "A Pudding;" but, probably, the earliest of all, "With a Fadding" (see p. 184).

Essex held an unhappy supremacy in discontentedness. It seems to have afflicted its inhabitants with agues and catarrhs, so that they never knew ease, but were perpetually factious and heretical, ill-conditioned in mind and body, prone to political and irreligious dissent, troublesome to themselves and to their neighbours. Every strange doctrine found disciples there. Kegs of contraband spirits, and seditious pamphlets or vitriolic theology, were smuggled in from Holland. Weak minds and weak stomachs were incessantly craving fresh supplies of both. They had that special ill-luck, which attended some well-known families in disturbed times, to be always on the losing side. If by a rare chance their favourite principles for an hour prevailed, they perversely changed politics in the moment of triumph. Whipping and imprisonment, fines and halters, were so habitually a part of their experience, that they could not relinquish the being persecuted, even when their foes were overthrown. Had the song been composed early enough for their convenience, an Essex choir would most cordially have sung—

We bipeds made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of sorrow;
And tho' brisk and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow:
For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together!

Anabaptists, Brownists, Family-of-Love proselytes, and all other obscure sectaries throve congenially amid the discomforts of Essex. They quarrelled among themselves, as a matter of

course, and suicide was a favourite conclusion of each individual's career, or else emigration to the shores of New England.

Calvinism undiluted was the jovial beverage. Malice and evil-speaking were their bonds of social intercourse. Let us hope that modern innovations have effected some change for the better. Even Essex cannot have proved utterly irreclaimable. Drainage and civilization may have carried off some ill-humours, and the Great-Eastern embankments raised the present race above the low level of their ancestors, or effected a total transmutation of stock.

The following verses, and also the Wiltshire Ballad (Bagford Coll., iii. 63), bring before our view the disturbed state of the country in 1680, when many petitions were being signed and presented, regretting or demanding the resumption of Parliamentary sittings. The King had found the Commons petty-minded and obstructive, hot in passion and prejudice. Even the Lords were far from conciliatory, or subservient to his most cherished desires. We know, but the malcontents only suspected, how it was with the encouragement of Louis XIV., who furnished money as well as advice, that Charles was now attempting to govern without a Parliament. In the last years of his reign he was consequently harassed by remonstrances. There was a town-and-country party of *Petitioners*, for the re-assembling of Parliament. Opposed to them was a Court-party (not necessarily of Popish inclination), who took the expressive title of *Abhorrers*.[1]

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[1] Three extracts from Sir John Reresby's *Memoirs* may find welcome here, Pepys's Diary not extending to this date. July, 1680: "A petition was offered this assizes to the grand jury [at York] from some of the anti-Court party for the sitting of the Parliament, in the name of the whole county. One Mr. Darcey being of the grand jury, instead of receiving the petition, tore it in pieces; and the next day there met at least fifty gentlemen who desired me to draw up something *to express an abhorrence* of such proceedings (the King being the only fit judge when Parliament ought to sit). I drew it, and all the gentlemen subscribed it; the judge was sent to, and made acquainted with it by the high sheriff, and desired to make it known to His Majesty, which he did accordingly. The King took it well, but we were complained of for it in the House of Commons the next session of Parliament, and got off very hardly."—*Memoirs*, J. J. Cartwright's edition, p. 187. They met on Oct. 22. Reresby records, "Those gentlemen of Yorkshire and others, which had counter-petitioned or declared their abhorrence to the late tumultuary petitioning for the Parliament's sitting, were voted betrayers of the liberties of the people and abettors of arbitrary power." And again, on November 7:—"Attending at the King's supper, I told him I was threatened by some of the House of Commons to be called to an account for writing the abhorrence, and signing of it with the rest of the Yorkshire gentlemen. He answered me thus: 'Do not trouble yourself; I will stick by you, and my old friends; for if I do not, I shall have nobody to stick by me.'"—*Ibid.* p. 190.

Here's a Health to the King, and his Lawful Successors,
To honest *Tantivies*, and Loyal *Addressors ;*
But a Pox take all those, that promoted *Petitions*,
To poyson their Nation, and stir up seditions, &c.[1]

After Parliament met, in October, they were asked in the King's Speech to devise what they could "for the security of the Protestant religion, provided they did not offer to divert the direct line of succession." But this was the very thing they most desired to effect. All the proffered restrictions and safeguards they determinately scorned, their personal hatred or fear of the Duke of York over-ruled other policies and common prudence. They were unscrupulous in language against him, abusing the privileges of Parliament. The Commons passed the Exclusion Bill, and sent it up to the Lords, where the chief speaker in its favour was the "Achitophel" Earl of Shaftesbury. Against it, laboured the Earl of Halifax. "Having a great deal of wit, and both judgment and eloquence with it, he made so fine and powerful a defence, that he alone (for so all confess'd) persuaded the whole House against it, so that after the debate had lasted ten hours, the question being put whether the Bill should pass that House, it was carried in the negative."—*Reresby.*

In common justice, we must remember how the patience of Charles had been over-tasked. Unwillingly, and to allay the clamour against his brother, during the time when the calumnies and perjuries of Titus Oates and his accomplices were accepted (but which Charles from the first disbelieved), he had sent James to Brussels. Even the absence of the Duke in no degree brought calm or toleration. After the brief meeting of Parliament on 26th January, 1679–80, they were prorogued until April, on the excuse that the unsettled state of the nation made a longer interval necessary. The King speedily announced, in answering the London and Wiltshire petitions,[2] that he had recalled his brother, "not having found such an effect from his absence, as should incline him to keep" the Duke longer apart from him. Addresses flowed in, from Norfolk, etc., thanking His Majesty for this recall. The presenter of the earliest of these addresses (from Westminster, one Francis Withens[3]) was knighted

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[1] *Coll. of* 180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 180, 1685.

[2] In answer to the London and Wiltshire petitions, the King said, that "he was the head of the Government, and the only judge of what was fit to be done in such cases, and that he would do what he thought most for the good of himself and his people, desiring they would not meddle with a matter that was so essential a part of his prerogative."

[3] It is one of the many puerile and indefensible acts of tyranny of the Commons at this time, Oct. 1680, marking their arrogance and factiousness, that they

for it. The *Petitioners* and the *Abhorrers* were ready to exterminate each other.[1]

The Wiltshire and Essex ballads allude to this strife. Both go to the same tune: "A Pudding."

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so far resented this mark of favour conferred by the sovereign on Sir Francis Withens as to expel him from the House. Hallam inclines to think "the expulsion, indeed, of Withens, their own member, for promoting one of these [loyal and "abhorrent"] addresses, though a violent measure, came in point of law within their acknowledged authority." It was, evidently, doubtful. But he cannot deny that "they went a little too far, however, when they actually seated Sir William Waller in Withens' place for Westminster."—*Const. Hist. Eng.*, ii. 444. Waller had made himself busy with his zeal to investigate plots and arrest Papists; not without people openly asserting that he remunerated himself by plundering those whom he searched. A year before, he had found the MS. of the Meal-tub Plot in Mrs. Cellier's house. Still later, he was hidden as a spy, expressly to overhear the conversation between Fitzharris and Everard, when the latter had given information against his employer. This was in Feb. 1680–1, and Waller received thanks for his conduct from the Oxford Parliament.

[1] Then arose the party nicknames of Whig and Tory. "The *Petitioners* looking upon their adversaries as entirely devoted to the Court and the Popish faction, gave them the name of TORIES, a title given to the *Irish* robbers, villains, and cut-throats, since called *Rapparees*. Thus the name of *Tories* serves only now to distinguish one of the two factions which still divide England. The *Abhorrers* on their side, considering the *Petitioners* as men entirely in the principles of the Parliament of 1640 [many of whom were "unprincipled"], and as Presbyterians, gave them the name of WHIG, or *Sour-Milk*, formerly appropriated to the *Scotch* Presbyterians and rigid Covenanters."—*Tindal's Rapin.*

See p. 756, note 4.

[Bagford Collection, I. 86; III. 61.]

The Essex Ballad.

To an Old Tune new reviv'd.

[This is a fair allegorical representation of the House of Commons in 1680. It is of earlier date, notwithstanding, and adorns the title-page of Thomas Heywood's *Philocothonista;* or, the Drunkard dissected, &c., 1635. Also in R. C., i. 159.]

IN *Essex*, much renown'd for Calves,
And giving Verdicts in by halves,
For Oysters, Agues, and for Knaves
of Faction:
One Peer, and men of Worship four,
With Gentlemen some half a score,
Did draw in ten *Dutch* Ells of Bore
to Action.

The Squire, whose name does famous grow
As *Marcus Tullius Cicero*,
And keeps true time with Sir *A*—— [? *Ashley Carew.*]
—*A*—— [*Ashley*] 12
As freely gave himself his Hand,
As once his Voice to rule the Land,
By such as should not understand
too rashly. 16

The Rout, that erst did roar so loud
A *M*—— and a *H*——[1]
Are of their Choice now grown so proud,
you'd wonder: 20
And these State-Tinkers must be sent
To stop the Leaks of Government,
Grown crazy now, and almost rent
in sunder. 24

His Honour first set all his Hands,
Each Members next in order stands;
The Rabble, without Ifs and And's,
subscratch it. 28
The Cause, not obsolete, though old,
Like Insects lay in Winter cold,
And warm Petitions (they were told)
would hatch it. 32

Corn bore a price in *Cromwel's* days,[2]
Nor did we want a vent for Bays;
Nay, even Calves were several ways
advanced: 36

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[1] Missing names are [*Henry*] *Mildmay* and [*John Lemot*] *Honeywood*; members for Essex in fourth and fifth Parliaments of Chas. II. In third, Eliab Harvey sat with Mildmay; in Jas. II.'s, Sir Wm. Maynard with Sir Tho. Fanshaw.

[2] Before his time it had seldom reached so high a price; and it has rarely been equalled till within comparatively modern times. The average price per quarter (*Winchester* measure) was for each decade:

	£	*s.*	*d.*		£	*s.*	*d.*
1599—1608	1	8	0½	1659—1668	2	6	8¼
1609— 18	1	15	11	69— 78	2	3	4½
19— 28	1	15	1	79— 88	1	18	4¼
29— 38	2	4	1	89— 98	2	7	0½
39— 48	2	4	2	99—1708	1	13	9
49— 58	2	7	0	1709— 18	2	7	5¼

After the last date the price did not exceed two pounds for sixty years.—Cornelius Walford: *Insurance Cyclopædia*, vol. iv. art. Food.

And then we fear'd not wicked Plots;
The Godly serv'd to cut our Throats,
Though Agents for the Pope, as *Oates*
and *Prance*[1] said.

Those Reasons did so much prevail,
That they petition'd Tooth and Nail,
To have the Soveraign strike Sail,
and stand by:
While th' Parliament had sate some years,
To drive out Pope with Presbyters,
And try the *Babylonish* Peers,
and *Danby*.[2]

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[1] See pp. 667, 679, etc. "Murdering Miles" Prance, the silversmith, had an uneasy time of it, after Hampden was fined and the Popish Lords released from the Tower, in 1684. In A Dialogue between *Bowman* the Tory, and *Prance* the Runagado, he is made to complain:—

Nay, that which plagues me worst of all,
They kick'd me out of *Goldsmiths'-Hall*,
And swear that I disgrace them all;
One cursed *Tory* scratch'd me;
In every place where e're I come,
Like *Sheep* from *Wolves* from me folks run,
Three times a day I am drunk alone,
For fear Old *Nick* should fetch me.

Finis coronat opus!

[2] Thomas Osborne, Lord Danby, the late Treasurer. In 1674, after the disgrace of Buckingham, Danby's influence had increased, while that of Arlington, Lord Chamberlain, diminished. Hume writes of him, "Danby was a frugal minister; and by his application and industry brought the revenue into tolerable order. He endeavoured so to conduct himself as to give offence to no party; and the consequence was, that he was able entirely to please none. He was always a declared enemy to the French alliance, but never possessed authority enough to overcome the prepossession which the King and the Duke retained towards it." *Hist.*, viii. 10, edit. 1763. Danby satisfied neither the King nor the Commons when he communicated to the House the information laid by Oates and Tongue concerning the Plot. Charles, disbelieving the "Discoverers," wished to stifle the mischief. The Commons felt angry, because they had not received still earlier news. Soon afterwards, Montague's treachery furnished the opportunity to ruin Danby. Montague had been the King's Ambassador at Paris, and knew of the intrigues. Being a Member of Parliament, he suddenly came to England without leave, and gave to the House a dangerous paper signed by Danby, and further indorsed with the approval of the King. It was a secret negociation, by which Charles declared himself ready to sell his services for securing a peace, on condition of a handsome subsidy from France for three years. Danby was accordingly impeached. In the articles the Commons showed their rancorous remembrance of what they considered a slight passed on themselves, declaring "that he was Popishly affected, and had traitorously concealed, after he had received notice, the late horrid and bloody Plot, contrived by the Papists against His Majesty's person and government." Their pretence of retaining any anxiety about the safety of the King, whose authority they were systematically resisting,

For how can Corn and Wool be dear,
Since Popish Lords drink little Beer,
Eat Fish, and very seldom wear
our Woolen?[1]
Nay, even their Horses are afraid
Of Treason in the Manger laid;
And the King's Evidence dismay'd
their *Pullen*.

These Greivances, with others many,
(Too long for Ballad of a Peny)
Drove on a Herd of Clowns to any
adventure.
Those Brands, which in the days of *Yore*,
Unmanufactur'd Parchment bore;
And when Farms lett, sign'd heretofore
Indenture.

In *Hieroglyphick* rows were set
Like Oriental Alphabet;[2]
And least the King should quite forget
the Senate,

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and whose brother they desired to exclude from every office and emolument, is almost ludicrous. The Peers refused to connive at the design of the Commons, on the plea that, by insertion of the word "traitorously," in the articles of impeachment, they had prejudged the case. It was a misdemeanour at most, and not treason, which Danby had committed. The two Houses being thus in angry collision, after the Commons had refused to pass supply except conditionally, the King prorogued. and then dissolved them, on Dec. 30th, 1678. Thus ended the long "Pensioners' Parliament." When the next Parliament met, on 6th March, 1678–9. they quickly resumed the impeachment of Danby. They resisted the attempt to release him on his having obtained a full pardon, signed and sealed by the King's own hand. They would admit no interference with their own supremacy. declaring that, against an impeachment by them, the King's authority was impotent. It was a revival of the old rebellious pride, which had secured the murder of Strafford in 1641. Danby surrendered himself, and was committed to the Tower, in April, 1679. He lay there confined, along with the Roman Catholic peers, until the reaction came, bringing increased power to the King. Danby was admitted to bail and released, on the 12th of February, 1683-4.

[1] These inconsistencies would not be recognized as unworthy. Similar prejudices were current in Goldsmith's time. "What makes the bread rising? the parley vous that devour us? What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? the parley vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence halfpenny a pot——?"—See his *Good-natured Man*, 1768.

[2] Samuel Butler accumulated stores of curious learning, often bewildering and puzzling such readers as his worthy namesake Pepys, or driving his commentators to despair, with references to the mysteries of the Cabala, the jargon of

Their *Hinds* lay whip and whistling by,
Humbly to councel Majesty;
And what they could not read, would try
to Pen at.

The Milk-maid [1] hop'd old [2] comfort's in't,
Since Bodkins [3] once did Breeches Mint [4]
And straight subscrib'd their Butter-print
to *Creamer:*
But these were all but single gains,
And hardly worth their toyl and pains,
The Cause wants vigour, and disdains
A Dreamer.

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astrology and alchemy, the subtleties of scholastic disputation, the quirks of legal practitioners, and the squabbles or dreams of obscure religionists. When immersed in *Hudibras*, we are prepared to feel no surprise at anything unforeseen. But here, we confess, are some recondite allusions that might well amaze the purchasers of such a "Ballad for a Peny." This, for instance, is a curious reference. Is it to Sanscrit or Chinese? The impression conveyed is striking, recalling one of those Tables which give in rows, both vertical and horizontal, the relationships of many an "Oriental Alphabet," suggestive as the symbols of planetary influence or of pharmacien's drugs. No ordinary hack-balladist wrote these verses, we may be sure. The influence of Butler is to be detected, and we thus gain a hint that in hidden nooks were other wealthy minds, like his, cobwebbed and unsuspected, of which our present race knows nothing.

[1] See woodcut from Martin Parker's ballad of "The Milkmaid's Life," on p. 759. Milk-maidens were honoured in those days, and accounted exceptionally virtuous. One of the 180 *Loyal Songs* (p. 58, 1685) is in the Praise of the Dairy Maid, with a lick at the Cream-pot, &c. Tune Packington's Pound. It is also in *Pills*, iii. 6. Only six of the fifteen verses are given in *Pop. Music*, p. 124, from *Playford's Musical Companion*, 1687, beginning with the second verse, "In praise of a Dairy I purpose to sing." It is also imperfectly repeated in R. Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*, p. 224, but not in Dixon's.

[2] *Old*, here equivalent to *Continual*. In *Macbeth*, ii. 3, the Porter of Hell "should have old turning the key." *M. W. of Windsor*, i. 4, "an old abusing."

[3] An allusion to the "Bodkin and Thimble Army" of 1641; the rebellious Commons having thanked the women who gave their gear to equip soldiers against the King. In "The Charter: a Comical Satyr," it is asked:

> Have you forgot how you did stab the King,
> And Church, with *Bodkin*, *Thimble*, *Spoon*, and *Ring*?

[4] The "Breeches" alludes to the Commonwealth coin (see p. 751: Compare the *Rump* ballad, 1657, i. 297, "Saw you the States-money"). It showed, on one side, two shields joined, with St. George's Cross and the Irish harp. Cavaliers persisted in asserting that this queer figure represented the impression made by Oliver's breeches when he sat down. They themselves knew what it was to be sat upon. Indeed, the States-money offered itself to ridicule in many ways. It bore the legend, "God with us," and, on the reverse, "The Commonwealth of England." Therefore, the Cavaliers said, "Evidently God and the Commonwealth are *on different sides*."

This dallying therefore to prevent,
An Anti-popish Bull was sent,
The Emblem of the Government,
to baiting:
Where Butchers, Tinkers, Ostlers go,
Tapsters and Broom-men all a row;
And Carters for the sport left Ho
and Haiting.

Th' unanswerable *Scotch*-Cloth Men,
Taps, Sives, Chairs, and Coney-skin,
Beggers and Boys all throng'd, and then
Egyptians.
This Honourable Covey met,
Hodge draws the Members Setting-Net,
And gets from all, without Regret,
Subscriptions.

When this great Council was dismiss'd,
They found that several Yards of Fist
Were wanting to compleat the List;
and order'd,
Seven Elders to disperse the Deed,
To those of the *Geneva* Creed,
Brethren to such as on the *Tweed*
are border'd.

These trudg'd a Conventicling,
To pray the Lord, and beg the King;
The Congregation sign'd the thing
Sans scruple.
Those Scholars that could write, they bribe
To prompt and proxy every side;
And these did personally subscribe
Centuple.[1]

[1] Even in our own days, people who keep their eyes open can see how these popular petitions are fabricated. The present Editor can avouch from his personal knowledge (backed by testimony from an honoured friend, R.H., R.S.A.) that a petition got up in Edinburgh, to cancel the Annuity of the Scotch Church Clergy, was regularly signed by all the boys of the Edinburgh Academy four times a day; each boy writing his name whenever he crossed Stockbridge, at the invitation of the petition-holders. The late Canon Kingsley's "Alton Locke" tells of the sham-signatures to the demonstration in favour of the Charter, 1848. We see, by our ballad, how old these practices were.

But now the time draws on apace,
And Member itches for his place,
The Knights and Gentlemen five brace
assemble:
And brought the Muster-Roll to Court,
Though *Charles* did hardly thank 'em for 't;
But made 'em with a sharp retort
to tremble.[1]

Now God preserve our King and Queen
From Pyebald Coats, and Ribons green;[2]
Let neither Knave nor Fool be seen
about 'em.

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[1] "Not only anonymous libels were published, but petitions flowed from all parts for the sitting of Parliament [on] the 26th of January, according to the last prorogation. The King received these petitions with great trouble, and failed not to return a disobliging answer to those who had the boldness to present them. Nay, he published several proclamations against these petitions." —Tindal's Rapin, *H. Eng.*, 1723, ii. 712.

[2] The "ribons green" were distinctive tokens of Shaftesbury's "*Association* boys." Some taunting references to these are to be found in satirical ballads. In "*Sejanus* [i.e. Shaftesbury]: or, The Popular Favorite now in his Solitude and Sufferings," written before the "Ignoramus" acquittal, Nov. 24, 1681, we read the following description of the "Association" senate:—

This buisy Noddle of the Factious Crew,
Not now distinguish'd by th' northern blew,
(The badge of upstart *Whigs* must still be new)
With his *Green Bob* in this new Senate sits,
And round him all those Liv'ry-men of wits.
Some raze a name, and some insert a clause,
Order their Bills themselves, and vote them Laws:
With awful care some scriblers penning be
A speech for Sister *Scotland's* Liberty.
Gainst *Lauderdale's* unbounded Tyranny.
There a young Scribe is copying out a Cant,
Next morn for to be spoke in Parliament:
Up starts a Hector, swears upon a Book,
'Gad you shall see we [wi]ll exclude the Duke.
This brings a Bill against Arbitrary Power,
And That will send a Member to the Tower;
One votes him to be *Censur'd on his knees*,
This cries *Discharge*, That, *Let him pay his Fees:*
And in the little Club you fairly see,
Of that great Senate an Epitome.

The "green ribbons" reappear in University Ballad Introduction, Bagf. C., iii. 82. "A Litany from *Geneva*," 1681-2, sings,

From saucy Petitions that serve to inflame us,
From all who for the Association are famous,
From the *Devil*, the *Doctor*, and the damn'd *Ignoramus*.
Libera nos Domine.

And those that will not say *Amen*,
Let em Petition once again,
For every one the Shire has, ten
to rout 'em. 128

FINIS.

Printed at LONDON, in the Year 1680.

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Those we borrow are, on p. 752, from Roxb. Coll., i. 159; and above, from the same R.C., i. 244, printed before 1641. Such a blithe damsel Izaak Walton saw. "'Twas a handsome Milk-maid, that had cast away care, and sung like a Nightingale; her voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth Song which was made by *Kit Marlow*, now at least fifty years ago; and the Milk-maids mother sung an answer to it, which was made by *Sir Walter Raleigh* in his younger dayes. They were old-fashioned Poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than that now in fashion in this Critical age."—*The Complete Angler*, 1653, pp. 63, 64. Then follow the songs, "Come, live with me," and "If all the world and love were young."]

Sale of Esau's Birthright.

"A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet
No less a friend to government—he held
That he exactly the just medium hit
'Twixt place and patriotism: albeit compell'd,
Such was his sovereign's pleasure, (though unfit,
He added modestly, when rebels rail'd,)
To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,
But that with them all law would be demolish'd."

Don Juan, Canto xvi. 72.

THIS is a Buckingham election ballad, of a few months earlier date than the "Abhorrers" ballads which immediately precede and follow it. It is virtually contemporaneous with them, and for those who are disposed to obey the wise injunction *Audi alteram partem*, the opportunity is now afforded. For this is a very protesting copy of verses indeed, and what may be lacking in poetry was made up in fiery indignation, the more especially as defeat had been experienced. People who have been whipt are allowed to roar, even though it be not so gently as a sucking dove, or any nightingale.

The loyalty of Buckinghamshire has received plenty of vituperation in its time, but remains stanch. The sea that washes the Straits of Malacca overflows it not. It does not take its time from Greenwich-reckoning, which is mean. It can afford to laugh at revilers, and enjoy its beer and bacca at Aylesbury, or elsewhere. We almost forget the lapse of the two hundred years, while reading this impotent assault upon it from the Whig-Petitioners, who were checkmated by the "Abhorrers."

The author of this anonymous anti-Court ballad was CHARLES BLOUNT: a prolific pamphleteer and man of energy.[1] We need do little more than give the title of his chief writings. All of them are of a controversial character,[2] several being of the

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[1] "Charles Blount, the second son of Sir Henry Blount who attended King Charles I. at Edge-Hill, was born in 1654. He was a literary man of some reputation; but lived an infidel, and died, in 1693, a suicide. The collection of his works, published in two volumes, with his life by Charles Gildon, does not include the pamphlet 'King William and Queen Mary conquerors'; which is now extremely scarce. Burke, Ext. bar.; Nic. lit. anec. i. 24."—S. Wilton Rix's note to Hy. Bohun's *Autobiography*, p. 108. Compare our own pp. 713, 714.

[2] Among his other labours, Charles Blount in 1680 published a translation of Philostratus his *Life of Apollonius of Tyanæ*, copiously annotated. The purpose in view, no doubt, was an assault on the Christian faith, for the miracles of our Lord were, by disbelievers, accounted to be paralleled by those recorded of Apollonius. Paley has briefly shown the fallacy involved in this

same date as the ballad. *Anima Mundi* (on the opinion of the ancients concerning man's soul after death), 1679. *A Just Vindication of Learning*, by "Philopatris," 1679: reprinted in 1695, and in the 1810 edition of *Harleian Miscellany*, vi. 77. *The Answer* to "An Appeal from the Country to the City, by 'Junius Brutus,'" same date. *Miracula*, 1683. *Oracle of Reason*, 1693. *Great is Diana of the Ephesians*, 1695.[1]

Blount seems to have laid previous writers under contribution without scruple, and probably wrote many pamphlets and ballads which it would now be difficult to identify, being anonymous or pseudonymous. He is, however, a characteristic figure of the time, and exemplifies to what lengths in infidelity the Anti-Popery hatred carried professing Protestants.

Henry Bohun, in his autobiography and diary, mentions Charles Blount, but had an unfavourable opinion of him. Others declare him to have been an atheist[2] (meaning a Deist). He long waged

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assertion of equal credibility, or incredibility. Leland mentions the publication by Charles Blount, in 1683, of "a small book intitled *Religio Laici*, which is little more than a translation of Lord Herbert [of Cherbury]'s treatise of the same name."—*View of the Principal Deistical Writers*, 3rd edit., 1757, ii. 38. He mentions Blount's *Oracles of Reason* having been published, after Blount's death, by Charles Gildon, "who ushered it into the world by a preface in defence of self-murder, which that gentleman [C.B.] had been guilty of to get rid of the uneasiness of a passion which proved too violent for him." He gives an analysis of the book; which was answered in 1699 in *An Impartial View of the Truth of Christianity*, with especial reference to the Apollonius miracles.

[1] The collected *Miscellaneous Works of Charles Blount, Esq.*, printed in the year 1695, contain the above-mentioned Oracles of Reason, *Anima Mundi*, Great is Diana of the Ephesians, An Appeal from the Country to the City for the preservation of his Majesty's person, A Just Vindication of Learning, and, also, "A supposed Dialogue betwixt the late King James and King William on the banks of the Boyne, the day before that famous victory." The collection was edited by "Lindamount," i.e. Charles Gildon; who professes to give "An Account of the Life and Death of the Author," in twenty pages. But there is scarcely any record of events, not even the dates of birth and death (which we see, elsewhere, to have been 1654 and 1693). The excuse is, "I leave to other Books and other Authors those prefaces that do the office of the Verger at Westminster, that shews the tombs," etc. This is somewhat tantalizing to modern explorers. He admits the suicide, but is more desirous of indulging in his own lucubrations than in telling the facts he well knew concerning Charles Blount. We believe that "*A mild but searching Expostulatory Letter to the men of Buckingham*," "enclosing" our ballad, was by Blount.

[2] Charles Gildon writes of Charles Blount:—

"He had been bred in a just and adequate notion of the Deity; he had learn'd that God was the first Cause of All Things, was One and Indivisible, was Goodness it self, infinite and uniform in all his attributes; and held, that we have a true and perfect knowledge of what is meant by Goodness, Justice, Mercy, Unity, &c., since else we cou'd never know that God was good, just, merciful, one, etc. This was his Test of all doctrines, and when he met with such as oppos'd any of

war against the Licensers of the Press, Roger L'Estrange and Henry Bohun (see our p. 712). There was a fierceness of antagonism in the man, which always kept him in disquiet. He had broken with his kindred, forsaken his Cavalier faith in religion and monarchy, overleapt traditions, and scorned compliance or tenderness. For all that he abandoned he gained little in exchange. He was dazzled by staring at the Absolute, with unprepared eyesight. He made not sufficient allowance for the weakness of our perceptions, the slowness of growth in being educated to new ideas. He saw evil around him, perhaps he also felt evil within him, and he resented it in every way. He was "a good hater"; men who are so have generally warm affections, although ill-regulated. It is no wonder that, having been crossed in some desires at the turning-point of life, he broke away from restraints, and rashly attempted to solve the great mystery, when only thirty-nine. Age might to him have brought "the philosophic mind." There was something brave and true about Charles Blount; but he had got into the wrong camp. He had fallen into bad ways and companionships, taken perverse views in politics and theology, so that he stormed and raved with wasted strength, while carrying out to dangerous but logical conclusions the insidious hints of more wily intriguers. We catch glimpses of him, this Free-Lance, for the most part uncompanioned, unloved, and almost despairing; as in the war of pamphleteers and balladists he flung himself against the enemies' close columns. Alas, for the fallen! Surely, that wrecked career was worth the studying. But those who are overthrown in battle become speedily the down-trodden and forgotten. They answer no more to the roll-call, but each name is soon erased, each place filled up, and a gulf is fixed between them and the living.

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these Divine Attributes, or made them oppose one another, he rejected them as false and impious. He not only embrac'd evident truths in his own mind, but like a sincere Lover of Truth, endeavour'd to promote it, to disabuse the deceived, and establish a pious and just Notion of the Eternal Source of the goodness, wisdom, justice, and mercy. A noble task, and worthy his Heroic Spirit. But the age was too Corrupt to suffer his pious Endeavours; avarice, pride, envy, prejudice and obstinacy, had the possession of the world, and therefore naturally hated their Opposer. This made them fix (by a contradiction agreeable to their own opinions) the infamy of *Atheism* on the most zealous asserter of the *Glory*, *Honour*, and *Adoration* of ONE GOD, and though scarce one of them pretended to infallibility in their own way, yet [they] were all positively certain he was in the wrong, or at least asserted it with as much Assurance as Ignorance. But all this could not pervert his thoughts of the Deity, he kept all profane notions of God at a distance," etc.—*Account of the Life and Death of the Author.*

I think that very few have sighed
When Fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them:
I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking;
I think that nought is worth a thought,—
And I'm a fool for thinking!

Even the title given to the ballad is characteristically sardonic. "The Sale of Esau's Birthright"—for a mess of pottage! The bitterness of scorn is seen, towards those who are ever ready to barter patriotism and honour for some paltry personal bribe, of wealth, position, or even the deceptive smiles and favour of those who hold superior rank and influence. Contested elections are not the occasions when human virtues appear undimmed, even in Buckingham.

We are fortunate in having access to a different impression, which belonged to Horace Walpole; whence we borrow the satirical woodcut illustration. The "*Figaro la*" of the period (Henry Hayward) is exercising his functions on the "Reverend Owl, his master." Blount did not love the clergy.

Of the tunes named, "The London Gentlewoman," or "Little Peggy Ramsay," the first takes its name from a song sometimes called the Hemp-dresser. It is given among Henry Bold's *Latine Songs, with their English*, in 1685. Bold wrote only the Latin translation, not the English original, which, as we see, was already popular in 1680. The song begins as follows:—

There was a London gentlewoman
That lov'd a country man-a;
And she did desire his company,
A little now and then-a.

This man he was a hemp-dresser,
And dressing was his trade-a;
And he did kiss the mistress, Sir,
And now and then the maid-a.

Tom D'Urfey's lively ditties, the Winchester Wedding, 1685 (Bagford Coll., ii. 80), and its sequel, the Winchester Christening, beginning respectively "At Winchester there was a wedding," and "The Sun had loos'd his weary team," are to this tune, and found in the *Pills to P. Mel.*, i. 276, 321. The music in Mr. Wm. Chappell's *Pop. Mus.*, 313.

On p. 220, in the same rich collection of ballad-music, never equalled, or likely to be surpassed, is the other tune, Little Peg of Ramsay (Huntingdonshire). The original words were at least as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, but are probably lost. A much later "Bonny Peggy Ramsay, that any man may see," is in *Pills*, v. 139.

[Bagford Collection, III. 62; and Strawberry-Hill Coll., 22.]

The Sale of Esau's Birth-right.

Or,

The New Buckingham Ballad.

To the Tune of the *London Gentlewoman*, or *Little Peggey Ramsey*.

[See notes 1, 2, on p. 767, and bracketted-note on p. 768.]

A Wondrous Tale I will relate;
The like was never told you,
Of *English* men that *England* hate,
The town of *Bucks* has sold you.

To serve in Parliament they chose
Two men I fear to name them;
For if I did, you would suppose
I told a Lye to shame them.

That Beef and Ale should yet prevail
You need no longer wonder;
For men of wit, must still submit
To Fools of greater number.

The D——, the Pope, and Tyranny, [Duke]
Need never fear a Down-fall,
For *Tiege*[1] and *Wakeman*[2] both would be
Elected for a Town-hall.

These Loyal men of *Buckingham*,
(True only to their Purses,)
Would sell the Crown t' Inrich the Town,
And laugh at all your Curses.

When they have sin'd and damn'd their souls,
Or to the Devil gave them;
Their friend the Pope in him they hope,
Well knowing he can save them.

If *Sc . . s*[3] would take off *Oats's* head,
He need not fear succeeding;
But send him down unto this Town,
He soon might see him bleeding.

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[1] "Teige," in other copy.

[2] On Sir George Wakeman, see note 5, p. 701.

[3] The Lord Chief-Justice Scroggs: infamous for having (like Jeffreys) prejudged the cases, and intimidated witnesses. By this time he was turning against Titus Oates. The House of Commons in 1680 passed a resolution for the Impeachment of Chief-Justice Sir *Wm. Scroggs*. One *Loyal Poem* (1685, p. 47) runs:—

> Justice, awake! *Scroggs*, sit thou fast!
> Thou wert o'er-rul'd by Perjuries;
> But *Langhorn's* Case urges thy hast[e];
> To clear fair Truth from Forgeries.

Even Scroggs found a panegyrist. In The Carman's Poem, or, Advice to a Nest of Scriblers ("Carmen turn Poets," etc., Bagford Collection, iii. 7—see Appendix), some of the libellous pamphleteers were forewarned,

> A Pillory will tell us you were Rogues,
> To write against a Judge so just as *Scroggs*,
> Whose worth and Judgment, wit and Justice flies
> With far more fame, thanks to your scribbling Lies.

Of Thirteen men there are but Six
Who do not merit Hemp-well,
The other seven play their Tricks
For *L*——[1] and *T*——.

The Father is a Reprobate,
And yet the Son's Elected:
The Gawdy Youth comes down in State,
And must not be rejected.

Our prating Knight[2] doth owe his Call
To Timber, and his Lady;[3]
Though one goes longer with Town-hall,
Then t'other with her Baby.

These men do to their choosing trudge
With all the speed that can be,
And make the Son the Father's Judge,
To save great *Tom of D*——.[4]

The Bailiff[5] is so mad a Spark,
(Though [h'] lives by Tanning Leather,)
That for a Load of *Temple's* Bark,
He'd sacrifice his Father.

His Horns do shine, his Wife kept fine,
All men would blame him had he
Not made him stand, whose helping hand
Must make him be a Daddy.

He huffs and rants, and calls to Hall,
But will not give men warning:
When drunk o're night, he takes delight
To play the Rogue i' th' morning.

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[1] The omitted words are [Lord] *Latimer* and [Sir *Richard*] *Temple*. They were the members representing Buckingham town, in fourth Parliament of Charles II., Oct. 7th, 1679.

[2] Sir Richard Temple. He had offered a present of *Timber* for the Town Hall. It was deemed a bribe, but appears not to have been paid.

[3] Mary Knapp.

[4] Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby. See note, p. 754.

[5] His name appears to have been *George Dancer*. He was Mayor.

Next comes the Barber,[1] who will do
Whatever you desire him;
He for a Groat, will cut your Throat,
A Lowsie, perjur'd hireling.

God damn and rot his Arm, he cries,
And swears like any Lover,
For to be true, to three in two,
Poor *Judas* younger Brother.

Of late he huff'd and drank with Lords,
But since a sad Disaster
Hath Summon'd him to Wash and Trim
A Rev'rend Owl[2] his Master.

Another he hath kiss'd a hand,
Which puts him in a Rapture;
So have I known a Miss[3] o' th' Town,
Adore the Fopp that Clapt her.

Since kissing hands can so prevail,
There's no man need want Riches;
If they'l be kind, and come behind
They're welcome to our Breeches.

Thus *Buckingham* hath led the way
To Popery and sorrow;
Those seven Knaves who make us slaves,
Would sell their God to morrow.

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[1] His name was Henry Hayward. He resembles a barber described in the extremely scarce book *Westminster Quibbles in Verse:* being a Mock to the *Crab of the Wood*, and to that Tune, 1672, p. 136:—

Verse 499. A Barber left-handed
Trim'd so well, that he bandy'd
With all the Barbers in th' *Strand*,
For he trims dextrously;
But that I do deny,
'Cause he does it with his left hand.

[2] This partly explains the woodcut, which we borrow from the Strawberry-Hill exemplar of the ballad. Was not *Owlett*, or Howlett, the name? See List at end.

[3] See our note, on p. 601. In *State Poems*, i. 132, is the satire, in verse, of "*Cullen* with his Flock of Court-*Misses*," 1679; and Tom D'Urfey's song, "A Beau, dress'd fine, met *Miss*, divine," is in the *Pills*, ii. 169.

A List[1] of those who Voted for their King and Country, Protestant Religion and *Sir P.*—— *T.*——[2]

Mr. *Rogers*, Draper, Mr. *Mason*, Apothecary, Mr. *Robinson*, Laceman,
Mr. *Brown*, Gent. Mr. *Eversay*, Draper, Mr. *Walter Arnot*, Ironmonger.

Honest men and True, be not weary of Well-doing.[3]

Mr. *William Hartly* was absent at the Election, nor was there any need of his Company.

Those who Voted for the L——d. *L*——*r.*[4] for the E. of *D*——, for Popery, and for their Town-Hall.

George Dancer, Tanner and Bayliff, [Mayor]
Thomas Sheen, Farmer,
Pellam Sandwell, Maulster,
Henry Hayward, Knight of the Post,[5] and Shaver in Ordinary to her Excellency *Madge Owlet*,
——[6] *Stevens*, Maulster,
George Carter, Baker. Good Lord deliver us from.

Those who Voted for Sir *R.T.* his Timber,[7] Chimney-mony and Court, were the same with the *L.Ls.* not worth——[8]

☞ *The Charter of this Town was given them by Queen* Mary *for their good Service in the propagation of Popery; Therefore (to give the Devil his due) they are but true to the old Cause.*

[August, 1679. The Bagford broadside is in White-letter, without woodcut: but Strawberry-Hill version is a double-sheet in Black-letter, with a woodcut which we give. Browne Willis's copy, Wood's, and Ashmol., agree with Bagford.]

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[1] The following two Lists are added at the foot of the ballad in both editions: but Strawberry-Hill version omits the words "Protestant Religion."

[2] Probably we should read "Sir *Peter Tyrel*, or *Tyrrel*."

[3] The Strawberry-Hill version omits this line.

[4] Read, "Lord *Latimer*, for the Earl of *Danby*," &c. Omitting the words "for the E. of *D*——, for Popery," the Strawberry-Hill version substitutes "Sir *Timber T*——." See note 7 on this page.

[5] See note 3 on page 406 *antè*, for explanation of this term, which is omitted in the S.H. version.

[6] *William* Stevens.

[7] This must have been an understood joke at the time. In *State Poems*, iii. 117, a contemporary lampoon, "The Chancellor's Speech to the Parliament" (written some months before Stafford's execution, December, 1680), we find the following:—

Would you hang those who take example
By *Clar*[*endo*]*n* and *Timber Temple?*
For all such Rascals merit Hemp well:
This is the time.

[8] This paragraph is not in Strawberry-Hill version; perhaps the earlier-printed. The double issue (one illustrated) proves the popularity of the ballad.

The Wiltshire Ballad.

"I think the Tories love to buy
'Your Lordships' and 'your Graces,'
By loathing common honesty,
And lauding commonplaces: . . . .
I think the Whigs are wicked knaves
(And very like the Tories)
Who doubt that Britain rules the waves,
And ask the price of glories."—*W. M. Praed.* 1826.

IN the Essex ballad, and our introductory notice to it, we have already seen something of the *Petitioners*, and their opponents the *Abhorrers*. The latter class of men would inevitably remain in a minority. As the world is constituted, the number of the geese is mercifully ordained to exceed the number of the foxes; and the per-centage of sensible critics is regulated to a similar proportion, compared with the blunderers, fanatics, and drones, who make up the bulk of our happy nation. Britons claim their privileges. They love to ride their hobbies to death; to be gulled by a catchword, or a party-cry; to account their own half-fledged goslings to be cygnets, and the particular Irreconcileable under whom they groan (while he denounces whatsoever creed and practice he neither understands nor likes), to be the depository of all wisdom, until another shining rushlight appears above the horizon, and makes his brilliancy to wane. As to one always looking serious, and talking sententious morality, in such a mountebanks' booth, it might defy Cato the Censor, or sour-visaged Seneca. Confessedly, "'Twould make a Stoick smile." Better for us to join in the laugh raised by the inditer of the following "Wiltshire Ballad," while we draw near the close of our Bagford Collection.

Galling it must have been for the grim conspirators, who at that time were willing to plunge England once more within the seething cauldron of Civil War, to hear the mocking voice of this "Old Cavalier." We are sadly deficient in acuteness, such as enables one to look straight through a nether millstone, if he were not as brave and ready with his sword as he shows himself to be with his pen. There is a keen edge, a fine point to his sarcasm, not altogether unworthy of Samuel Butler himself; who lay dying, in September, 1680, soon after it was written. Cleveland, Denham, and the two Bromes, had earlier passed away; Rochester, a few months before, in July: the occasion being "improved," and his death-bed secrets published by Gilbert Burnet, as usual, to set forth his own importance. Who wrote the Wiltshire ballad remains for the

present unknown; unless, improbably, it were Dr. Walter Pope. He indulged in one "Salisbury Ballad."

The personal and local allusions do not defy identification. It was evidently written *currente calamo*, for it retains all the rough-and-ready tokens of having been improvised on the spur of the moment. No labours of the file were here: no haunting terrors accompanied the tuning of the string, with invocations to the slip-shod Muse,

> To let me write my random rhymes
> Ere they be half-forgotten;
> Nor add and alter many times,
> Till all be ripe ——— and rotten.

For instance (and this leads us to a typical incident of the time), in the sixty-first line of the ballad we read: "*Tom* of Ten Thousand is come in," etc. This alludes to Thomas Thynne, who owes his after-notoriety, not to any merit of his own, but to the good fortune of having been murdered publicly, and buried in Westminster Abbey; with a sculptured representation of the crime on his monument. He was shot with a blunderbuss, while riding in a coach, by three ruffians who had been employed by Count Königsmarck. This was in February, 1681–2. Sir John Reresby took an important part in searching for and arresting the assassins. In his *Memoirs* he relates the particulars. On Feb. 12, he notes,

> "There happened the most barbarous murder that had taken place in England for some time. Mr. Thynne, a gentleman of 9,000*l.* a year—lately married to my lady Ogle, who, repenting of the match, had fled from him into Holland before they were bedded—was set upon by three ruffians, and shot to death as he was coming along the street in his coach. He being deeply engaged in the Duke of Monmouth's interest, it was much feared what construction might be made of it by that party—the authors escaping and not known. I was at Court that evening, when the King, hearing the news, seemed much concerned at it, not only for the horror of the action itself, to which his good nature was very averse, but also apprehending the ill constructions which the anti-Court party might make of it."—*Memoirs*, p. 235.

Reresby that same night was summoned to Thynne's bedside, by the Duke of Monmouth, and found the dying man "mortally wounded by five bullets, which had entered his belly and side, shot from a blunderbuss." Soon after, the three men were arrested: a resolute and distinguished German soldier, Captain or Colonel Vratz; a Swedish Lieutenant, Stern; and a "Polander," George Borotski. It came out that Count Königsmarck (the elder, Karl Johann), "who had been in England some months before, and had made addresses to my lady Ogle, before she had married Mr. Thynne, had ten days before the murder come *incognito* into England, and lay disguised till it was committed.

This gave great cause of suspicion that the said Count was at the bottom of it." Of his having been so there can now be no doubt. The Count had fled immediately, but was found at Gravesend, about to sail for Sweden. They were all tried at the Old Bailey, on Feb. 28th. The Count was acquitted of being accessory ("by a corrupt jury," says Evelyn); the other three condemned. They were executed on March 10th. "The Captain died without any expression of fear, or laying any guilt upon Count Coningsmark: . . . in fine, his whole carriage, from his first being apprehended till the last, relished more of gallantry than religion."—*Beresby*, p. 243. He had many noble qualities, this ill-starred Captain Vratz: "He went to execution like an undaunted hero," says Evelyn. Königsmarck's brother Philip was implicated. He was murdered at Herrenhausen, 1694, by the orders, if not in the presence of, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards our George the First, who was jealous of his familiarity with the Princess Sophia Dorothea of Zell. She was imprisoned for life, and had her very name changed into "The Princess Ahlden," while she persisted in surviving too long.[1] Horace Walpole learnt the assassination from his father, who got the secret from Queen Caroline, and she from her husband, George the Second.

Evelyn lets in the light on this ugly transaction of Tom Thynne's marriage, in his *Diary*, 15th Nov., 1681. The Earl of Essex (whose wife was this Lady Ogle's aunt) told him how "the rich young widow [Elizabeth], sole daughter of [Jocelyn Percy] the [eleventh] Earl of Northumberland, had been betrayed by her grandmother the Countesse and Col. Bret for money." Essex had not been privy to the ill-omened marriage, and was averse to it. Evelyn also gives a curious description of his own visit "to see the corpse of that obstinate creature Coll. Vrats," which had been prepared with some mysterious antiseptive.

But there is something more curious still. Not merely that the irrepressible Gilbert Burnet looked after the criminals, obtained the confession of Stern and Borotski, and was rebuffed by Vrats; who told him "he considered it to be sufficient if he confessed his sins to God," and that "he thought it a piece of popery to press him to confess"—but Burnet held no secrets of the confessional to be inviolate, only desiring to exalt him-

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[1] Thirty-two years. George "was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife; and, sure enough, pallid Death, having seized upon the luckless Princess in her Castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H.M. King George I., in his travelling chariot on the Hanover-road."

self by publishing the revelations of dying men. It is hinted at in a contemporary epigram (1682):—

Here lies *Tom Thynne* of *Longleat* Hall,
Who never would have miscarried,
Had he married the woman he lay withal,
Or lain with the woman he married.

Horace Walpole explains the allusions. "Miss Trevor, one of the Maids of Honour to Catharine of Portugal, wife of Charles the Second, having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the Duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was the woman he lay withal. The woman he married was the great heiress, to whom he was affianced, when he was killed by [the emissaries of] Count Coningsmark, in Pall Mall."

We see by our ballad that Thynne was exerting himself as a political agitator and persuader, to prepare the way for his friend Monmouth's western progress of Protestantism.[1]

Let it be remembered that it was those Wiltshire petitioners, who received the rebuff from the King (see p. 750). Thence, it may be, arose the natural anxiety of Charles that the Court party might be thoroughly cleared from suspicion of being implicated in the murder. We have, consequently, devoted more space to the matter than is due to the personal importance of "Tom of Ten Thousand," whose scull was "Thin."

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[1] He spent money profusely for the increase of Monmouth's popularity in the West, and thus won the distinction of being introduced by Dryden into *Absalom and Achitophel*, 1681, under the name of Issachar: probably because Issachar was "a strong ass, couching down between two burdens," wealth and folly, neither of which did he carry well. He is ironically described:—

But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy Western friend.

Lord Rochester supports the reputation of "Tom of Ten Thousand" by inquiring (after he had left his supposed lampooner to "the cudgel of Black Will")

What Drudge would be in *Dryden's* cudgell'd skin?
Or who'd be safe and senseless like *Tom T*[*hynne*]?

Senseless, perhaps, but far from safe was he. Another version has "rich and senseless."

Thynne and Monmouth are coupled, and How is mentioned, in a new Loyal Song made on the Parliament removing from *London* to *Oxford*, March, 1681; Tune, and first line, Ye *London* lads, be merry:—

Fool *Thin* and half-witted *M*[*onmou*]*th*,
With *L*[*auren*]*ce*, and slabbering *K*[*en*]*t*, ["*Lory*" *Hyde.*]
With gogling Fly-catching *B*[*edford*,]
That ne're knew yet what he meant;
And *St*[*anfo*]*rd* follows the scent,
With politick *Armstrong* and *How*,
And they all Petitioning went
And the Deel's gang'd with them I trow.

Sir Scroop How comes into our line 77. For Armstrong, see our p. 799, note.

[Bagford Collection, III. 63.]

The Wiltshire Ballad:

Or,

A New Song, Compos'd by an Old Cavalier,
Of Wonders at Sarum, *by which doth appear,*
That th' old Devil came again lately there,
To Raise a Rebellion,
By way of Petition;
But by Musicks Divine and powerful Charms,
Which Satan and's Saints abhor; such Alarms
Were made, that he fled, and they all kept from harms.

FRom *Salisbury*, that low-Hous'd Town,
Where Steeple is of high Renown,
Of late was brought unto the Crown
A Lesson; 4

'Twas drawn up by three worthy Wights,
Members they were, and two were Knights,
Great Trencher Men, but no one Fights
Monpes—[1]

Through discontent his Hand did set
First to this Scrole, without Regret,
Then Pilgrim-like travel'd to get
Some others.
From House to House, in Town and Close,
Our zealous Preservator goes,
Tells them of Dangers and of Foes;
But smothers

The true intent of what they bring;
Who beg'd the House may sit; a thing
Which only can preserve the King,
when Nothing
Destroys him more; for should he give
Consent, he'd never that Retrieve,
But part with his Prerogative;
A low thing

Make himself by't, the Rabble get
Into his High Imperial Seat,
They'd make him Gloriously Great!
We know it: [? trow]
They serv'd his Father so before,
These Saints would still increase the store
Of Royal Martyrs, Hum! no more,
We know it.

The Herd of Zealots long to see
A Monarch [but] in Effigie,
A Project which appears to be
Most Witty;

[1] Sir Thomas Mompesson, one of the two members for Old Sarum, in the Oxford Parliament of 1681, along with Sir Eliab Harvey: John Windham and Alexander Thistlethwaite were for New Sarum. In the previous Parliament, Oct. 7, 1679, he had been one of the two members for New Sarum, along with Alexander Thistlethwaite: as to whom, see line 77, and note thereon, p. 777. Sir Eliab Harvey and Lord Coleraine had then been returned for Old Sarum.

And they at Helm aspire to Sit,
There Govern without Fear or Wit,
King and un-King, when they think fit:
That's pretty.

To see ('twould make a Stoick smile)
Geneva-Jack[1] thus Moyl and Toyl
To Lord it in our Brittish Isle
Again, Sir;
And Pulpit-Cuff us, till we Fight,
Lose our Estates and Lives outright;
And, when all's done, he gets all by't,
That's plain, Sir.

The Col'nel, who came from place, where
A Quaker b . . . . . 'd four-leg'd Mare,[2]
Who o' th' old Leaven had his share,
Petition'd:
For which, both he, and Knight Sir *Gil*——[3]
I'll boldly say't, (blame not my Quill)
To say no more, were very ill
Condition'd.

But this, I hope, nor makes nor marrs,
Charles knows what's meant by all these Jars,
And these Domestick, Paper-Wars,
Conceive it:

---

[1] *Jack Presbyter* was making serious encroachments, and many began to fear he might again prove as dire a foe as the Papists. A recurrence of such lawlessness and anarchy as began in 1641 was dreaded. The illegal election of two London Sheriffs, Slingsby Bethel and Henry Cornish (Midsummer, 1680), pointed the allusion. Both were Presbyterians, "both accounted Phanaticks," but, to ensure their election, they "took care to qualify themselves by receiving the Sacrament in the Church of England, abjuring the Covenant, and doing every thing appointed by Act of Parliament." They, having been elected by violence and irregularity, were not allowed to secure the position undisturbed. Cornish was afterwards brought to trial for treason, and executed, 23 Oct., 1685. Bethel was heavily fined. See third note, on p. 798, to Bagf. Coll., iii. 78.

[2] Horkesley, near Colchester, in Essex: *Rump.* i. 354.

[3] Sir *Gilbert Gerard.* He was one of those who accompanied Shaftesbury, when "presenting" the Duke of York, for recusancy. Along with them were the Earl of Huntington, Lords Brandon, Gerard, Grey, of Wark, Cavendish, and William Russell, etc. See note 2 on p. 777, and the introduction to the "Waking Vision," pp. 785, 786.

Tom of Ten Thousand,[1] is come in,
Sure such a *Hero* much will win,
On Sculs as thick, as his is *Thin*,
Believe it.

The People would have power to call
Parliaments, and Dissolve them; all
Regalia's possess; what shall
The Saint, Sir,
Not have the power of Peace and War?
Religion steer? Holy we are,
And Rich, the King shall we (be't far)
Acquaint, Sir?

This was the Humble Holy Guise
Of the Religiously Precise,
Which made them Gallop to *Mic. Wise*,[2]
To Sign it.

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[1] This was the nickname applied to Thomas Thynne, from the amount of his income. He was the possessor of Longleat; and a useful friend, an orange to be squeezed, to the Duke of Monmouth. A curious connexion exists between this "Wiltshire Ballad" and "The Valiant Souldier's Misfortune" (our p. 350) in that the present owner of Longleat, the Marquis of Bath, still receives, as one of the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg, a large portion of the pension accorded to that noble commander and his descendants. Perhaps the present possessor of Longleat is descended from an elder branch of the family of Thynne, than that to which "Tom of Ten Thousand" belonged; for Debrett, 1877, reads: "*Creations*, —Viscount Weymouth and Baron Thynne, 1682,—Marquess of Bath, 1789 .... A Baronet, 1641." Tindal's *Rapin*, v. 136, notes as Baronet "Hy. Fred. Thynne, of Cause Castle, Shropshire, July 15, 1641," "since Visc. Weymouth." Lady Ogle fled abroad to avoid the embraces of Tom Thynne, so that he left no lineal descendants by her. We leave the reconciliation of all this to the professed genealogists.

[2] Michael Wise, composer, choir-master, and organist at Salisbury, 1668, of which city he was a native. He had been one of the first of the children of the Chapel Royal after the Restoration. In 1675 he was appointed a gentleman of the said Chapel. Later he became almoner and choir-master at St. Paul's. He was a favourite of Charles II., and claimed the privilege of playing on the organ wherever the King stopped, in his journeys. His having begun a Voluntary before the preacher ceased, it has been suggested, caused His Majesty's displeasure. We think it more likely that Wise got the hint from Old Rowley himself: who became drowsy when preached at, a fact certified by some good anecdotes. But the alleged "suspension" was not until the decease of Charles, Edward Morton officiating at the coronation of James II. Some of Michael Wise's quarrelsome vagaries at Salisbury, as hinted in our ballad, are likely to have been remembered against him. He was a convivialist, but of uncertain temper. His death, in 1687, at Salisbury, was the result of a mad fit of rage and a scuffle. In addition to some noble anthems, we owe to him several catches, and the music of "Old *Chiron* thus preached to his pupil *Achilles*."

Thisselth[1] —— and Sir *How*,[2] said he,
And you, Sir Knight, nam'd first should be,
The dregs of Treason, Juice of Bee,
Nor Wine yet,

This Morning have refresh'd my Pate,
Or Heart, I'm so unfortunate,
My Head akes early, though when 'ts late,
I take it,
With Cheerful and a thoughtless Soul
Of poyson'd Zeal or Treason foul,
And drink the Kings Health in a Bowl,
And make it

With Jovial, Loyal Heart go round,
In Mirth and Musick then abound;
In Scholarship I'm not profound.
My Name, Sirs,
I cannot write;[3] yet set I shall
A Tune to your new Madrigal,
And fetch 't from Forty One withal.
No blame, Sirs,

Was in that Holy, like this Time,
For from poor *Tom* flows honest Rhine,
And in the Tune there was no Crime;
'Twas take 'em

[1] *Alexander* Thistlethwaite, one of the M.P.'s for New Sarum, in Charles II.'s third and fourth Parliaments (in the latter the men were unchanged, except Lord Coleraine instead of John Young). He sat for *Old* Sarum in the fifth (Oxford) Parliament. In James II.'s the members were, John Windham and Sir Stephen Fox for New Sarum; Harvey and Mompesson, for Old Sarum. See note 1, p. 774.

[2] This is, probably, Sir *Scroop How*, who was a violent seconder of Shaftesbury in presenting a bill, attesting the Duke of York as a Popish recusant, at the King's Bench Bar, October, 1680. Other commoners were Sir Gilbert Gerard, Sir Edw. Hungerford, Sir Wm. Cooper, Sir Thomas Wharton, John Trenchard, *Thomas Thynne* (already mentioned), and William Forester, Esquires. The presentation came to nothing, the grand jury being suddenly dismissed. Scroop How was member for Nottinghamshire, in third, fourth, and fifth Parliaments of Charles II. See note on p. 772.

[3] If this statement be correct (as is likely), the literary attainments of Michael Wise resembled those of the worthy whose education left off immediately before commencement of the alphabet. Some of his musical MSS. must surely be extant in the grand old Cathedral town, and might establish the point.

Derrick,[1] the Tune that they did sing,
Derrick, who in *June* with a swing
Cur'd strange Distempers, and a String;
Forsake 'em.

Thus the sage Council of *Mic. Wise*,
Turn'd up the Whites of Zeal-burn'd Eyes,
But did not Honest Men surprise,
They, Laughing
Said, Time's the Life of Musick,[2] *Mic.*
And thou hast hit it in the Nick,
By touching on this Crop-Ear'd Trick.
Our Quaffing

Shall at the Angel be this Night,
David's Harp did *Saul's* Devil fright,
And thine and Wine shall cure our Sprite
Phanatick.
We'll leave the Rule unto the King,
Pray for his Health, a Loyal thing;
Let great *Charles* Rule: who this won't sing,
's Lunatick.

Which does me to the Doctor[3] bring,
Whose Name made 'mongst the rest nothing,
To him I give now in the Spring[4]
Good Advice.

---

[1] The hangman in 1647. He was no longer the officiator. See pp. 460, 697. The use of such a name generically survived: as with Dun and Ketch. So it may with Calcraft, Marwood, and Fawcett. Whether there was actually a tune with burden "Take 'm, Derrick," we know not.

[2] That there was a general confusion of the terms *time* and *tune* can be proved by innumerable examples. Several of them are in Shakespeare. Compare the squabble with Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

[3] This not improbably refers to Walter Pope, Doctor of Medicine, who was then at Salisbury. See pp. 648, 770. Even if he were himself the author of the present ballad, this would not affect the allusion, which might be an intentional *blind*; like the author of Waverley, while still "the Great Unknown," adopting lines from his own *Lay of the Last Minstrel* as a motto for his *Guy Mannering*, to mislead those who had already noticed that in *Waverley* were "no quotations from Mr. Scott's poetry."

[4] This dates the ballad as written and published about April or May, 1680. The allusion is, of course, to doctors themselves advising a course of medicine at this season of the year. As was sung (in verses attributed to W. M. Praed),

> Take opening medicines in the Spring,
> As your fathers did before you, . . .
> And then you'll not grow old!—*An Old-fashioned Recipe.*

When Worm *Cephalick* Restless grows,
Let him lose Blood in Tongue or Toes,
Or take our Dr. *Derrick's* Dose,
Once, not twice.

For once as certainly doth Kill,
As Potion made by him, or Pill:
And thus my Muse doth make her Will.
O may this City!
'Cause She refus'd that Toy to Sign,
Never want Health, Wealth, or Good Wine,
Nor our King's Smiles, nor the Divine;
Thus ends my Ditty.

LONDON, Printed in the 1680.

[In White-letter. Two columns. No woodcut. We borrow one on our page 773 from Roxb. Coll., i. 346; and this, printed below, to illustrate Mic. Wise's Salisbury-revels, is from Roxb. Coll., i. 18.]

A Waking Vision.

"Unblam'd of life (ambition set aside),
Not stain'd with cruelty, not puff'd with pride:
How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the people's love."

Dryden: *Absalom and Achitophel*, 1681.

WE could not willingly resign this poem, although it be not of the song or ballad class. It is closely connected in subject with our preceding pages on the Popish Plot, and also with Dryden's immortal satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*. An illusive glamour of romance still clings around the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth. Stronger love was felt for him by Charles, than for any of the later children who were born to him. The enthusiastic welcomes given to Monmouth throughout England made each reception seem to be part of a triumphal progress;[1] wherein beauty, grace, and valour scattered flowers. They thronged to gaze upon him, and hailed his arrival with affection. We almost forget his faults in remembering the disastrous end of his career, the sudden failure of his Western Insurrection, which cost so much of the best blood of England. Nothing so ineradicably stains the reputation of his uncle, James II., as the cold-blooded and ruthless cruelty with which he exacted the full vengeance from Monmouth and his followers. It almost destroys our national perception of right and wrong, casting back on the nefarious schemes of the Exclusionists a sort of retroversive justification for all their evil work; as though they had truly foreseen what the Duke of York would become, if allowed to succeed as King. There would have been gross injustice and

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[1] On fol. 78 of this third vol., Bagford Collection, is "The Oxford Alderman's Speech to the D[uke] of *M[onmouth]*, when his Grace made his Entrance into that City, about Sept. 1680." It begins,

Stout *Hanibal* before he came to Age,
Perpetual Wars with *Rome* was sworn to wage!
You lead us to such Wars; O happy we!
Great Prince! You are a soldier good as He;
Tho some will say (to give the Devil his due,)
He was as good a Protestant as you. &c.

See later in our volume, p. 797, where we give the poem complete.

illegality in raising to the sovereignty any such bastard son of Charles II. (although the bend-sinister had been on the Royal shield before that time, as a precedent; either Mary or Elizabeth being certainly illegitimate). We do not believe, moreover, that Monmouth could have become a good king; or that the intriguing faction, headed by William of Orange, would ever have consented to allow this "Perkin"[1] to quietly occupy the throne, instead of his legitimate half-cousin the Lady Mary. Neither by his public nor his private virtues can we feel assured, in the early life of Monmouth, that he would have become worthy of such an exalted station. Married to a generous and truly noble wife, who gave to him fortune and name as well as love, he was notoriously unfaithful, and addicted to disgraceful attachments. His male associates were little better than the loose wantons[2] whose company he preferred to that of the pure-minded Lady Anne Scott of Buccleugh. He was handsome, courteous, and accomplished. But his disposition was too fickle, his mind too shallow, to admit of his carrying on persistently those numerous intrigues with which Shaftesbury delighted to be enmeshed, or to combine into one scheme the conspiracies of many different ambitions. If not deliberate treachery, there was undoubtedly a weakness, a faithlessness in Monmouth, which made him willing to sacrifice any friend or principle for the sake of his own present and selfish interest. With such culpable instability, no heroic qualities can ripen.[3]

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[1] A nickname often used. In the Loyal Song "*Monmouth* degraded, or *James Scot*, the little King in *Lyme*" [*Regis*], 1685, and elsewhere, he is styled a Fop-King, and Perkin (= an impostor, from Perkin Warbeck, of Henry VII.'s time). The fifth verse runs:—

Poor *Perkin*, now, he is no more
But *James Scot*, as he was before,
No Honour left, but Soul to soar,
Till quite expir'd with time, Boy;
But first he'll call his Parliament,
By *Ferguson* and *Gray's* consent,
Trenchard, and all the Boars in 's Tent,
Fit for the King in *Lyme*, Boys.

[2] See next note, and p. 772. We do not include under this designation the hapless Lady Henrietta Wentworth, of Toddington, Bedfordshire, to whom, in his last days, his heart was devoted, and who pined away after his death, and soon followed him to the grave. Hers was a true and solitary affection:—

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone.

[3] Madame Dunois, as quoted by J. H. Jesse, describes Monmouth flatteringly,

In 1683, it was a matter of deep regret to the noble Algernon Sydney, whose own life paid the forfeit of the mistake in judgment, that he had been the means of bringing in his kinsman, Lord Howard, as an associate of Wm. Russell and the other conspirators—Howard, Dryden's "Nadab," whom Charles and his Court treated with marked contempt, when the Rye House Plot was coming to light. Yet Howard can scarcely be held to have been more despicable than Lord Grey. With the exception of these two, the friends of Monmouth were true and devoted in affection to him :—

> A small but faithful band
> Of worthies, in the breach who dared to stand,
> And tempt the united fury of the land.

They erred in discretion, but they accepted the consequences. Among them were fiery spirits, who might well encourage such a spoilt favourite of fortune to believe that his attempt would be successful. Trenchard[1] and Ferguson[2] were of a very different order of men from the Court rufflers, who had earlier joined Monmouth in the Whetstone-Park brawl, which caused the death of the Beadle, slain by the three Dukes. This was on Sunday morning, Feb. 26th, 167½, and the Duke of Albemarle (Monk's son) was one of them. A contemporary poem reminded them of the leafless tree at Tyburn, waiting to bear such human fruit :—

> Near t'other Park there stands an aged Tree,
> As if 'twere made o' th' nonce for Three;
> Where, that no Ceremony may be lost,
> Each Duke for State may have a several Post.
>
> *State Poems*, i. 148.

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but acknowledges his fickleness. "He danced extremely well, and with an air that charmed all that saw him. His heart was always divided between love and glory. He was rich, young, gallant, and, as I have before said, the handsomest and best-shaped of men. It will not after this appear strange that many ladies made it their business to engage his heart. This good fortune he was sensible of, and knew how to make use of it; but never had so delicate a taste of love to be strongly engaged to any one in particular. *He was incapable of confining himself to one intrigue*, there being hardly a day in which he got not a new mistress; and *there appeared more affectation and vanity, than love or sincerity, in all his intrigues.*"—*Jesse*, 1840 ed., iv. 4.

[1] *Sir John Trenchard*, according to the evidence of Rumsey and West, in the Rye-House Plot investigation, was to have raised a body of men at Taunton, and failed. He was a Dorsetshire man, of Wolverton. He went abroad, when Monmouth's expedition failed, but returned after the Revolution, and represented Dorchester, becoming Secretary of State under William, in 1693, but died next year; Burnet sneers at him, saying that "He had too great a regard to the stars, and too little to religion."

[2] *Robert Ferguson* (the "Judas" of *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part 2) deserves full consideration, as having been the most persistent intriguer in Monmouth's behoof, and a schemer until the end.

A pardon was obtained for the offenders. Still earlier, in December, 1670, O'Brian (son of the Earl of Inchiquin), Sir Thomas Sandys, and some more, under connivance of Monmouth, had assaulted the libeller Sir John Coventry, and left a mark on him for life. The Commons were enraged at such an attack on one of their own members, made in punishment of his "privileged" insolence during debate. They passed the Coventry Maiming Act; but, nevertheless, favoured Monmouth, as time wore on, because in him they saw a popular rival to the Duke of York. Indeed among them he had many friends:—

> But far more numerous was the herd of such
> Who think too little and who talk too much.

We intentionally avoid attempting to draw the character of Shaftesbury. It has been done, for all time, by the master-hand of Dryden.[1] Historians and biographers may indicate, at most, the precise details of some one feature or another. But his portrait as "Achitophel" seems to be strictly accurate. In another poem are found some lines not unworthy of citation. We believe it to have been the work of the same author as the "Waking Vision," and it is printed in the same volume of "86 *Loyal Poems*," 1685. The title is "Shaftesbury's Farewell; or, the New Association." It begins,

> Greatest of Men, yet Man's least Friend, farewel;
> Wit's mightiest, but most useless Miracle;
> Where Nature all her richest Treasures stor'd,
> To make one vast unprofitable Hoard:
> So high as thine no Orb of Fire can rowl,
> The brightest, yet the most excentrick Soul;
> Whom 'midst Wealth, Honours, Fame, yet want of ease,
> No Power could e'er oblige, no State could please;
> Be in thy grave with peaceful slumbers blest,
> And find thy whole Life's only Stranger, *Rest*.

After a comparison, drawn from Nebuchadnezzar's dream, of the Head of gold and the Feet of clay, there is indicated a contrast with the storm of September, 1658, which was so differently interpreted by adverse factions:—

> But where are all those blust'ring Storms retir'd,
> That roar'd so loud when *Oliver* expir'd?
> Storms that rent Oaks, and Rocks asunder broke,
> And at his Exequies in Thunder spoke.
> Was there less cause, when *Thy* last Doom was giv'n,
> To waken all the Revellers of Heaven?
> Or did there want in *Belgia's* humble Soil
> A Cedar fit to fall [? fill] *thy Funeral Pile?*

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[1] Also by Butler, in *Hudibrastic* lines of scathing irony, Part iii. Canto 2.

No; Die, and Heav'n th' Expence of Thunder save,
Hush'd as thy own Designs, down to thy Grave.
So hush'd may all the Portents of the Skie
With Thee, our last great Comet's influence, die, &c.[1]

In conclusion, the poet imagines the welcome given to the shade of Shaftesbury, with a fulfilment of his projected "Association" among the phantoms of the earlier Regicides:—

Oh, *Charon!* waft thy Load of Honour o'er,
And land him safely on the *Stygian* Shoar.
At his approach, Fame's loudest trumpet call
Cromwel, *Cook*, *Ireton*, *Bradshaw*, *Hewson*, all.
From all the Courts below, each well pleas'd [Ghost,]
All the *Republick Legions* numerous Host,
Swarm thick, to see your mighty Heroe land,
Crowd up the Shoar, and blacken all the Strand;
And, what e're chance on Earth, or Pow'rs accurst,
Broke all your Bonds, your Holy Leagues all burst:
This Union of the *Saints* no storm shall sever,
This *Last Association* holds for ever.[2]

Our Bagford broadsheet belongs to the date April, 1681. The lines are also found in "*A Collection of* 86 *Loyal Poems:* all of them written upon the Two late PLOTS, viz. the Horrid *Salamanca* Plot in 1678, and the present fanatical Consp[iracy of] 1683. Printed by N[at]. T[hompson], at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden*, near *Charing-Cross*, 1685." It deserves to be read, in connexion with Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," and the Second Part, written by Nahum Tate.

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[1] See also our own p. 60, for reference to poems on the Storm at Cromwell's death.

[2] The meeting of the conspirators in the dim regions beyond the scaffold or the tomb was a favourite subject for poems and ballads of the time. One is A congratulation of the Protestant Joyner [Stephen College] to Anthony [Shaftesbury] King of Poland, upon his Arrival in the Lower World. In another, entitled Poor Robin's Dream; or, The Visions of Hell, we find a Dantesque description of the tormented Regicides:—

Old *Noll* and *Bradshaw*, *Ireton* and *Pride*,
Burning like Beacons, on the other side;
Then perjur'd Rogues, drawn up in arched Rings,
Their tongues like Serpents, shew'd their flaming stings;
Thought I, is this the fruit of killing Kings?

Then ensues a dialogue between Bedloe and Ezrael Tonge, bitterly recriminative, in which the latter asserts, concerning the murder of Sir Edmondbury,

Tony and *Godfrey's* Brother that contrived,
To make the forged *Plot* the more believed.

One of the 180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 31, beginning "Room, room for great *Algernon*," tells how "*Pluto*, the Prince of Darkness, [gives] his Entertainment of Collonel *Algernon Sidney* upon his Arrival at the Infernal Palace." Tune, [Nat. Lee's] Hail to the Myrtle-Shades. The suggestion for the whole of these may be found in Isa. xiv. 9, "Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth."

In furtherance of Monmouth's pretensions to legitimacy, and a consequent succession to the throne, many expedients were tried.[1] The favourite rumour was, that Dr. Fuller, Bishop of Lincoln, had performed the marriage-ceremony between Charles and Lucy Walter,[2] and that a certificate of this (spoken of as "Blackburn's contract of marriage of the King and Mrs. Barloe") was contained in a certain *Black Box*,[3] in the possession of Sir Gilbert

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[1] Some hard hits at Monmouth and his friends who backed his pretensions to the succession are given in a ballad entitled "A Narrative of the Old Plot:"—

Then *Perkin* thought 'twas time to prove
His Claim to King-ship fair;
And faith 'tis fit the peerless Son
Should be the Peoples Heir.

So fill'd with Zeal he and his *Knight*
Caress and court the Rout:
And my *Lord Duke* goes up and down
To shew his *Grace* about.

Tho *Ford* Lord Grey would not ingage
Upon that idle score;
For he would have a *Common-wealth*,
As well as *Common-whore*.

He envy'd his old Friend a Crown,
But why I can't devise;
For 's *Grace* had *Grac'd* his Lordship's head
With Horns of noble size.

The knight, mentioned above, was Sir Thomas Armstrong,—"Oh, Cruel, bloody *Tom!*"—who suffered afterwards at Tyburn, 20 June, 1684. Allusions to Lord Grey having been dishonoured through his wife, both by Armstrong and Monmouth, are not infrequent. Compare our note 1, on p. 684.

[2] Lucy Walter (called Walters, or Waters) was daughter of William Walter of Roch Castle and his wife Elizabeth Prothero. An excellent biography of this ill-fated woman is among the *Althorp Memoirs* privately printed by Geo. Steinman Steinman, F.S.A.; whose books we regard with the highest esteem, for their exactitude and fullness of information, while the elegance with which they are produced makes them models for imitation.

[3] In a Canto upon the Miraculous Cure of the King's Evil performed by the D[uke] of *M[onmouth]* in [16]80, is one allusion to this story (see p. 800):—

If *seventh Sons* do things so rare,
In you *seven Fathers* have a share.
Shew us some more of these fine Mocks,
Shew then your *Black Art*, your *Black Box*.

Again, of [Shaftesbury] "The Badger in the Fox-Trap," the Devil inquires:

Who was it first invented the *Black-Box*,
And the *Black Bills* which were to give such knocks?
Who were made privy unto *Godfrey's* death,
For which three men already lost their breath?

For the "Black-Bills," see p. 676, note 2. The "three men" were Hill, Green, and Berry the porter, the latter owning himself as a Protestant. See pp. 671 and 679, note 3.

Gerard, son-in-law of Bishop Cosin. To stop the circulation of this report an extraordinary Council was held, and Sir Gilbert, on being summoned to explain his share, denied all knowledge of the writing. This was on April 26th, 1678. The King issued a Declaration, signed as witnessed by sixteen Privy Councillors, on June 3rd following, "to avoid any dispute which might happen in time to come, concerning the succession of the Crown;" His Majesty therein solemnly affirming "that he never gave, nor made any contract of marriage, nor was married to Mrs. Barlow, alias Walters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother, nor to any other woman whatsoever, but to his present wife, Queen Catherine, then living." Popular credulity had been appealed to in another way, by superstition; and those who rejected as monstrous the fables of Romanists have often been ready to yield their faith to ridiculous tales of spectres and warning voices. Thus there was credit paid to narratives of what is called *the Hatfield Vision.* It was reputed to be the ghostly apparition of Lucy Walters (who died soon after the Restoration), "in white, and with a veil over her face," to the sight of Elizabeth Freeman, "the Maid of Hatfield."[1] On behalf

[1] The apparition was reported to have appeared to Elizabeth Freeman four times, in January, 168½; her story being attested as true by one Joseph Jordan, a magistrate of Hertfordshire, and by the Rector of Hatfield, Dr. Lee. A popular account, entitled "The Maid of Hatfield," was published for cheap circulation, by the Monmouth adherents, and bought up eagerly. It is referred to by Dryden (in an Epilogue to Banks's "Unhappy Favourite"), 1682, as a penny book:—

> Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
> Four farthings out to buy *the Hatfield Maid?*

One of the 180 *Loyal Songs*, p. 81, entitled "No Protestant Plot; or, the Whigs' Loyalty, with the Doctor's new discovery," written in 1683, declares that "Eighty Three smells rank of Forty One," and mentions the Hatfield Vision:—

> See there, a fighting Army in the Air!
> But now it vanishes, and does disappear:
> A *Spectre* told strange things to honest *Bess*,
> Which much amaz'd the *Hatfield Prophetess.*

Both of these portents, the "Armies fighting in the skies," and the "Hatfield Vision," were already indicated in the "Groaning-Board" ballad, 1682, (concerning which, and some curious pamphlets thereon, consult our Appendix).

of Monmouth, and his claim, this was made much of by the Protestant faction. It is referred to in the "Groaning Board" ballad (our pp. 98, 100), line 32. One would think the veil unnecessary if the ghost required to be recognized; but it saved the witness from cross-examination as to the features.

There seems grave reason to doubt whether Charles was really the father of Monmouth. He himself felt satisfied; but that proves nothing, in the case of a woman so dissolute in conduct as the beautiful Lucy Walters. King James afterwards made assertion of Algernon Sidney having acknowledged to him, when Duke of York, that he had himself agreed with her "for fifty broad pieces" as the price of her virtue, during the time when he was an officer of Cromwell's army. But he had been suddenly ordered away with his regiment, and so the affair fell through; but she then went to Holland, and became mistress of his brother, Colonel Robert Sidney, commonly called "handsome Sidney," and lived with him some time, before Charles ever saw her. He enticed her to come to him, quitting Sidney, who coarsely boasted, "Let whoever will have her, she is already sped." Moreover, it was said that Monmouth as he grew up "very much resembled the Colonel, both in stature and countenance, even to a wart on his face." Evelyn doubted that Monmouth's paternity rested with "the King his father (*if his father he really was*, for he most resembled one Colonel Sydney, who was familiar with his mother)."[1] Her he mentions as "a beautiful strumpet whom I had often seene at Paris; she died miserably without anything to bury her;" though Charles had often relieved her necessities. Under date 18th August, 1649, he describes her, "a browne, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature."

"Ben and Franck" were mentioned. One of these, otherwise called "Pilloried Ben," was Benjamin Harris, a bookseller, the other being Frank Smith, busy publishers and producers of Anti-Popish pamphlets; as were also Thomas Basset, John Wright, Samuel Heyrick, Richard Chiswell, etc. The last-named was referred to, by the opposite faction, as "Seditious Dick." Some of them were condemned for libels, and adorned the pillory. See p. 803, note 1. Daniel Foe, "unabashed De Foe" (who was never cropt and "earless on high," except in Pope's verse), saluted it in a hymn, 1702; beginning

> Hail! hieroglyphic State-machine,
> Contriv'd to punish fancy in.

See the "University Ballad," verse 25, on Defoe; and note 1, p. 790, of following poem, for further mention of Harris and the *Hatfield Vision*.

[1] Monmouth's autograph acknowledgment of his own illegitimacy is preserved at the Bodleian Library.

[Bagford Collection, III. 64; Wood's, 417, art. 54.]

The Waking Vision;

Or,

Reality in a Fancy.

AS I was walking, reading in a Book,
Of all the Plots that *Rome*[1] had undertook,
Methought I heard a sudden murmuring Rout,
And, curious to behold, I fac'd about;
When soon the Croud did to my sight appear,
With a young *Hero* stalking in the Rear.
Their Leader was an Old man, known too well
By that false Trayterous name *Achitophel*:[2]
He fac'd about, and waving round his Wand,
The cringeing Rout stood still upon's command.
Lieutenant *Absalom*[3] forsook the Rear,
And strutting forward, did i' th' Front appear.

[1] This word is probably used for disguise, to escape some difficulty in licensing; for in the *Eighty-six Loyal Poems*, 1685, instead of "*Rome*" it reads "*Hell*."
[2] Applied, in 1681, to Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury.
[3] James Scott, Duke of Monmouth. Compare our p. 95: Bagf. Coll., i. 100.

Thus fixt in their Array, the first that broke
The silence, was *Achitophel;* who spoke
With roaring voice, and visage most austere,
When to his Eccho all the Rout gave ear:
All big with expectations, till the bold
Snake-like *Achitophel* his story told.
I need not tell you of the case betwixt ye,
If you remember *Forty-eight* and *Sixty:*
How happy were we in the first of those,
When no man durst our *Laws* and *Wills* oppose;
Wills as obliging as the *Persian* Laws;
We fought and prosper'd in the *Good Old Cause:*
None durst oppose our *Faction*, or appear
In vindication of a *Cavalier.*
Then all our Party in one humour stood,
To bleed the Nation, tap the Royal Blood.
Till envious Death at last did basely trip
Old *Nol* up, with his short *Protectorship.*
Then turn'd the Game, and *Monk* began to sing
In Loyal Tone, Now Boys, *a King, a King!*
Against our wills he did by force restore
The *King*, to that which was his Right before;
Then all those plaguy Rogues called *Cavaliers*,
Began to peep abroad, and shake their Ears;
Each one expecting from the *King* to be
Rewarded for his *Truth* and *Loyalty.*
When thus we saw our *Plots* go down the wind,
We chang'd our Note, and spake in other Kind;
And made the World believe 'twas only We
Restor'd the *King* to Crown and Dignity:[1]
When if we could but still have been obey'd,
No *Stuart* e're had *Englands* Scepter sway'd.
But since what's done, can't be undone again,
Why stand we idle, gazing here in vain?
Let's try our wits, and Plot for to obtain,
And play the *Old Game* over once again:
Do as our Fathers did, come, play your parts,
And let the people know you're *English* hearts,
That are not given to change.[2]———

[1] See note 3, p. 657.
[2] There is no line to rhyme with this, in either of the versions. A line was dropt at bottom of the column.

Eighty one offers us a mark as fair,
As ever *Forty* did: come,——strike,——prepare,
Take Oaths of Secresie, and Covenant
To ease the Nation of her groans and want.
Right and *Religion*, *Liberties* and *Laws*,
Will make the Rout quickly espouse our Cause:
Tell 'em if they don't stir they're quite undone;
Religion's ruin'd, *Liberties* are gone.
Perswade 'em that the *Pope* and *Popish* Train,
Are just returning to the Land again:
That's a pretence ne're fails, but always takes,
And of a Bad *Old Cause* a Good One makes.
Now, now's the time; strike up, for if you miss,
You'l never meet a time so pat as this.
Here's *Popish Plots* discover'd and found out,
With *Fears* and *Jealousies* to charm the Rout;[1]
And soon perswade them all their Lives are lost,
That they must burn like Martyrs at a Post,
Unless they get the *Popish Party* quell'd,
That is by *Evil Counsellors* upheld:
Here's *Grievance* upon *Grievance:* these are Knaves,
And those would make the Free-born Subjects *Slaves:*
Tell them the *King's* a Tyrant, and Oppressor,
And that we have a damn'd *Popish Successor:*
The *Parliament's* dissolv'd, and we must be
Govern'd by *Arbitrary Tyranny:*[2]

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[1] Shaftesbury (like Prospero elsewhere) bore the credit of summoning all the spirits to raise a tempest in our enchanted Island. In a poem of 1682-3, entitled The Recovery, he is described (compare p. 687, note):—

A little wither'd Conjurer supply'd,
And all his *Imps* drank Venom from his side:
His word was (then he out the *Tap* did pluck,)
Come my young Pugs of Treason, *come and suck:*
This Hellish Rite perform'd, to work they go,
To raise up Darkness from the Shades below;
Thick Mists of Popular Fears and Jealousies
Did at their Necromantick Call arise
And in Black Clouds [soon] hid the *British* skies.
Here first their unskill'd Spirits th' visions play'd,
And learnt their *Visions* to the *Hatfield Maid:*
Here first were rais'd the wond'ring world to scare,
The Armies *Horrid* muster'd in the Air.
But now the Charm's dissolv'd, and *England's* free. &c.

[2] But see p. 746, note, in the Group of Election Ballads.

But yet be sure to keep you in the shade,
And do whate're you do in Masquerade.
If any *Senator* against you sit,
Be sure to call him *Papist, Jesuit,*
Mac-Tory, Protestant in Masquerade,
That would your *Liberties* and *Rights* invade.
Now one word more, and I have spoke enough,
Go fall to work, for I have found you stuff.
Which having spoke, the Rout were jogging home,
But soon return'd at voice of *Absalom;*
Who with audacious tone cry'd, Hark, my Friends,
Come, side with me, if you'l attain your ends;
Achitophel shall change, and take the Rear,
And I my self will in the Front appear;
And good old *David*[1] soon shall know that I
Will be his *Heir,* or else I'le bravely die.
What though my Mother[2] was his Concubine?
The fault was hers, I'm sure, it was not mine:
I am his Son,[3] and from his Loins did spring:
I am of Royal Bloud, and will be King:
Do you but help me to obtain the *Crown,*
I'le rule by Law, and all your Foes put down;
I'le part the *King* and *Councel* quite asunder,
And will redress the Griefs you labour under:
If once I can but to the Throne attain,
I'le grant *New Charters,*[4] and the Old maintain.
At which the Rout with hallows fill'd the Skies,
And cry'd, *We'l venture all for Liberties:*

[1] King Charles the Second.
[2] Lucy Walter, or Waters, of indifferent character. See note 2, on p. 785.
[3] Doubtful, at best. See introduction, p. 787.
[4] The Charters of London and other cities had been recalled in 1680-1. The original cause of the withdrawal of these Civic Charters was the determination shown by the Whig Sheriffs to secure the unjust conviction of all political foes who were accused of any offence, and also the acquittal of everybody belonging to their own party, howsoever strong might be the evidence against him (thus, for awhile, Stephen College was saved). There had ceased to be anything like a fair trial. Justice was biassed by popular clamour and the basest prejudice. Thence it came that the Court, seeing how juries were "packed" by adverse Sheriffs, boldly met the difficulty, recalled the Charters, then claimed the appointment of Sheriffs before granting new Charters, and thus gained power of obtaining a verdict, by making their own packed-juries obey the direction of a corrupt judge. But it was a wrong, in requital of a wrong, "to plague the inventors."

When suddenly the Rout did disappear,
And all the Coast was in an instant clear.
Then I began to think which was the worse,
Fanatick blessing or a *Popish* curse:
I put them in two Scales to try their weight,
And found the Ballance equi-ponderate;
But holding them a while, I quickly found
As this was hoisted up, that kiss'd the ground:
Then suddenly I found the meaning out,
This ruines quickly, but that round about:
Then to my mind my thoughts began to sing,
Go haste, and what thou'st heard inform the King:
I durst not go, but presently I wrote,
And seal'd it up, and sent the *King* this Note.

To the KING.

DRead Sir, if you will Rule this Land in peace,
Expell your Foes, and Friends will soon increase:
Your Ruine does, Sir, *too too plain appear,*
Rome *leads the Van,* Geneva *brings the Rear.*
If you'l be safe, you must expell them both,
The Roman Gnat, *and the* dissenting Moth:
And vigorously let them understand,
You are their King, *and will like* King *command.*
And if you e're expect to gain your Ends,
As well as open Foes, take heed of Friends;
I mean a flatt'ring Friend, whose only shew
Makes him a Friend, but really is not so.
Learn by your Father, not to trust to those
That in the end will prove confiding Foes.
Consider on't, you're in a woful straight,
Think but on Forty one, *and* Forty eight.
I only speak this for a Precedent,
For Heav'n, I hope, will all such things prevent.
You're now the Darling of all Loyal hearts,
And may be still, if you will take their parts:
But if you bear with Faction, *or with* Rome,
And do delay to give them both their doom,
All Loyal *men must suffer by those two,*
And be in spight of Fate undone with You.

You must be sure to ruine Both, or none;
If one remain, you're sure to be undone:
For if you ruine Rome, *on equal scores,*
You shut the Window, *but leave ope the* Doors;
Unless you ruine the Fanaticks *too,*
For know one Nation can't hold Them and You.
Those men I fear against your Life combine,
That strive to cross you in your Good design;
And those men sure would yield to put you down,
That tell the People, You are not their own.
Pardon me, Sir, *if I your quiet break,*
For Poets *dare at all Adventures speak.*

FINIS.

LONDON: Printed by *N*[*at*]. *T*[*hompson*]. 1681.

[White-letter. No woodcuts. We borrow one on our page 788 from Roxb. Coll., ii. 17. Date, April, 1681.]

POEMS ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

"Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as *Absalom:* . . .
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please; . . .
With secret joy indulgent *David* view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd;
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming *Annabel* his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see."

Absalom and Achitophel. 1681.

SEPARATED from "The Waking Vision," by a few poems (including "The Beggars' Wedding," Bagford Coll., iii. 67, to which we shall return hereafter, where the duplicate occurs on fol. 95), we come, on fol. 78, to two other poems on the Duke of Monmouth. These are too important to bear omission; we add a third that had accompanied them elsewhere. Both of the Bagford verses belong to the date 1680, or at latest to that debatable time between January 1st and the middle of March, which the old style gave to the preceding year, and which we write 168⅟, or 1680-1.

One is a satirical address, supposed to be spoken by an Oxford Alderman, connected with that almost triumphal progress which Monmouth made; no doubt at the instigation of Shaftesbury, Grey, and Sir Thomas Armstrong, to confirm the good opinion generally entertained, and advance their ambitious views.

The other poem throws light on an incident of similar canvassing for fame, in his journey and public receptions. He never believed that any marriage of his mother had taken place; according to Burnet's declaration. Since there were some ugly rumours afloat, casting suspicion not only on his legitimacy, but even on his descent from Charles, the supposed inheritance of a divine power to cure the King's-Evil by a Royal Touch was considered proof positive, such as could leave gainsayers no excuse for incredulity. It was reported that, while in Somerset, Monmouth had actually effected such a cure by Touching for the Evil. The poem has much Hudibrastic vigour and grotesqueness. If he still remained alive at the time of its composition, it is not unlikely to have been written by EDMUND GAYTON (see our p. 633), author of the clever "*Festivous Notes on Don Quixote*," which is mentioned in the seventeenth line. At any rate, the author must have been well acquainted with the earlier dramatic

literature, especially works concerning the Alchemists. The allusions to Marlow, to Decker, those fourfold to Shakespeare, and others to Ben Jonson, prove this.

Not yet, at our date 1680, or until the discovery of the Rye-House Plot in 1683, was Monmouth's party publicly disconcerted, or himself disgraced by a double recantation. Charles, it is true, forgave him each of his offences, and seems to have desired his presence and companionship to the last hour; although he was too faithful to his brother's interests to yield the Exclusion of James from the succession. No love, no recognized kinsmanship or familiarity united the brother and the favourite son.

There were many beside James who felt and expressed indignation at the favour shown to Monmouth, after the detection of his treasonable practices. His abject confession, given while Essex was imprisoned, when Russell and Algernon Sidney were about to be brought to the scaffold, was followed by as selfish a recantation, to secure fresh popularity in the City and the provinces, so soon as his own pardon was declared. Charles banished him for this duplicity, but was soon pacified, being always ready to believe in his contrition. A humorous Loyal Song of 1683,[1] to the tune of Suckling's Brounghill-Wedding lyric, "I'll tell thee, Dick," begins, similarly, as a West-Country-man or Devonshire-Clown's narrative,—

> Chill tell thee, *Tom*, the strangest story,
> Because thou art an honest *Tory*,
> 'Tis News beyond expressions.

He relates his adventures: how he obtained admittance to Whitehall, in his best array, and went up the stairs, "as broad, and dirty too, as any road," and felt that it looked as though "His Majesty had kept no Maid." Indeed, people believed that article was one which Charles seldom retained long in stock. But this is scandal. Amid the richly-clad and gay crowd within the palace, the countryman was puzzled to distinguish the King. They were only his Guard (of whom Monmouth had been Captain).[2] He found plenty of cringing

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[1] White-letter, no date or printer's name: Ashm. G. fol. 16.

[2] This is referred to, as if by Charles, in Royal Resolutions:—

> I'll have a rare Son, in marrying tho' marr'd,
> Shall govern (if not my Kingdom) my Guard;
> And shall be successor to me or *Gerard*.

We feel sure, in opposition to other commentators, that "in marrying though marred" refers not in any degree to Monmouth's illegitimacy or legitimacy, in regard to Lucy Walter; but to his own early and not happy marriage unto Lady Anne Scott. We also differ from other writers in reference to the allusion to

and servility, but when the King appeared, his quiet ease and dignity excited awe:—

He look'd, methought, above the rest,
Tho' not by half zo vinely drest,
  Which made me vall a zwearing,
A Pox upon the Parliament,
That will not let us pay him Rent,
  Gold's only for his wearing.

A Ribbon vine came cross avore,
Zich as our Landlord's Bridemen wore;
  At end of which was hung
A curious thing, that shone as bright
As *Maudlin's* eyes, or morning light,
  When guilded by the Zun.

But now the News, Chil tell thee Truth;
Hard by His zide there stood a Youth,
  That look'd as trim and gay,
As if he had not guilty bin
Of wishing e'r to be a King,
  Unless a King of *May*.

It was the zame our Vicar zed
Vor *Treason* shou'd have lost his Head,
  Vor which vive hundred Pound
By Proclamation offer'd was
To any that shou'd take his Grace
  In any Kerson ground. [Christian]

Won Zunday morn, thou mayst remember
I think the twontieth of *Zeptember*,
  Our Parson read a thing,
How this zame Spark, (a vengeance on him!)
With vorty moor, did take upon him
  To kill our Gracious King.

It is, in fact, the Duke of Monmouth whom he sees. The parallel between David with Absalom, and Charles with Monmouth, was exact enough, regarding the treason and the forgiveness. The song ends thus:—

With that, that Mon that brought me in
By the Jacket pull'd me back again;
  Quoth he, "Pray hear ye reason;
He was a *What-dey-call't*, 'tis true,
But's Pardon makes him vree as you,
  Vrom Knavery or Treason."

Gerard. It is not to Monmouth's succeeding Gerard of Brandon, in Sept. 1668. It is to the brave Cavalier, John Gerrard, who was executed on Tower-Hill, 10 July, 1654, on the same day when his associate Mr. Vowel suffered at Charing-Cross. They had conspired for the Restoration of Monarchy and the Stuarts. See Clarendon's *Hist.* bk. xiv. Portrait of Col. Gerard is in Caulfield, 1823, p. 20.

Whaw, whaw! quoth I, a pretty nick,
To make Rogues honest by a trick
  Zo often try'd in vain;
As if my Bull shou'd gore me once,
I'd trust the zenseless Beast with horns
  To gore me o're again.

Chil e'n to *Devonshire* agen,
Where honest Men are honest Men,
  And Rogues are hang'd for Rogues.
Ods wounds! were I His Majesty,
E'r zich a Zon shou'd countenanc'd be,
  Chid prize him as my Dogs.

But the dogs, King Charles's breed of spaniels, were themselves in high favour, and each dog had his (or her) day, until "Old Rowley" passed away "to where beyond these voices there is peace" (not without suspicion of poison). Then the gloomier monarch assumed his place, and seized the opportunity, after Monmouth's first offence, to take good care that there should be no wasted clemency in the future. The succession had been, not to King Charles, but "to Gerard," after all.

[Bagford Collection, III. 78; 86 Loyal Poems, 25.]

The Oxford Alderman's[1] Speech

To the D[uke] of M[onmouth], when His Grace made His Entrance into that City, about September, 1680.

STout *Hanibal*, before He came to Age,
  Perpetual Wars with *Rome* was sworn to wage!
You lead us to such Wars; Oh happy We!
Great Prince! You are a Soldier good as He:
Though some will say (to give the Devil his due)
He was as good a *Protestant* as You.
You to the whore of whores, the whore of *Rome*,
Devoted from your own chaste Mothers[2] womb;

---

[1] Alderman William Wright: on whom see pp. 817, 818, text and notes.
[2] See p. 786, and the poem of "Tom Ross's Ghost" on p. 805.

Though in the Schools of *Jesuits* true bred,[1]
You scorn'd to learn of them to write or read:
A *Protestant!* (the more to be admir'd)
That never were Instructed, but Inspir'd,
So unconcern'd from *Popery* you pass,
No use of Understanding in the Case.
True *Interest* (that all other things o'repowers)
And gen'rous Indignation made you ours:
Even so in *Spain* to *Mass* come Trading *Jews*,
Cast Drabs turn *Quakers* but to spite the *Stews*.[2]
But Fears and Jealousies of you we scorn,
That are so true a Son of Honour born,
And since have made both *Gog* and *Magog*[3] bleed,
Act but the *Demagogue*, You'l do the Deed:
You'l dam and ram proud *Antichrist* to Hell;
But force Him first to work one *Miracle*.
He that with four hard words, and one grave Nod,
Turns an insipid Wafer into God;
Were you a Dough-bak'd DUKE, with less ado,
To Prince of *Wales* may Transubstantiate you.
Do you but say't, we'l swear that you are so,
And rather kiss your *Hand*, than kiss his *Toe*:
Resolv'd, *resolv'd*, It must not be gainsaid;
Faith, we'l believe your Mother was a Maid.
Why should you think Ambition any Crime?
We'll make you *Duke* of *Venice* in good time:
Or if you scruple to Usurp the Crown,
Having once rais'd Us, you may then sit down.

---

[1] At Jully, under tuition of Father Gough, one of the *Pères de L'Oratorie*; along with the Duke of Berwick.

[2] In Bagford, misprinted, by oversight, "Jews": "Stews" in *Loyal Poems*.

[3] The two gigantesque statues of Guildhall; here representative of London aldermen, who had contributed liberally to the "most illustrious Protestant Prince," as he is styled in *An Historical Account*, 1683. A City man who had *not* contributed his own money, cheerfully, was Slingsby Bethel (one of the two Whig Sheriffs of 1680, who were obnoxious to the Court). He was notoriously parsimonious: according to Burnet, "Bethel was a man of knowledge, and had written a very judicious book of *The Interests of Princes*, but as he was a known Republican in principle, so he was a sullen and wilful man, and turned from the ordinary way of a sheriff's living into the extreme of sordidness, which was very unacceptable to the body of the citizens," etc.—*Hist. O. T.*, p. 318, edit. 1875. Dryden satirised him in forty-five lines of *Absalom and Achitophel*, under the name of "Shimei." Compare p. 775, note 1.

You or your Friends shall have the foremost place;
Perhaps we'll joyn Sir *A . . str . . ng*[1] with your Grace;
Whether *You* reign, or *He*, 'tis much at one,
Great *Alexander's* dear *Hephestion.*
But when you come to reap these goodly fruits,
Sweet Sir, remember these our humble suits,

First, Let these Lordly *Bishops* [go] to Pot;
'Tis plain their Lordships all are in the PLOT,
They hold none lawful Heirs, but lawfully begot.
Our Commonwealth's a Castle in the Air,
If we pray still for *King* in *Common-Prayer.*
These paltry Schollars, blast them with one Breath,
Or they [wil]l Rhime your Grace and Us to death.

Then O Brave We! then hei for our good Town!
Then up go we when Wit and sense go down.

FINIS.

---

[1] Sir Thomas Armstrong, who encouraged Monmouth in his ambition and in his sexual licentiousness. They were both incriminated by intrigues with the wife of Ford, Lord Grey of Werk, but this did not disturb her husband or dissolve their companionship. One song invites them all to Camberwell:—

That sacred place shall tempt his Grace, [*Monmouth*]
Once more from Friends to fall;
We'll leave these new-found sweets to trace
Both *Moor Park* and *White-Hall.*
For *Grey* and *Tom*, 't shall be their home,
To kiss secure, and dwell,
Where ev'ry Lass shall hug his Grace,
In my [*Oates'*] sweet *Camberwell.*

"The Loyal Conquest," after the crushing of the Rye-House Plot, reads,

If *Grey* is retaken,
The root o' th' *Plot* is shaken,
Russell lately lost his Head, the bleeding *Cause* to waken;
M[*onmout*]*h* in Town still,
With *Armstrong* his Council;
The Lady *Grey* may find him under some smock or gown still.

Armstrong neglected to claim his undoubted privilege of protection from the States (having been born at Nimeguen), when arrested at Leyden. He was executed on June 20, 1684.

*** Of this and the next Bagford Poem two copies are in the *Goodwin Pamphlets*, 2204, fol. 53, 58, Oxford.

[Bagford Collection, III. 78; 86 Loyal Poems, 21.]

A Canto on the new Miracle

wrought by the D[uke] of M[onmouth], in Curing a young Wench of the King's Evil; as it is related at large by B. Harris in his Prophetical Intelligence, published Friday Jan. 7th, 1681, to prevent false Reports.

AS Popish Farriers use t' imploy
In their own Trade the good St. *Loy*,[1]
The Saint to whom they have recourse,
As to Heavens Master of the Horse:
To him they loudly cry for mercy
On ragged Colts that have the Farcy;[2]
For Hackneys gall'd to him they pray,
And drink dead Drunk upon his day:
So to his Grace of *M*[*onmouth*] trots
A Filly Fole that had the Bots;[3]

---

[1] St. Aloy or Aloysius. In the Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the Prioress of Nuns, we are told (lines 119, 120),

That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy,
Hire gretteste ooth was but by seint *Loy*.

Some think this was a female Saint, Eloisa. A woman swears *at* some of her own sex, but never *by* them. Ours is evidently masculine, "Heaven's Master of the Horse;" and refers to Lewis Gonzaga, who was born in 1568, and died in 1591. He was Beatified in 1621, by Gregory XV., and Canonized in 1726, by Benedict XIII.

[2] The *farcion, farsyn, or farcy*, a disease among horses.

[3] Another horse-disease, probably worms. Martin Llewellyn (1646) writes on the death of Dr. S. C. of C.'s chief saddle-nag, Jack,—

And now 'twould puzzle wisest Carrier,
Or beat *Hippocrates* the Farrier,
To riddle what disease might call
Dear *Jacke* to his disastrous fall.
'Twas neither filthy *Bots* nor *Spavin*,
Which other horses often have in
Their flesh diseased, he did not *founder*,
His legs were smooth as any Flounder;
Not sicke of what men call the *Yellow*,
Nor over-rode did melt his Tallow;
But, come from *Uxbridge*, died to see
So many men more Beast than He,

because they were rebellious against King Charles, and refused to pay him his

For still she knew (and 'twas no News)
He kept the *Mares*, though not the *Muse*.
But had you seen the Skittish Jade;
You would have thought her Drunk or Mad;
For at first dash his Hand she seiz'd
Much was th' Ambitious Heroe pleas'd.
So sweetly did *Don Quixot*[1] grin,
When the *Maid Marrian* of the Inn
He thought was some Enchanted Queen;
Askt his Dead-doing Hand to kiss;
But what White Devil[2] danc'd in his;
Some Fly, some Rat, or great old Pus,
Or *Spirit Mephostophilus*;[3]
Or Pug that *Paracelsus*[4] wore

---

dues. So the indignant and loyal saddle-nag declined to live in the same world with them. He went to the dogs sooner. A servant in *The Disobedient Child* (by Thos. Ingelend, 1560, or earlier), weary of filling pots of ale, says,

I have this day filled so many pots,
That I wished their bellies full of bots.

Of course, the "Auld man's mare" of Patrick Birnie (who died before 1721), had the disease, as she rejoiced in every other, "and yet, the jaud, to dee!"

She had the *farcy* and the fleuk,
The wheezlock, and the wanton yeuk;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee?

[1] *Don Quixote*, cap. xlii, where she and Maritornes tie his hand.

[2] Thomas Decker's noble tragedy, *The White Devil; or, . . . The Life and Death of Vittoria Corrombona* (a popular misrepresentation of the slandered heroine), was first printed in 1612.

[3] Mephistophilis. Alluding, no doubt, to Christopher Marlow's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, first acted before 1593.

[4] Aureolus Philipus Theophrastus Paracelsus, Bombastus of Hohenheim (born 1493, or '94, died 24, Sept. 1541), the physician, alchemist and charlatan, has been immortalized by being made the hero of Robert Browning's earliest poem, *Paracelsus*, published in 1835. As a psychological study, it is as deeply interesting, as it is for its rare poetic beauty and power. None but one of our greatest men could have written it. As a work of promise it has not been paralleled, but even his own vigorous writings have scarcely sustained the hopes by it excited. Years ago, the present Editor visited Salzburg, the romantic and impressive scenery on which the dying eyes of Paracelsus had gazed more than three hundred years before. He lies buried in the quiet Hospital of St. Sebastian, "Conditus hic Philippus Theophrastus;" and an ancient portrait of him adorns the wall: we still possess our pencilled copy, which we then made of it—we have seen no other: the lean, worn face, deeply furrowed, and with a sad but tender expression, as of one yearning after rest, such as he found there. It is in contrast with Tintoretto's plump, boastful, and cheerful portrait of him, often engraved; the fidelity of which was attested by the lines of Christopher Manlius of Görlitz, beginning "Stemmate nobilium genitus Paracelsus avorum," etc., "Sic oculos, sic ora tulit," etc. He was only forty-seven when he died.

In th' Pomel of his Sword[1] before;
Or Healing Virtue that as rare is,
Is sent His Grace by 's Aunt[2] of Fayries,
Who aids him thus in hugger mugger,[3]
So did *Doll Common*,[4] *Abel Drugger*.[5]
Some sweaty Devil in his Palm[6]
Transfuses Brine instead of Balm;
And Brine, you know, is good for th' Itch,
In any mangy Dog or Bitch:[7]
Long in his Fist the Leprous Drub,
Paddles and pores familiar scrub.
The Witch her Dam had set her Fancy
Agog upon this *Chyromancy*;
To view each line the Hag Importunes,
And thus Young Gipsie reads his Fortunes.

---

[1] The familiar imp thus inclosed, Melchoir Adam relates, was named *Azoth*. Some believed this, others that it was a piece of the philosopher's stone. More probably it was opium, or the preparation of it as laudanum, with which Paracelsus wrought many of his cures. Butler alludes to it in *Hudibras*, Part ii. c. 3:—

Bombastes kept a Devil's Bird
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks
Of past and future Mountebanks.

[2] This word Aunt was used derogatively for a female companion, independent of mere family relationship. Thus a Edinburghe ballad mentions "O this was one of my aunts!" (Roxb. Coll., i. 384) and more than one, so that they would have been a hopeful party if "a' as man's bairns." And Autolycus was addicted to sports, enjoying the "summer-songs to me and my *Aunts*, while we lie tumbling in the hay." The author of the *Abode of Snow* explains the choice of his Aunts, on the supposition of the tastes of Autolycus being "peculiar."

[3] Used frequently, still, in Yorkshire and Scotland, for hiddenly, secretly and confusedly. Thus, in *Hamlet*, the King says, regarding Polonius

We have done but greenly
In *hugger-mugger* to inter him.—Act iv. sc. 5.

In the *Apophthegmes* of *Erasmus* (Antigonus, Bk. ii. § 9) "to be doen secretly, in *hugger-mugger*." 1542 and 1562.

[4] Doll Common is in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, 1610.

[5] Abel Drugger is in the same comedy, the *Alchemist*, "my friend, and an honest fellow; he lets me have good tobacco."

[6] "For there's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand."—*Othello*, iii. 4.

[7] This is not polite, but even S. T. Coleridge, in his *Christabel*, inquires, *proprio motu*, "What ails the Bitch?" and Hallam took advantage of it, to comment in the *Edinburgh Review*, xxvii. 61, "Whatever it may be that ails the bitch, the ladies pass forward," etc.

The men of *Westminster* shall pass
High Votes in Honour of Your Grace;
No Prayers for fear of the *Black-Rod*,
They'l vote (I fear) No King, No God.
Great stickling there shall be for Two,
Pillory'd *Benjamin*[1] and You.
What will you give me this next Spring,
If then You are not Crowned a *King?*
By *Oats* before we reap next crop,
Oates in a Tub shall preach you up.
So *Sybil* ended her vile guessing,
And each to other gave their Blessing;
But O! the green-sick Girls may boast,
This Duke hath cur'd them to his Cost;
Though now he cuts his Capers high,
He may with *Falstaff* one day cry,
(When Age hath set him in the Stocks)
A Pox of my Gout, a Gout on my Pox.[2]
[Yet that Fat Knight with all his Guts,
That were not then so sweet as Nuts,
Though oft he boldly fought and winkt,
[F]Led *Harry M*[*onmouth*]—by Instinct;[3]
Reveres a Buckram Prince of *Wales*,
His great Heart quops,[4] his Courage fails.][5]

---

[1] "Pilloried *Ben*" has already been mentioned (pp. 100, 786, note). This was one Benjamin Harris, the publisher of many libellous works, for which he suffered a bad half hour, or more. Let us hope that "they turned him," according to custom. (See the woodcut in our *Appendix*, of the Pillory.) He had been the publisher of several pamphlets, in favour of Monmouth's pretensions and against the Duke of York. Such works came chiefly, however, from the private press superintended by Robert Ferguson, who may have been referred to in part of the preceding *Narrative of the Popish Plot*, although not by name. He has been mentioned on p. 782, and its second note: see also p. 820.

[2] Henry IV. Second Part, i. 2.

[3] *Ibid.* First Part, ii. 4.

[4] *Quops* seldom occurs. It sometimes seem to signify *throbs* or *stirs*, but here perhaps it means the contrary, ceases to throb. Still, fear that paralyses the heart may also accelerate its beat. Let those who know what it is to fear, tell us. John Cleveland, in his Model of the New Religion, addresses one "Mr. Vickar" (a Cromwellian, who had ousted the loyal incumbent),

> But zealous Sir, what say you to a touch at prayer?
> How *Quops* the Spirit? In what garb or ayre?
>
> *Poems*, 1661 ed., p. 143.

[5] These six lines, 58 to 63, are crowded out from Bagford copy. We restore them from a printed copy in our own Collection, and 86 *Loyal Poems*, p. 23.

The Lyon Rampant is too wise,
To touch a Prince, though in Disguise:[1]
Much less a Prince so kind and civil,
To touch a Kingdom for Kings-Evil.
He means to make it (for its Health)
A Common Whore, a *Common-wealth*.
The Stroaker *Graitrix*[2] was a sot,
And all his Feat-tricks are forgot;
But Duke *Trinculo*,[3] and *Tom Dory*,[4]
Will be a famous Quack in story.
Let every scabby *City-Cuckow*,
Fly into your *Hedge-lane*[5] to look you,
If *Seventh Sons* do things so rare,
In you *Seven Fathers* have a share.
Shew us some more of these fine mocks,
Shew then[6] your *Black Art*, your *Black Bor*:

---

[1] First Part, King Henry IV. ii. 4. See the "Lyon Rampant," p. 813.

[2] Valentine Greatrakes, 1628-1680, who professed to cure diseases by (mesmeric) stroking. A portrait of him is in his "Letter from himself" to the Honble. Robert Boyle, 1666, with his hands on a boy's head, pressing his temples. It is copied into the *Penny Magazine* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, x. 421.

[3] Possibly Shakespeare's *Tempest*. But it was a generic title, adopted originally from Shakespeare's tipsy clown adorned with Prospero's stolen finery, for persons in the same *ebrious* condition and attire. Milton uses it thus, perhaps, when girding puritanically at the prototype A.D.C. of his early studentship in Christ Church, —"that plays must have been seen, what difficulty was there in that? when in the Colleges so many of the young divines, and those in next aptitude to divinity, have been seen so often upon the Stage, writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of *Trinculoes*, buffoons, and bawds," etc.—*Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642. But we think it more probable that the allusion in our text (if not in Milton also) may be to "Transformation *Trincalo*" in the comedy of "*Albumazar*," by John Tomkins, acted at Cambridge in 1614, and revived in London after the Restoration. Trincalo is proud of his "vein of drinking," and swaggers in display of his changed condition. He is our man.

[4] "*John* Dory" was a favourite old song, beginning "As it fell on a holy-day, and upon a holy tide-a, *John Dory* bought him an ambling nag, To *Paris* for to ride a." In the 1629 edition (not the three of 1628 date) of Bishop Earle's *Micro-Cosmographie*, where is a character of A poore fidler, it is written "Hunger is the greatest paine he takes, except a broken head sometimes and the labouring *Iohn Dorry*" (Edw. Arber's Reprint, p. 88). It is earlier mentioned in B. and F.'s *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613. We find it as a three-voice round at beginning of *Deuteromelia*, 1609. "Tom" Dory, in text, to point the allusion to Sir Thomas Armstrong: see pp. 785, 799, note 1.

[5] An allusion to the wise men of Gotham trying to "hedge in" the Cuckoo. See illustration of it, on p. 126 of J. P. Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*.

[6] Bagf. copy omits "then."

'Tis thought you've there some pure Receipt,
Great *Mountebank* of our sick State.
Your *Zany*, who this Cure reveals,
Tell[s] us in March your Highness heals.[1]

[In White-letter. Date, 1680, or before March, 1680-1.]

[86 Loyal Poems, 1685; p. 24.]

Tom Ross's Ghost to his Pupil [*Monmouth*].

SHame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
Base as thy Mothers prostituted womb,
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer and the People's Slave,
Like *Samuel* at the Negromantick Call
I rise to tell thee, *God has left thee SAUL.*[2]
I strove in vain thy Infected Blood to cure,
Streams will run muddy where the *Spring's* impure.
In all your meritorious Life we see
Old *Taaf's*[3] invincible sobriety.
Places of Master of the Horse, and spy,
You (like *Tom H*[*owar*]*d*[4]) did at once supply:

---

[1] No doubt applying to the expected meeting of the Oxford Parliament, on March 21st, 1681, a little before which date this poem must have been written. To complete the group we here add another contemporary poem, equally satirical and vituperative against the Duke of Monmouth, assumed to be from his late instructor.

[2] "Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the LORD is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy?"—1*st Samuel*, xxviii. 16.

[3] Nicholas, the third Viscount Taafe, and second Earl of Carlingford, became one of James the Second's Privy Council, and fell at the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690. While only a Captain, in April, 1664, he was warmly recommended by Charles the Second, through Lord Arlington, to Sir Richard Fanshawe. Afterwards he was one of the admirers of Miss Warmestré: as related in *De Grammont's Memoirs*, with the lady's misadventure, and ultimate happy marriage to her rich country lover, Henry Killigrew's cousin (mistakenly said to be Thomas Killigrew's in Bohn's now-suppressed edition).

[4] Lord Thomas Howard, of Escrick (see p. 782, also notes on pp. 683, 687). In Bagf. Coll., iii. 22 is a poem entitled "The Cabal," beginning, "Now the

From *Sydney's*[1] Blood your Loyalty did spring;
You shew us all your Fathers' but the KING,
From whose too tender and too bounteous Arms,
(Unhappy he who such a Viper warms;
As dutiful a Subject, as a son)
To your true Parents, the whole Town, you run.[2]
Read, if you can, how th' old Apostate[3] fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than Hell:
Both He and You were gloriously bright,
The first and purest of the Sons of Light:
But when like Him you offer'd at the Crown,
Like Him, your angry Father kickt you down.

Reformer of the Court and Stage," &c. It mentions Lords Gray and Howard thus, after recording Bedford's retreat from the Club:—

> *Gray* better far might slight his Soveraign's bounty,
> He had a Regiment within his County:
> And power enough beside to back his cause,
> Would *Rowley* venture but a broken Nose . . . . .
> While his dear Doxy makes a shift to rub
> The business out with *Monmouth;* he the Club: . . .
> Or *Excrick Howard* to become a bawler,
> Withdrew from Court to cry up busie *Waller.*

On whom see p. 751, continued note.

[1] Colonel Robert Sidney (see p. 787). As Tennyson says:—
"Mowt 'a bean, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä."

[2] "He's lov'd of the multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes."—*Hamlet*, iv. 3.

[3] "O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou fallen!"

*** In connexion with Monmouth and his rebellion, we give in Appendix the recovered "Russell's Farewell," alluded to on pp. 230 and 556. Another Hicks, besides Thomas Hicks of p. 731, was connected with him. This was John Hicks, or Hickes, a noted Nonconformist minister, and brother of Dr. Hickes, Dean of Worcester. A few years later than the date of this group, he was with the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, 6th July, 1685. He fled, after the defeat, and sought concealment. Along with one Richard Nelthorp, a lawyer, who was already outlawed for implication in the Rye-House Plot of 1683, Hickes found shelter in the house of Alice Lisle. She was the widow of John Lisle, by courtesy styled Lady Lisle, though her husband had been one of Cromwell's dignitaries, and had sat as a Judge on Charles the First. Colonel Penruddock could have seized the two fugitives, on Salisbury Plain, after having received information from a man named Barter. He arrested them at Moyle's Court, Ellingham parish, Southampton. It was the residence of Alice Lisle, who soon afterwards was tried and condemned to death, for harbouring rebels. She was sentenced to be burnt, but was beheaded instead, at Winchester, on 2nd September. Hickes was executed, on 6th October; Nelthorp on the 30th. These events formed part of Jeffreys' "Bloody Assizes." See our III. 64, 78.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.

"And Dryden, in immortal strain
Had rais'd the Table Round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
Demanded, for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."—*Marmion.*

DRYDEN—whose "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," 1687, appears in the Bagford Collection broadside, as it was first published—ought to be better known and more highly valued than he is. The infrequency with which his works are republished proves how much he has fallen out of general perusal. Even his Poems are little in demand, and his Plays in none whatever. His Songs have never been collected and incorporated with his other short verses. His memory still rests under a cloud of suspicion, because of his change of creed, at a time when apostacy seemed to be dictated by mercenary motives. But as compared with most of our poets, John Dryden deserves better treatment than such neglect and opprobrium. His life was less stained with vices than other men whose faults have been long since condoned. He was of more genial nature than Milton, less soured by his own misfortunes, and wholly free from that vindictiveness of spiritual pride which makes the author of the *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* and the *Treatises on Divorce* so great a favourite to this day with the enemies of the Church of England. Dryden, like Waller, wrote laudatory verses to Charles on the Restoration, after having sung the praise of Cromwell during his Protectorship. But too many persons, high in station, thus changed sides at the same time, for us to single out for censure one solitary poet or the other. Besides, the anarchy and tyranny of "The Gang" who tried severally to assume the place that Oliver had gained, so soon as he lay cold, were quite sufficient to justify the nation in its joyful hope that it might find a better fortune in the return of Charles from banishment.

As to the coarseness of his Comedies, they are scarcely worse in language than some of Jonson's that have been reprinted twelve times as often. That his tragic speeches are bombastic, inflated, and sometimes go perilously on the one step beyond sublimity, we may concede. Yet even amid these are passages which

repay the student's toil. That they will never regain popularity appears certain, and is not to be regretted. To us their most valuable parts are generally the Prologues and the Epilogues, which are rich in allusions to the social questions of their day. They illustrate the time in which he wrote; while, oddly enough, his massive Satires seem less to do so than to require for themselves elucidation from the history of events. No doubt, it is this fact which year by year keeps them almost unknown: as is the case with the oft-mentioned, but still more seldom read "Hudibras." Readers who seek nothing but amusement will not take the trouble to master the multitudinous details of personal biography, of obscure literature, or of secret and complicated political intrigues; without the knowledge of which, the masterpieces of both Dryden and Butler remain almost sealed books, as undecipherable, in their full strength of meaning, as the mystic volume of Michael Scott the wizard was to William of Deloraine.

In 1693 Dryden wrote the praise of his friend Congreve, and referred to himself thus:—

> Already I am worn with cares and age,
> And just abandoning th' ungrateful Stage: . . . .
> But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
> Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
> Be kind to my remains; and oh, defend,
> Against your judgment, your departed friend!
> Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
> But shade those laurels which descend to you.

The esteem so justly due from us to Dryden, for his best powers and achievements, need not be stinted because he left an immense quantity of mere verbiage to be forgotten. His was not the quiet life of opulence and literary ease, which gave an opportunity of practising "the art to blot." Nor was the employment congenial to him. He was one of the stalwart combatants whose personal daring and muscular strength made their weapon to be feared; more than the delicate tricks of fence and finesse, such as Congreve or Pope could employ. Yet what keen edge and point were his. It may be true that among the writings of Dryden we can afford to part with much from remembrance. But in those he wrote with his best strength, we hold golden treasure, apples of the Hesperides. We can almost hear him anticipating Walter Savage Landor's quiet prophecy:—

> A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,
> And find not overmuch to pare away.

Loving, as we do, the true English heart of "Glorious John," it seemed alike unworthy and inexpedient to omit this Ode of

his, simply because it is accessible among his collected Poems. Less celebrated than his "Alexander's Feast," the Ode for the same festival, in 1697, with music by Jeremiah Clarke, this ten-years' earlier poem had found a composer in Signior Giov. Baptista Draghi. In honour of St. Cecilia, an English musical festival was annually performed, on the 22nd November, the supposed anniversary of her birth. The various Odes were successively written and sung on these occasions from 1683 until after 1708. We need only briefly record a few. That of 1683 began "Welcome to all the pleasures that delight;" the author is unknown, the composer was Henry Purcell; it is in Malone's *Life of Dryden*, i. 272. John Oldham's "Begin the song, your instruments advance," set to music by Dr. John Blow, Purcell's instructor, was given next year: it is in the *Remains* of John Oldham, 1703, p. 29. Then came, in 1685, Nahum Tate's "Tune the viol, touch the lute" (words in Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 274); the composer being William Turner, several of whose tunes are given in Tom D'Urfey's *Pills*. Perhaps the troubles of the time may account for it, but there does not appear to have been any musical celebration of St. Cecilia's Day in 1686, unless it were Thomas Fletcher's, and that (which is among his *Poems*, printed in 1692) at Oxford. To 1687, belongs our Dryden Ode, of the following pages. The years 1688 and 1689 passed without a similar public festival, or at least without a special Ode. Tom Shadwell ruled in 1690, and his Ode, "O sacred Harmony, prepare our Lays!" was set by Robert King (*Dryden's Miscellany Poems*, iv. 93, 1716 edit.). Tom D'Urfey[1]

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[1] On page 88 we mentioned the duel between Tom D'Urfey and one Bell, a musician. Here is the song made upon it by Tom Brown. It is in MS. Harl. 7319, p. 625:—

I sing of a duel in *Epsom* befel
'Twixt fa sol la *D' Urfey* and sol la mi *Bell;*
But why do I mention the scribbling brother?
For naming the one you may guess at the other.
Betwixt them there happen'd a horrible clutter,
Bell set up the loud pipes, and D'Urfey did sputter.
"Draw, *Bell*, wert thou dragon, I'll spoil thy soft note;"
"Thy squealing," said t'other," "for, I'll cut thy throat,"
With a scratch on the finger the duel's despatch'd:
Thy *Clinias* (O *Sidney*) was never so match'd.

The combat between Clinias and Dametas in *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia* (Lib. iii. p. 279. edit. 1622) is here referred to. This is almost as gross an insult as the later squib on Garrick's quarrel with Mossop, one version of which runs thus:—

To the public at large it don't matter a toss up,
Whether Mossop kicks Garrick, or Garrick kicks Mossop.

was the lyrist next year, "The glorious Day is come, that will for ever be Renown'd as Musick's greatest Jubilee." This also was set by Dr. John Blow (*Pills*, i. 70). Tate having done one Ode, his colleague Nicholas Brady must needs do another, that for 1692, "Wondrous machine, to thee the warbling Lute." With the music by Henry Purcell, it is in his *Orpheus Britannicus*, ii. 115, 1702. Addison's "Cecilia whose exalted hymns," for Oxford festival, is probably of same date, 1692 (Addison's *Misc. Works*, 1753, i. 32). Theophilus Parsons wrote the Ode for 1693, "Cecilia, look," &c., printed in the *Gentleman's Journal*, November, 1693, p. 377. Set by Godfrey Finger. Yalden's Ode, for Oxford, same year, is in *Dryden's Misc. Poems*, iv. 35, "Begin and strike th' harmonious Lyre:" music by Daniel Purcell. Particulars are lost of 1694 and 1695; while of 1696 the composer, Nicola Matteis, is more fortunate than the poet, whose name is unknown. "Alexander's Feast," "'Twas at the royal feast—for Persia won," came next year. Daniel Purcell composed music for the following year, when perhaps Thomas Bishop's "Cecilia, charming saint,"[1] formed the words (Nichols' *Select Collection of Poems*, iv. 28). 1699 had the Ode "Blest *Cecilia*, charming maid" (*Dryden's Miscellany Poems*, vi. 130). Addison's Ode, "Prepare the hallow'd strain, my Muse," was given at Oxford, same date (Gilfillan's *Addison*, 1859, p. 25). Daniel Purcell was the composer. Tom D'Urfey and Dr. Blow were again chosen for 1700; Congreve's words and John Eccles' music for 1701. Alex. Pope's "Descend ye Nine!" was performed in 1708. Still later Odes were of less importance.

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[1] We do not think that any of the Odes allude to the memorable answer which, on the best French authority, is reported to have been spoken by the floating cherubim. They had been attracted by the saintly Cecilia's music, and descended flutteringly around her. She felt compassion for their exertions, after so long a journey, and, with the best Parisian accent, desired them to be seated: *Asseyez vous, mes enfans!* While blushes overspread the whole of his person that was not devoted to feathers, the Cherubic spokesman indicated the difficulty when he replied, *Mais, nous n'en avons pas de quoi.*

[Bagford Collection, III. 75.]

Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687.

WRITTEN

By *John Dryden*, Esq; and Compos'd by Mr. *John Baptist Draghi*.

I.

FRom Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This Universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atomes lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head;
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Musick's pow'r obey.
From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!
  When *Jubal* struck the c[h]orded Shell,
His list'ning Brethren stood around,
  And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound.
Less than a God, they thought, there cou'd not dwell
  Within the hollow of that Shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!

III.

The TRUMPET's loud Clangor
  Excites us to Arms,
With shrill Notes of Anger
  And mortal Alarms.
The double, double, double beat
  Of the thundring DRUM
Cryes, heark! the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining FLUTE
  In dying Notes discovers
  The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.

V.

  Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,
  For the fair, disdainful Dame.

VI.

But oh! what Art can teach
  What human Voice can reach,
The sacred ORGAN's praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
  To mend the Choires above.

VII.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race
And Trees unrooted left their place, [*v. l.* uprooted]
Sequacious of the Lyre:
But bright CECILIA rais'd the wonder high'r:
When to her ORGAN, vocal Breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

Grand CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The TRUMPET *shall be heard on high,*
The Dead shall Live, the Living die,
And MUSICK *shall untune the Sky.*

Printed for *T. Dring*, in *Fleet-street.* 1687.

[White-letter: dble. cols. No woodcuts: on p. 811 we borrow from R. C., i. 464.]

GROUP OF OXFORD POEMS.

War.—"O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!"—3 *Henry VI.*, v. 1.

WE need not reprint the whole of the several broadside rhymed-verses, all in white-letter, which form a group at this part of the Bagford Collection. They follow "An Elegy on Mr. Pa[r]tridge, the Almanack-maker," 1708, and Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687." The first of the group is "Upon the most hopefull and ever Flourishing Sprouts of Valour, the indefatigable Centryes or Armed *Gyants* cut in Yew at the *Physick Garden* in *Oxford*. Printed in the year 1664. Reprinted with some alterations in 1682. By the Ingenious Author *J. D.*" No printer's name: 118 lines. This, on fol. 76, begins, "Although no *brandisht Cherubins* are here, Yet Sons of *Adam* venture not too near." The author was John Drope, M.A., Fellow of Magd. Coll. (An early copy is in Wood's Coll., 416. fol. 109.)

The next one is A Hue and Cry after Good Friday, Lost in the Oxford Almanack," beginning, "How now, Oxonians, what is't you mean?" No date or printer's name. (See note on p. 816.)

Fol. 78 we gave entire. Two columns of verse: the one beginning "Stout *Hanibal*" is in large type; the other, "As Popish Farriers," is crowded into small type to balance. No printer's name, or woodcuts. (Next intervenes a poem on Northampton in Flames, 20th Sept. 1675; beginning "Confused Cryes fill all the Peoples Ears.") Then follows "London's Complaint against Oxford: Wherein the City of *London* elegantly commends *Oxford's* felicity, in the happy enjoyment of His Sacred Majesty; and bemoans her self for the absence of His Royal Person, from the said City of *London;* humbly praying for His Majesty, and wishing all health and happiness." It begins, "High thundering Jove cannot withstand thy charms," etc. London, Printed in the year 1666. No p. n. or woodcuts.

The next poem, on fol. 81, consists of three columns of verse, 238 lines, "To my Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, upon his Famous Erection, the Theater in Oxford." It begins, "My Lord.—Our *English* stories blush not to present A generous Wast, a Brave Demolishment." The Archbishop in question was G. Sheldon, from whom the building is still called the Sheldonian Theatre. No woodcuts: "London, Printed for C. S. Anno Domini, MDCLXXV." To this follows "The University Ballad"; and, lastly, the verses on the Dissolution of the Parliament at Oxford, 1681. Both of these ballads we give entire.

The University Ballad.

"We'l down with all the '*Versities*,
Where Learning is profest;
For they still practice, and maintain,
The Language of the Beast;
We'l Exercise in every Grove,
And preach beneath a Tree;
We'l make a Pulpit of a Tub,
Then hey, Boyes, up go we."

The Whigs' Exaltation, 1680-1.

THE following long-winded ballad is addressed to Oxford and Cambridge, exhorting them to be judicious in their choice of fit representatives for Parliament at an approaching general election. Although of later date, it is connected with the Essex, the Buckingham ("Esau's Birthright"), and the Wiltshire Ballads. Together they give us a clear view of the crowd and commotions of the day. That there were many unscrupulous assertions and biting personalities exchanged, cannot be said to be a distinctive peculiarity of these election struggles. Our English custom has always been the same: "more honoured in the breach than the observance," viz. to drag every private scandal into daylight, to distort the motive of every public act, to bespatter with dirt the candidate and his supporters, when a person dares to stand forward and beseech the greasy suffrages of the mob. Alas for him if his maiden aunt made a slip, or if his great-grandfather left an unpaid note-of-hand behind him. It seems wonderful that any gentleman, who possesses self-respect, can bring himself to stand the ordeal of a contested election. We object not to mere squibs and lampoons, which generous natures can afford to laugh-down, if not to welcome. Worse things befall. In America, where spoken calumnies and printed libels are not unknown, many of the best men habitually relinquish a place in the Senate. They refuse to soil their hands by touching candidatures that are scarcely to be crowned by success, without resort to measures which conscience and high principle disallow. Thus, the strife for position and power, like the battle for wealth itself, is apt to be left to a baser crowd of mercenaries, and a nation becomes demoralized through its unworthy representatives. That it has been so in our own land, as in the "great Republic of the West," we hold to be confirmed beyond dispute. The Prince whom all lamented, so soon as the grave inclosed him, yet whom many had regarded with suspicion while he lived (because he was not carried away by the current of popular opinions), wisely thought, but somewhat incautiously declared, that "our English system of representative government

is on its trial." In the meaning which "Albert the Good" attached to the phrase, this was a solemn truth. Every gross blunder made by our British Parliament, every insensate annoyance of the "Obstructives," every mere party-struggle in opposition to the true national interests and national honour, damages not alone ourselves, but the prospects of Constitutional freedom in all the countries around. Our words and actions are jealously watched, even honest efforts are too often misunderstood and perverted, by either tyrants or slaves, in the half-barbarous lands, dominated by "Blood-and-Iron" despots against Ultramontane bigots. But our palpable errors, our empty boasting, our niggardly economy, our paltry squabbles, and our cynicism or political insincerity, are blots which any fool's bolt may hit. Thus the errors of England's Parliaments delay the progress of humanity.

As to the special issues before the University candidates, our ballad itself brings them clearly into sight.[1] Oxford and Cambridge (*i.e.* town, opposed to gown) have frequently returned members who were pledged as enemies of the Church; who laboured consequently to limit her privileges, and prepare the way for her ultimate destruction. How and why this happened, University-men are not blind enough to be unable to guess. The distribution of favour to tradesmen, by college tutors and heads of houses, is necessarily partial. Those who are abundantly graced by the bestowal of custom (which insures to them protection, the payment of students' bills, and many other known advantages) feel tolerably contented with the arrangement. But those other tradesmen, who are left "outside, in the cold," resent their being thus omitted from the slices of patronage, as a personal insult. They rail against successful rivals, as monopolists. They are quick to insinuate charges of unworthy motives having influenced the choice made by the gownsmen. In short, they become factious and irreconcileable. Murmurs, dictated by

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[1] Among the curious poems which, not being ballads or songs, we omit from our reprint, is one entitled "England's Directions for Members Elections" (Bagf. Coll., iii. 14), beginning,

> "Dear Countrymen, you that resolve to be good
> To your Country, and stop the vast ocean of Blood,
> That of late has been shed,
> Through the loss of our Head," &c.,

but it belongs to the last days of the Rump, not to the last elections of Charles the Second's reign. Another (Bagf. Coll., iii. 77) begins, "How now, *Oxonians*, what is't you mean?" But this also has nothing to do with these Elections; being only some scholar's squib, and entitled "A Hue and Cry after Good Friday, Lost in the *Oxford* Almanack," as already mentioned.

their private spite and disappointment, seem to themselves the honest utterance of independent English citizens. Then they cease to love or attend the Church, since it yields them no immediate profit. They become enmeshed in all the cabals of political dissent. If an election offer the opportunity, they zealously vote against whomsoever they deem to be a favourite of the class with which they have declared war; because neutrality paid no better than active opposition. They band together, to be as troublesome as possible, and do their utmost to return such members as promise to thereafter injure the establishment of Church and State.

In a Loyal Poem, of about 1681, entitled "The Hypocritical Christian; or the Conventicle Citizen," the tottering Whiggism of Oxford city (in contradistinction to the loyalty of the University) is mentioned, in connexion with the recall of the Charters:[1]—

> Be ready too, your *Charter* to secure,
> Who those damn'd *Quo-Warranto's* can't endure.
> You see that *Oxford* stoutly doth Defie
> Such *Writs;* and will protect their *Liberty.*
> Ne're trust their *Charter* in the hands of Kings,
> Who'd bauk their *Privil'dge,* & clip their wings.
> Then stand it out, Boys, still, and still be famous,
> (Like *Oxford* Towns-men) for old *Ignoramus.*
> But I'm inform'd of late that *Whiggish* Town
> Is alter'd strangely; and is Loyal grown,
> An Impudent Resistance do's disown.
> The *Charter* they'd resign for all the bawling
> Of foolish *Wright,*[2] and self-conceited *Pawling.*[3]
> To oppose the *Loyalists* the *Whigs* don't dare,
> The Youngsters laugh at dull *Machine* the Mayor.[4] &c.

We have already encountered "the Oxford Alderman," William Wright, who ostentatiously received the Duke of Monmouth, and made to him a most magniloquent speech. This factious Alder-

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[1] See note 4, on page 791.

[2] William Wright, the "factious Alderman" of Oxford, whose address to Monmouth is burlesqued on pp. 797–99, is mentioned in *Humphrey Prideaux's Letters to John Ellis* (Camden Society, 1875, edited by E. M. Thompson); the same who afterwards wrote the *Connection of the Old and the New Testaments,* 1715, 1717.

[3] Robert Pawling. See the second note on next page.

[4] This "*Machine*" probably stigmatizes F. W. Bayly, who was chosen Mayor of Oxford, September, 1681; in opposition to Taverner Harris, "the only person in the Corporation that is for the King's interest," writes Humphrey Prideaux. He describes Bayly as "a person very much decayed, haveing had two fitts of an apoplexy, which have made him quite unable to doe any businesse himselfe, and therefore he resignes himselfe solely into the hands of Alderman Wright and Pawlin; and that they might by this means have y^e^ managery of all affairs in their hands seems to be y^e^ sole end of his beeing made mayor."

man became indignant and scandalized, on September 13th, 1681, when at Newmarket; whither he had been sent with an obnoxious petition to Charles II., on a dispute about the Oxford Town-Clerk, Thomas Prince, a republican whom he favoured.[1] Robert Pawlin had formerly been Mayor.[2]

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[1] In the Camden Society's *Letters of Humphrey Prideaux to Ellis*, p. 101, we read:—"It seems, when y^e^ Alderman was at Newmarket with his petition, the King walkeing in y^e^ Feilds met Nel Gwyn, and Nel cald to him, 'Charles, I hope I shall have your company at night, shall I not?' With this story the Alderman makes a great deal of worke wherever he comes. He says, he had often heard bad things of the King, but now his own eyes have seen it." But Wright was prone to reviling Charles and the Court party. The reception not having been favourable, his name being erased from the list of Justices, and the heavy charges made for his keep at Cambridge, must also be taken into account. The Link-Boys or "Black-guard" hooted him, "calling them Presbyterian petitioners and Whiggish dogs, and saluted them into the bargain with stones and dirt." Moreover, to add to the discomfort, as in Douglas's case, "Earl Percy sees my fall!" Nat. Thompson, the publisher of *Loyal Songs* and *Loyal Poems*, took jocose freedoms with Wright and Prince. In his *Loyal Protestants and True Domestick Intelligence* of Sept. 20th, 1681, Thompson detailed the circumstances of their discomfiture, and recorded how they had been escorted from the town by the *Black-Guard* ("a Society, perhaps, for its antiquity not to be match'd in any part of *Europe*"), who kept "following them with lowd Acclamations, God preserve the King, and his whole Family and Kindred, and keep him safe from the hands of all that are any ways related to the Tribe of Forty-One; continuing shouting as long as they had any sight of them" (*Ibid.* p. 93). Wright threatened law proceedings against Thompson, a Common Council being held the same month, "to consider y^e^ affront put upon them in Tomsons *Intelligence*, and have voted it a scandalous libell against their most honourable Corporation, and an action is ordered to be entered against him next term. But Tomson is not the only man y^t^ makes sport with their voyage to Newmarket. Alderman Wright lately goeing before Brazen-Nose Coll. a fresh man came out, and spying him past by called after him '*Run Alderman, run; the Black guard are comeing!*' which put the alderman into soe violent a passion that he was scarce himselfe all that day after. Whenever he comes, he speaks scurrulously of the King."—*Ibid.* He tried to get possession of Everard's papers, during the trial of Stephen College at Oxford.

[2] Robert Pawlin, or Pauling, a mercer, had been chosen Mayor of Oxford in 1679. In May, 1681, he was nearly bankrupt, owing to his quarrels with the heads of houses, "the University haveing withdrawn their trade from him, his creditors have come faster on him then he is able to pay y^m^, which makes people suspect it is more then his estate is sufficient to doe to satisfy all" (H. Prideaux's *Letters to John Ellis*, p. 24). Wood mentions him, as Mayor, one worse than a volunteer Proctor: "This person walks in the night to take tradesmen in tipling houses, prohibits coffee to be sold on Sundays." He "hath been bred up a Puritan; he is no friend to the University, and [is] a dissuader of such gentlemen that he knows from sending their children to the University, because that he saith 'tis a debauched place, a rude place of no discipline." Prideaux declares him to have been, at beginning of 1680, "One of the richest men of the town," owing to his haveing remained out of the Corporation (after being ejected, on the King's Restoration), "because when any squabble was between the town and us [i.e. the Collegiate body], all repaired to him to be furnished at his shop, as beeing a fellow not concerned against us" (*Ibid.* p. 80). He had been playing a game

With remembrance of this disloyalty of the borough, in contrast to the loyalty of the Colleges, let readers turn to the "University Ballad" of our Bagford Collection. It is of a later epoch, but the lesson is the same. We have seen no copy of it elsewhere.

When James Duke of York, with his Second Duchess, and his daughter the Lady Anne, visited Oxford in 1683, they were publicly addressed in the Theatre by Lord Savile and Mr. Cholmondely. The verses then spoken, May 21st, referred to the latest visit paid by Charles, at the time of the Oxford Parliament. The opportunity was not lost, in complimenting James, by declaring that his former absence had caused regret, when political intrigues banished him from being beside the King:

> When last your Royal Brother bless'd this Place,
> And all about did his kind Beams dispence,
> A joy divine was seen in ev'ry face,
> Till Faction drove our Tutelar Angel hence. . . .
>
> We miss'd a Royal Brother by his side;
> We long'd to see those charms which him o'ercame: [*to the Duchess*]
> You, Madam [*to Lady Anne*], was our only joy and pride,
> Who represented half the *Stuarts'* name. . . .
>
> Tho' here new Towers and Buildings daily rise,
> And, Arms thrown off, we wear the peaceful Gown,
> Our breasts admit no change, know no disguise;
> Prepar'd with Pens and Swords t' assert the Crown.

They little guessed that James would wrong the sister universities, four years afterwards, proving himself as lawless and tyrannical in his encroachment and coercion as had been the Long Parliament.[1]

The loyalty of Oxford was above suspicion. We may admit that its zeal outran discretion, when, exactly two months after

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however, and got readmitted into the Corporation and chosen Mayor. He was a fanatic, violent in speech and action against the King; an associate of William Wright (see the previous note) in misguiding the next Mayor. This was F. W. Bayly, already mentioned on p. 817. Pawlin was also in close communication with John Trenchard and Altham Vaughan, who were rank Exclusionists, and was visited by them.

[1] This was the scandalous attempt to force on the University of Oxford, as President of Magdalen College, an avowed Roman Catholic nominated by the King, the often-times renegade, Anthony Farmer. It was resisted vigorously, although indignities were thus incurred. It was in 1687, the days when the "Old Obadiah" of Sir Thomas Howard's "Committee" (Caulfield gives a portrait of Cave Underhill; the comedian, impersonating the character) was revived, to twit the New Obadiah of University College, Obadiah Walker. Undergraduates saluted the Roman-Catholic worshippers with a ditty, of which the burden was—

> Old *Obadiah*
> Sings *Ave Maria.*

So the Two Obadiahs were at variance, in the year 1687.

the Duke of York's visit, the University in Convocation passed Judgment and Decree, condemning "certain pernicious Books and damnable Doctrines, destructive to the sacred persons of Princes their state and government, and of all human safety." This was on July 21st, 1683 (the day of Russell's execution). The *Index expurgatorius* was extensive. They not only declared against the books which contained the twenty-seven "propositions, and impious doctrines;" not only interdicted all members of the University from reading the condemned books, but finally ordered the volumes so offending to be publicly burnt by the Marshall. Among the writers who were thus censured were Buchanan, Knox, Milton, Hobbes, Goodwin, Owen, Baxter, Bellarmine, and the author of "Julian the Apostate."[1] The decree itself, in turn, was condemned and burnt, by the Whigs, in March, 1710. It appeared to men of literary habits a mere *brutum fulmen:* seeing that the University could neither stop the spread of the opinions, nor destroy any of the printed books, except a few individual copies, the very purchase of which, as in the early case of Tyndale's New Testament, helped to encourage the issue of a fresh edition.

But if they blundered in their employment of means to demonstrate their loyalty, the University authorities were substantially correct in judging the danger threatened to themselves. Advocates of these "heretical and seditious doctrines" were also in general the uncompromising enemies of Oxford University. Looking back on what had happened thirty years before, the heads of houses remembered the indignities and spoliation endured by their learned professors, and students; who were, for the most part, ejected violently by the Regicide Parliamentarians, and their places ill-supplied by fanatical Independents. All the heavier had fallen the blow, no doubt, in consequence of Oxford having declared so warmly in favour of the first King Charles, and yielded him a stronghold, with free gifts. Let *Parnassus Biceps* of 1656, show some token of the loyalty and learning of "the best wits that were in both the Universities before their Dissolution." And let the wrecked churches, wherein the Parliament troopers profanely stabled their horses, and shattered painted windows with their bullets, prove what had been the only arguments deemed fitting by rebellion to answer scholarship.

To proclaim and encourage such often-tried and never deficient loyalty of Oxford, our Bagford ballad is addressed. It could not

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[1] It drew a parallel between the Emperor Julian and the Duke of York, to excite feeling against him during the Exclusion debates. Written by Russell's Chaplain, Samuel Johnson, who afterwards suffered heavily. See pp. 683, 881.

have been published earlier than the 6th of April, 1705, when the Second Parliament of Queen Anne was summoned. Our notes may help to show the ecclesiastical commotion.

But although "The University Ballad" does not hold close connexion in date with the other three on election subjects, which have been already given, the one beginning on p. 841, "To Mr. E. L.," specially marks the close of what proved to be the last Parliament of Charles II., that known as the "Weeked Parliament" of Oxford.[1]

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[1] The assembling at Oxford instead of Westminster was violently opposed by the members, because they were terrified at being without the protection of the London citizens. A remonstrative petition to the King was signed against the change, threatening him darkly, by a reminder of the disasters which had always followed similar departures from the rule of London Parliaments. Essex and sixteen other Peers presented this; Charles frowned at it, but was silent. When forced to yield, and meet at Oxford, Shaftesbury and his adherents took with them large companies of armed retainers, citizens of London, who went avowedly as their body-guard, flaunting green ribbons with the legend "No Popery: no Slavery!" It may be, they expected to overawe the Court party, but they failed. Of their eight days they consumed three in choice of a Speaker, and formalities. They insisted on the banishment and exclusion of the Duke, clamoured to secure the trial of Fitzharris by impeachment, wrangled for power with the Peers, and thus gave Charles an opportunity to dismiss them as impracticable and useless. He told them "he perceived there were great heats between the Lords and Commons, and their beginnings had been such as he could expect no good success of this Parliament, and therefore thought fit to dissolve them." This was on the 28th of March. Had they been in London, there can be no doubt they would have resisted, calling the City to support them, and voted themselves permanent, to the defiance of the King and a commencement of civil war. He saw their plan and conquered them.

Among the most clamorous of those who had thronged to Oxford, at this time, in the train of the members, was Stephen College, the "Protestant Joyner" and inventor of the "Protestant Flail," already mentioned (see pp 99, 676, 818). Shortly afterwards he was put on his trial in London, for sedition. He was saved by the influence of the Whig sheriffs, Slingsby Bethel and Henry Cornish, who caused an "Ignoramus" to be returned by the obedient jury. But he was again proceeded against, the next time at Oxford (because part of the alleged offence had taken place there), and his doom was secured.

Of Shaftesbury, "the Badger in a Fox-Trap," the Devil asks:—

> Who was't gave out, that a thousand Watermen
> Had all conspir'd to Petition, when
> The Parliament to *Oxford* were conven'd,
> That they might sit at *Westminster* for them;
> But ne're were heard of more from *Smith* and *Ben*?
> Who was't endeavour'd all that preparations
> To guard the City Members in their Stations
> To *Oxford*; which look'd far more Arbitrary
> Than *Forty One*, or absolute Old *Harry*?—86 *Loyal Poems*, p. 75.

Not conventional "Old Harry," but Henry VIII. The others are Frank Smith and Benjamin Harris, publishers of many anti-Court libels. See p. 803, note 1: and our *Appendix*, on "Groaning-Board Ballad," for their recriminations.

"Beautiful city," to quote the glowing words of Matthew Arnold, "Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

'There are our young barbarians, all at play.'

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone. . . . . Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this Queen of Romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone!"

[Bagford Collection, III. 82.]

The University Ballad;

Or,

The Church's Advice to Her Two Daughters, Oxford and Cambridge.

First Part.

1.

I Have heard, my dear Daughters, a Story of late,
Fa la la, la la la, la la la la;
Told for Truth to the Commons, by a Minister of State,
Fa la la, la la la, la la la la;
Told for, &c.
That the *Scotch* Act was Extorted; O *England's* hard fate!
Fa la la, la la la, la la la la.

2.

If Whiggs at this distance so Terrible are; *Fa, la,* &c.
Such Men in our Bosom may make us all Stare, *Fa la,*
Such Men, &c.
And Extort what they please, if we do not take care.
Fa la, &c.[1]

3.

And when we consider what Measures are taken,
And how our best Friend is grosly mistaken,
Some things are Extorted, or else we're forsaken.

4.

If this be the Case, pray what can you think?
But that Church and State are now at the brink
Of Ruine, Destruction, and ready to sink.

5.

But we have yet a time to save this poor Nation,
From Fire and Sword and all Desolation,
By chusing such Members as hate DECOLLATION.

6.

And hence I take leave both my Daughters to press
To give good Examples, you can do no less,
When the Church and the State are in so great distress.

7.

The Eyes of the Nation are fix'd upon you,
Every City and Burrough will observe what you do,
And if you'll chuse good Members, the[y]'ll do so too.

8.

Each Member that's chose, serves for the whole Nation,[2]
For that end you're Intrusted to Vote in your Station,
Without any respect to Friend or Relation.

---

[1] The *Fa la* is repeated, in the original print, in italics, thrice in each verse, as here; and the repetition of two words, with "&c.," after the second line of each verse. The ballad being inordinately long, we venture to omit these repeats, giving this notification instead. It makes the perusal easier.

[2] No doubt it is indispensable (in order to avoid the greater evil of Little

9.

The Question before you is both plain and short
Who is the best Man, Church and State to support,
From Designs of the Whiggs, and schemes of the C——rt.[1]

10.

And in your next choice lay your hand on your Heart,
As if upon Oath, for if you do start
From the Rule above-mention'd, your Conscience will smart.

11.

A good Man is Steady, and with safety may
Be trusted with our Rights; he no Tricks will Play,
He loves the Church and the Queen,[2] and's the same every Day.

Pedlingtonian politicians perpetually protruding their own local affairs before Parliament) that members who represent the most insignificant places should possess an equal weight in voting with those who have been chosen by important electors. Such a Philistine suburb as Hackney, such a home of insurrection as Tipperary, such a hotbed of bribery as Norwich, can give by its member what may prove to be the turning vote in a debate of Imperial legislation. How often has the higher wisdom been swamped by the numerical strength of party votes, from electoral districts of more than Bœotian dullness.

[1] The object of *The Memorial of the Church of England* was to set forth the dangers threatened to the Church through the schemes of the Whig administration of the day. The reputed authors of the book were James Drake, M.D., and one Poley, but Sir Humphrey Mackworth was believed to be implicated. It influenced the elections in April, 1705. It was by the Ministry presented as "a seditious and treasonable libel"; with orders that it should be burnt, on the 1st of September; and the publisher, David Edwards, prosecuted. "Books were writ and dispersed over the Nation with great industry, to possess all people with the apprehensions that the Church was to be given up, that *the Bishops were betraying it, and the Court would sell it to the Dissenters.* Now it was that the *Memorial of the Church of England* was printed, and spread abroad, setting forth her melancholy condition and distress."

[2] Queen Anne was stanch to the Church of England, and endeavoured to restore to it some of the property stolen by lay-impropriators of tythes. Let this be remembered to her credit, whatever were her weaknesses as a woman. Macaulay, probably on account of this very partiality felt by her for the Church, paints her in darker colours than befits a true portraiture. "Her understanding was sluggish; and, though there was latent in her character a hereditary wilfulness and stubbornness which, many years later, great power and great provocations developed, she was as yet [while Princess, and in friendship with Marlborough's wife, Sarah] a willing slave to a nature far more vivacious and imperious than her own. . . Anne was slow and taciturn. To those whom she loved she was meek. The form which her anger assumed was sullenness. She had a strong sense of religion, *and was attached even with bigotry to the rites and government*

12.

But if a Man be bred up a notorious Whigg;
Who because he was neglected begins to look big,
And swears for old Friends he cares not a Fig:

13.

O trust not to such in time of great Danger;
Who to Mother Church is yet but a Stranger,
If Dissenter prevail he may Vote for to Change her.

14.

And as to the Tackers[1] that have tack'd the right way,
For the Church and the Laws; to such I do say,
I will give them my Blessing, and for them I'll Pray.

---

of the Church of England." (*Hist. Engl.*, cap. vii.) Yet that she was held, in 1705, to make too large concessions to the Dissenters can be proved by the *Memorial of the Church of England:* see previous note. The writer, or writers, declared that the appearance of the Church's flourishing condition was deceptive and superficial. "Its dignities and preferments make a very good show, and the patronage of the Queen seems to promise a continuance of prosperity. But, for all this," etc. "The sudden death of the late King disappointed, mortified and humbled the Dissenters and their Abettors the Whigs, so excessively that they were ready to have thrown a blank to the Church, and would have taken a general indemnity, with an exclusion from all public office and trust. They, who, not a month before, breathed nothing but defiance, and insulted the Church, and treated the Princess with the most scandalous indignities and rudest calumnies, were in an instant grown the most dutiful subjects," etc. Then, after an interval of terror, they became elated by concessions. "Contrary to these fears, they found the head of the Church, and, after her example, the members of it too, inclined not only to forgive, but to forget past injuries, and that, instead of punishment, they met not with so much as a rebuke or reproach, but comfortable speeches and kind assurance from the Queen herself, and good countenance from some of her Prime Ministers: their spirits were elated in an instant, the spirit of humility and pacification vanished; their former insolence and presumption returned upon them in full force."

[1] This name of "Tackers" came in use during the previous session of Parliament. At the close of his long speech on the "Occasional Bill," Novemb. 28, 1704, Mr. William Bromley, the chief member for Oxford University (see notes on pp. 829, 836), moved "That the Bill to prevent *Occasional Conformity* might be *tacked* to the Land-Tax Bill." This was with the intention of securing the acceptance of the Occasional Bill by the Lords, by making them either take the two together, or else reject both, and thus lose the supplies. For the Commons had settled that "the Lords cannot alter a money-bill, but must either pass it or reject it, as it is sent to them:" thus the Lords could not *untack* the bill and separate the two. But, on the other hand, most of the Lords had signed

15.

But if for Resentment, and want of a Place,
An old Wh——g[1] Tacks about as it were in a maze,
And talks for the Church like Apothecary Ch——se:[2] 51

16.

Let great *Marlow*[3] take these into Consideration
No Tacker of that kind will save Church or Nation,
For in next Angry mood he'll quit his new Station. 54

---

a resolution to the effect that they would never admit of a *Tack* to a money-bill. The party in the Commons, which began to be known as *The Tackers*, strove vigorously to carry their point, insisting on the two bills being thus conjoined. "It was believed that they wished to break the Alliance, put a stop to the war, by thus withholding supply, and compelling a peace to be made. Godolphin spoke against the principle and practice of *Tacking;* also Secretary Hedges, Lord Cutts, Sir Tho. Littleton, and Hy. Boyle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc. Upon the division, the *Tack* was rejected by a majority of 251 voices against 134."

[1] Why the balladist, who had printed "Whigg" at full in the twelfth verse, now feel qualms of conscience or fears of the law's rigour, which compel him to hint the word by three letters and a dash, can only be accounted for by the inconsistencies of squeamish people, as universally exemplified. To catalogue the absurd self-contradictions of expurgators might be amusing, if it were not an endless task. In emasculating a text these nice ladies and gentlemen set up in trade with much prudishness, a quick scent for obscenity, and an eccentric love of using the knife recklessly, like the Chelmsford boor. One Family-Shakespeare modestly alters "whene'er" into "where'er" in Stephano's ditty, which he acknowledges to be "a very scurvy song to sing at a man's funeral." No doubt it is so; but the change makes it worse, not better. Another editor, and more than one, in the Percy Society volumes, made a fuss about improprieties, omitted several songs of the Apprentices, etc., because they were unfitted for the present chaste age, and, having thus relieved his mind, straightway gave without scruple a large group of them, similarly objectionable. As to Lady Wardlaw, we have mentioned her on p. 102.

[2] James Chase, Apothecary to William III., was one of the members for *Marlow Magna*, as is shown in our next note. Under the date 1700 (about April 3rd), we find the following concerning him, in the *Calendar of State Papers*, 1697–1702, p. 386:—

"23. Memorial of James Chase, apothecary in ordinary to the King's person, showing that 638*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* were due to him on his salary at 115*l. per ann.*, and that Mr. Jones had received all that was due to him as apothecary and perfumer; praying payment of the debt.

"Two certificates in support of the same. *Minuted:*—To be layd before ye K[ing, William III.] at a more fitting opportunity. Read 23 June, 1701. The King says it must not be." [Shabby conduct of the Dutchman, as usual.]

"In the *Minute Book*, vol. x. p. 19, 3rd April, 1700, is—'Mr. Chase's memll to be laid before the King at a more convenient time.' 3 pages."

[3] The members representing Marlow, in the third Parliament of Charles II., were Sir Humphrey Winch and John Borlace. They also sat in the one Parlia-

17.

And here Daughter *Oxf*——*d*, to you I apply
This Advice from a Mother that can't tell a Lye,
That you chuse not a b—— Son that comes in by the by.[1]

18.

You may once be excus'd that on Deliberation
You took *Hobson's*[2] choice, or Recommendation;
But such a choice at this time will shew to the Nation

19.

That your Judgment is weak, or you're guided by those
Who have neither Virtue, nor care who is chose,
So you Patronize Vice, and your selves do expose.

20.

We will not inform on Occasional Bill,[3]
Who hung down his Head, sat silent and still,
Since his silence do's better then his speaking will.

21.

But when Debate it was Over, and the Bill was brought in,
And to say nothing for it was thought a great sin,
He resolv'd to speak next time, tho' not worth a Pin.

---

ment of James II., and in the previous fourth and fifth of Charles II. In the first of William & Mary, James Chase sat with Sir Wm. Whitlock. There was a double return of Chase and one Ralf Sucknell; of which the latter return was declared void. In 1695, Sir James Etherege and James Chase were the two members, and they held their places throughout all the subsequent elections, in the time of William & Mary, and of Anne, until in 1710 George Brewer was chosen *in loco* Chase.

[1] We suppose the omitted word to have been that (see p. 604) which Nell Gwynn applied to her own son; here insinuated against the Whig candidate.

[2] No doubt this held a contemporary application to the opposite candidate being proposed by some Hobson. If so, such a man meddling with University Elections was a tempting of the wits, although in Cambridge the joke would be better taken than in Oxford, to which it is directed. As is known, the origin of the phrase was connected with that Hobson, "the University Carrier," who travelled so oft "betwixt Cambridge and the Bull." On the subject of his death Milton played with elphantine gambols, that were meant to be lively, but seem "very tragical mirth."

[3] See note *** on page 836.

22.[1]

He watch'd my Son *Br*——*y*,[2] and from him a Notion
He [3] got in his Head, which rais'd a Commotion,
Then Cry'd out Mr. *Sp . . r*, I second the Motion.

23.

The Wags so Admire him, and love to make Sport
With University Member, that they oft make effort
To call him to Chair; do's this your Honour support?

24.

If *Oxf*——*d* Jests be Re-printed,[4] with Additions most rare,
Her[e]'s a Jest for the House, and a Jest for the Bar,
That you be not a Jest too, is worthy your care.

---

[1] The second page of two columns begins here, but no "Second Part" is mentioned anywhere. For completeness, we square-bracket the words before the forty-third verse, which is addressed to Cambridge.

[2] This was William Bromley, probably son of Sir Wm. Bromley, K.B., who had resided at Bagginton, Warwickshire. He represented Oxford University from 1701 to 1727, and was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Speaker, in 1705; after a hot debate, having only 205 votes, while John Smith gained 248. Bromley carried his point in 1710 unopposed. He was made Secretary of State in 1713, but remained constant to his Church principles, and spoke well on the Schism-Bill of 1714, declaring that "the Dissenters were equally dangerous both to Church and State": a truth requiring to be often enforced. He died in 1732. He was "a man of a grave deportment and good morals, but considered as a violent Tory, and as a great favourer of Jacobites, which appeared evidently in a relation which he printed of his Travels."

[3] This probably refers to Sir William Whitlock, the other member for Oxford University in 1703, 1705, and until 1715. Compare note on line 83.

[4] An edition of these *Oxford Jeasts* was printed in 1669: compiled and edited by Captain William Hickes, who wrote a volume of *Mock Songs and Joking Poems* in 1672. Anthony à Wood and others give him the character of being a sharking fellow about town. He had been zealous, after a fashion, in the Cavalier cause, and had drilled some troops, for which service he obtained favour and preferment at the Restoration. He wrote with too much licence, but possessed a large share of humour. See Bagford Collection, iii. 102. There was an edition of *Oxford Jeasts* (probably the first) published in 1669; it is specially mentioned in *Merry Drollery, Compleat*, issued in 1670 (not in 1661 edition), p. 287: "On Captain *Hick* his *Oxford Jeasts*." Another edition of the *Oxford Jeasts* is dated 1684; "with additions." Hicks appears again on pp. 890, 904, as the probable author of two Bagford Ballads, viz. the Mock Song of "Inamorato and Misogamos," and "The Philosophical Wife"; the latter of which is unmistakably in his vein.

25.

O give not just Cause to the Scandalous Clubs,
To *Tutchin*,[1] *D' Foe*,[2] and such yelping Cubs,
To Abuse my Dear Daughter, as they have my son *St——bs*.[3]

---

[1] John Tutchin is described as "a lad," by Macaulay, at the time when Judge Jeffreys tried and sentenced him, for seditious words, in the Western "Bloody Assizes" of 1685. But in the evidence he is mentioned as "a young man." "He was, as usual, interrupted in his defence by ribaldry and scurrility from the judgment-seat. 'You are a rebel; and all your family have been rebels since Adam. They tell me that you are a poet. I'll cap verses with you.' The sentence was that the boy should be imprisoned seven years, and should, during that period, be flogged through every market town in Dorsetshire every year." Tutchin petitioned to be hanged, instead of such a fortnightly whipping. He was seized with smallpox, and believed to be dying. Consequently, for a bribe, Jeffreys consented to remit the sentence. Three years afterwards, when his own downfall came, he was visited in the Tower by Tutchin, who exulted over the retribution. "The temper of Tutchin, not originally very mild, was exasperated to madness by what he had undergone. He lived to be known as one of the most acrimonious and pertinacious enemies of the House of Stuart and of the Tory party." But he was addicted to promiscuous vituperation, like the Scotchman who "stood on the crown of the Causeway, and just *swore at large*." We meet Tutchin in *State Trials*, xiv. 1103, 1128. In "*The Apparition, A Poem; or, A Dialogue betwixt the Devil and a Doctor*, concerning a Book falsly called The Rights of the Christian Church" (2nd edition, 1710, page 22), Satan says:—

> —Rot these Republicans! I am betray'd;
> That *Tutchin* has an Insurrection made
> With his Deposing Doctrines; but e're day
> I'le teach that Dog Hell's Monarch to obey.

[2] John Tutchin and Daniel De Foe afterwards became bitter enemies in pamphlet controversy. Tutchin, in the *Observator*, declared his antagonist was ignorant; and De Foe, in answer, challenged J. T. to translate with him "any Latin, French, and Italian author; and after that to re-translate them cross-ways, for 20*l.* each book; and by this he shall have an opportunity to show the world how much *De Foe* the hosier is inferior in learning to Mr. *Tutchin* the gentleman."—*Review*, May 31, 1705. Daniel Foe was born in 1661 in Cripplegate parish, the son of James Foe, a butcher. He was educated by Charles Morton, at the Dissenting Academy, Newington-Green. He was intended to have been a preacher; but he owned that it was his "disaster first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from, the honour of that sacred employ."—*Ibid.* Oct. 22, 1709. In 1682 he published an attack on the High Church clergy, entitled *Speculum Crape-Gownorum; or, a Looking-Glass for the Young Academics new foyld, with a reflection on some of the late high-flown Sermons*, &c. In 1683 he wrote against the Turks, who were besieging Vienna. In 1685 he took arms under Monmouth, against James, "his cruelty and arbitrary government." We meet him again, in reserved note on line 64 (p. 836).

[3] We must reserve for our Appendix a few words on Tutchin's attack on Stubs. Phil. Stubs wrote the *Religious Seaman*, 1696; *God's Dominion over the Seas*, 1701; and *a Thanksgiving Sermon*, 1713.

26.

Will you tell me hereafter you knew not the Man,
Or knew him no better than the *Sp——r*[1] *Japan*,
There's none will believe, say you what you can. 84

27.

Oh! how will our Enemies Triumph and Clap,
If dear Daughter *Oxf——d* shou'd have this mishap,
To be caught with her Heads in a Harlican Trap.[2] 87

28.

Preferments may be kept, fair Promises made,
Till Elections are over, which is the old Trade,
And this is the way Mother Church is Betray'd. 90

29.

A Courtier's set up, but if that will not do,
Then a Convert that's useless, or at best so and so,
And's only fit for a Chamber, to walk to and fro. 93

30.

Thus the Scheme it is laid, the Plot it is deep,
And all are at work to lull you asleep,
That out of the House thy *Ma——th*[3] may keep, 96

31.

By thy Labours, O *Ma——th*, advantage we gain,
Yet with some they raise Envy, with others Disdain,
And for thy Success I am in great Pain. 99

---

[1] Robert Harley: he was chosen Speaker, Oct. 21, 1702, as he had been Speaker in the two previous Parliaments of William III. He being made Secretary of State in 1704, John Smith succeeded him. See note 2 on p. 829.

[2] An upright trap in a stage scene, through which Harlequin jumps head foremost, and disappears from view. "Heads of Houses" intended.

[3] Scarcely Digby Mackworth. But, more probably, Sir Humphrey Mackworth, who was accredited with the authorship of the denounced *Memorial of the Church of England*, in January, 170⅔; and who, on March 31, 1710, during Dr. Sacheverell's trial, incurred the censure of the House. He was charged, as Deputy-Governor of the *Mine-Adventurers*, with being guilty "of many notorious and scandalous frauds, and indirect practices, in violation of the Charter granted

32.

No doubt my dear Daughter, it is your Intent,
To chuse such a person as shall Represent
Your Learning, your Virtue, and eke your Judgment.

33.

But Oh! shou'd you chuse, and a Man to me bring
That's entirely depriv'd of any such thing,
No Judgment, no Virtue, nor any Learning:

34.

How can you expect I should ever Consent,
That he my dear Daughter should Misrepresent,
And on her behalf to Parler . . la . . ment.

35.

If yet you will chuse him, pray fix who shall Pay
For the numerous Oaths he shall Swear every Day,
That the Poor have their Due when he go's away.

36.

Or else, O my Daughter, you must see and take care,
To provide a good Fund, for to tell you I dare,
At last you will Pay for each Oath he shall Swear.

37.

But I trust, at this time, Dissenters shall see,
That to my great Comfort you'll Dutiful be,
(Notwithstanding Temptations) to keep your self free.

38.

It is *Mack——th* hath open'd the eyes of the Nation,
And help'd to preserve us from Infatuation,
Whilst in Church and State some would make Alteration.

---

to the said Company," etc. But after a change of ministry, the whole affair was dropped, and of the censure no more was heard. On January 24, 1704, being then Member for Cardiganshire, he had in a long speech supported the privileges of the House against the discontented elector, Ashby (see line 122). It is reported in Cobbett's *Parl. Hist.*, vi. col. 285–290. Also, a Sir Thomas Mackworth was, in 1702 and 1705, one of the Members for Rutlandshire.

39.

O! how were we blinded with what some do write,
Concerning the Story of *A*——*by* and *Wh*——*te*,[1]
Till Sir *H.*[2] laid before us the Fallacy, in sight.

40.

And will you disown and disgrace your dear Child,
Who is your own Picture, whose Temper's so mild,
That for fear you should chuse him *Moderation* grows wild.

---

[1] The important dispute between Lords and Commons on the Aylesbury elections: this case came before Parliament in 170$\frac{3}{4}$. Whichever party held a majority in the Commons, all disputed elections were decided in their own favour. The minority in opposition might protest against injustice and partiality; against condoning of perjuries and corrupt bribery, etc.; but, so soon as a turn of the wheel came, the same evil practices were repeated by themselves. It was asserted that William White and three other constables of Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, had long been in the habit of bargaining with the candidates for Parliament, and securing the return of the person who purchased their connivance, in obtaining a majority of votes. They took pains to find out in whose favour each vote was likely to be given, and then availed themselves of pretences by which they disabled and disfranchised those burgesses who were about to vote for the other candidate than the one whom the constables adopted. These irregularities had been condoned by either party successively in power. One *Matthew Ashby* at length brought a criminal action against *William White* and the other Constables of Aylesbury. Ashby had previously been permitted to vote, but at the recent election was denied the privilege. At the Assizes the Constables were cast with damages. But the order of the Queen's Bench supported the Constables; except that Chief-Justice Holt was opposed to them in the minority of one to three. Then the House of Lords interfered, and reversed this judgment, confirming the award of the Assizes. On this the Commons (full of self-sufficiency, as in the Stuart reigns) grew indignant, at seeing encroachments on their privileges. Lastly, the Lords fulminated their censures on the Commons, for having voted that Ashby in prosecuting his action had committed a breach of privilege. At their order the Lord Keeper sent "a copy of the case and of their resolutions to all the Sheriffs of England, to be communicated to all the Boroughs in their Counties." The Commons were highly provoked at this, but they could not hinder it. The five men of Aylesbury who followed suit to Ashby, against the same Wm. White, were named Paty, Oviat, Paton, Basse, and Horne. When they brought their action against the Constables, for refusing their votes, the House of Commons, on plea of breach of privilege, committed the five to Newgate, where they lay imprisoned three months. When their trial came on, at the Queen's Bench, Chief-Justice Holt declared that they ought to be discharged, but they were remanded. The after-proceedings, wherein the prisoners were removed into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, covered the Commons with disgrace. The Queen interposed with a Prorogation, which was followed by a Dissolution on April 5th. Thus ended, in its third session, Queen Anne's first Parliament.

[2] Probably Sir Heneage Finch, son of his namesake, Lord Keeper, and Chancellor. He was of Christ Church, D.C.L., one of the Members for Oxford University in 1678, 1688, 1695; also in 1701 and 1702 with William Bromley.

41.

If *Br——ly* and *Mack——th*[1] together are chose,
You'l ne'er more be divided by any of those
Who your Peace and your Union do so much Oppose.

42.

And of my dear Daughter there's none shall dare say
To the Ruine of the Church she ever gave way,
But Learning and Virtue did always bear sway.

[*The Second Part.*]

43.

And *Now Daughter Ca——dge*, I hope you do hear
My Advice to your Sister: To both I do bear
An equal affection; you two are my Care.

44.

And to you my Request is, that you'l be so kind,
As for my Son *An——y*[2] a second to find,
Who may Match him in Courage and be of his Mind.

45.

For both, my dear Daughters, must Act in this Station
With as much exactness, as an Algebraick Equation,
And vote for such Men as can best serve the Nation.

46.

But if one make a good choice, and the other a bad,
When good Men for both may be easily had,
How will Whiggs and Dissenters rejoice and be glad.

---

[1] The omitted names are *Bromley* and *Mackworth*. See notes on lines 70 and 96. But Mackworth was not chosen. Sir Wm. Whitlock was re-elected.

[2] This refers to *Anthony Thompson*, Esq., who was one of the members for Cambridge Town (along with Henry Pickering, Bart.), in Queen Anne's first Parliament; and (with Sir John Colton) in her second, 1705. Colton had once before been a member, chosen on the decease of J. Pepys, in William's last Parliament. But as it is the University that is being addressed, the choice of members ultimately made may well be noted. In 1702 it was Henry Boyle and Arthur Annesley: in 1705 the members were Dixey Windsor and Arthur Annesley. John Bromley and Sir Rushout Cullen were for Cambridgeshire.

47.

You are two great Props of the Church and the Crown,
Then be not like Buckets, one up, t'other down,
To expose your dear Mother all over the Town.

48.

O! no! Pray consider, this is the last Squeak,
Then chuse me such Men, as can both Write and Speak,
Since all that we have, now lies at the Stake.

49.

And when by my Daughters such Patriots are chose, *fa la*,
I may venture to say, that under the Rose, *fa la*, &c.
I may, &c.
You will spoil the new Scheme, and wipe the Whiggs Nose.
Fa la, &c.

Price One Penny. FINIS.

[In White-letter. Four columns of verse, two on each side. Date, probably April or May, 1705. No woodcuts. Ours below is borrowed from the Roxb. Coll., i. 403. That on p. 823 is from the same Coll., i. 61. It may be taken to represent a *viva voce* Exam., with one student conscious of being gulfed, and the other resolute, "he was more than three Examiners could plough from morn till night." But if it be thought to bear the appearance of a Legal tribunal, not a Collegiate bed-of-roses, with plaintiff supplicatory (Ashby) and defendant qualmish (White), it serves none the less to illustrate the great *Aylesbury Case*, referred to in line 122, and note on p. 833.]

*** The "Occasional Bill" was contested in 1702: two or three years after which date it is evident that our ballad was published. The Bill was reactionary, against the Toleration Act of 1st William III. It was directed against occasional conformity, a shabby sort of "trimming," whereby the Test Act of 1673 had been repeatedly evaded. Magistrates and other office-holders had been bound to take the test, and the Sacrament of the Church, *but only once*. So that many time-servers, and Trimmers, having made themselves secure in position by conforming thus far on a single occasion, then reverted to attendance at unlawful conventicles, where there were more than five persons beside the private family. In short, having falsely declared themselves Church-members, a subterfuge to gain their ends, they continued to hold the emoluments of office, while repudiating the doctrines; as in modern times has been done by a South-African *Episcopus* among argumentative Zulus. By this "Occasional Bill," those who after their single act of conformity relapsed into dissent and schism, were threatened with a fine of 100*l.*, and also 5*l.* a day so long as they did not relinquish their forfeited employments, "after having been at any such meeting. They were also made incapable to hold any other employment till after one whole year's conformity to the Church, which was to be proved at the quarter-sessions. Upon a relapse, the penalty and the time of incapacity were doubled." (*Burnet's Hist. of his own Time*, Bk. vii. p. 729, edit. 1875.) The Occasional Bill was fiercely debated, but was read a second time on the 17th November, and passed the Commons on the 28th, by a large majority. It was carried up to the House of Lords by the before-named Mr. William Bromley; who, on the 4th of the same month, had been ordered to bring in the Bill, along with Mr. St. John and Mr. Annesley (afterwards respectively Lord Bolingbroke and the Earl of Anglesea). Burnet, of course, opposed it, and it was lost by the Lords adhering to their own amendments, and by the irresolute Bishops being afraid of irritating the Nonconformists. They feared to lose their own swollen revenues, if investigation followed. It was at this very time that Defoe published his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church*. Even as he borrowed the idea of his *Robinson Crusoe* (without acknowledgment) from the real adventures of shipwrecked Alexander Selkirk, so did he borrow the plan of his present deception from Charles Blount's *William and Mary, Conquerors* (see pp. 712, 760, note 1). Writing anonymously, he pretended to hold opinions opposite to his own. An unscrupulous foe of the Church, he here affected to denounce the principles and practices of the Dissenters; he recommended the fiercest persecution of Nonconformists, "not for the evil they have done, but for the evil they may do." "As serpents, toads, and vipers are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life, *so the Dissenters poison the soul, corrupt our posterity, insnare our children, destroy the vitals of our happiness, our future felicity, and contaminate the whole mass;* and therefore they are to be rooted out of this Nation, if ever we would live in peace, serve God, and enjoy our own." Most persons thought the proposals too violent, but many believed the sentiments correct. De Foe was delighted at having allured them to declare their approval. When his vanity made him acknowledge himself the author of the deceit, the indignant Commons ordered him to be fined and pilloried, and his pamphlet to be burnt by the hangman. As we saw on p. 787, note, he retorted by writing *A Hymn to the Pillory*, where he declares,

> Men that are Men, in thee can feel no pain,
> And all thy insignificance disdain.

But then he had the mob on his side, which made all the difference. Peltings with roses, instead of rotten eggs, are not hard to bear.

The Oxford Parliament Dissolved.

Cudden.—"You and your puppets shall be taught better manners, you impertinent fellow, you."—Gay's *Rehearsal at Goatham.*

THIS poem "on His Majesty's Dissolving the Parliament at Oxford," with the "Panegyrick," appropriately ends our Bagford series of Election Ballads. If we had possessed a right of choice, we could not have wished for better. So ended the last Parliament of Charles. Henceforth no more trusting to such a broken reed as the forbearance or loyalty of assembled representatives of the people. What a mockery it had all been! How quickly had the arrogance and conceit of the self-conscious praters crushed what small quantity of genuine patriotism or noble feeling they once possessed! How readily had they turned to malice and evil-speaking, as the Commons have done ever since their day. They may have seemed, on the whole, "indifferent honest" as individuals; having the distaste for meanness, bluster, or driving a hard bargain, that is natural to Englishmen. But so soon as they found themselves gathered together, with the paltry dignity of M.P. attached to each name, they swelled and swaggered into impotent windbags. Half their time was spent in squabbling over the choice of a Speaker; and the other half in quarrelling with the Peers, less impatient than themselves to carry the Exclusion-Bill. It must be evident to all who study the spite and suspicion which possessed their mean little souls, that, had they not been stifled before their preparations for rebellion were fully completed, they would have striven hard to repeat the lesson of "Forty-One." Even to this day, our Parliamentary system remains a disappointment, an inflated pretence of perfection, a mountain annually in labour, producing an almost invisible mouse. Heroic Law-framers in theory, but selfish peddlers, jobbers and quibblers in practice: who, except stone-blind dullards, attribute to our senators wisdom? One is often forced to believe that the choice of representatives in the House is made on the principle announced by Dogberry: "You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern."

We had already mentioned the Oxford Parliament, and its short life of one week. Although thus brief was its existence, it was yet too long for its fame. Almost birth-strangled, its few cries and signs of life were discordant and offensive. Seldom has so lurid a dawn been so quickly followed by a starless night.

Remembrance of the disgust which had been excited by it, and by its predecessors, impelled the King to persist in ruling without any fresh Parliament thereafter. Otherwise, he might safely have counted on the country sending him a majority of men well disposed to be loyal. The conduct of the elections had never been so well in his hand as during the years that followed the Oxford Parliament. But he was not tempted to entrust himself to another, howsoever pliant it might promise to be.

The "Panegyrick" (p. 869) hails the calm after this stormy Dissolution. But here is a *Loyal Poem*, a fortnight earlier in date,

The Ghost of the late Parliament to the New one to meet at Oxford.

[March, 168⅘.]

FRom deepest Dungeons of eternal Night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains and spight,
I have been sent to tell your tender youth
A seasonable and important Truth!
I feel (but oh too late) that no disease
Is like the surfeit of luxurious Ease;
And of all others, the most tempting things,
Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by degrees, with industry and skill:
And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by use, and Rebels by despair.
My time is past, and yours shall soon begin,
Keep your first Blossoms from the blast of Sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preserve your selves, and bring *Serener Days*.
The busie subtile *Serpents* of the *Law*
Did first my mind from true Obedience draw;
While I did limits to the *King* prescribe,
And took for *Oracles* that *Canting Tribe*;
I chang'd true Freedom for the name of Free,
And grew *Seditious* for Variety.
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And, by the Law illegally abus'd!
The Robe was summon'd, *M——d*[1] in the Head,
In Legal Murder none so deeply read:
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet Un-expiated) Blood
Of the brave *Strafford*, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative Hackney Tongue;

[1] The name hinted is that of Sir John Maynard (1602–1690), who chiefly managed the prosecution of Strafford, in 164⅑; of Laud, in 1644; and Stafford, in 1680, securing the death of each pre-doomed victim.

Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by;
These had been taught to *Swear*, and those to *Dye;*
And to expect their arbitrary Fates,
Some for Ill Faces, some for good Estates;
To fright the people, and alarm the Town,
Burnet and *Oates* imploy'd the Reverend Gown:
But while the *Triple Mitre* bore the blame,
The king's *Three Crowns* were their Rebellious aim.
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the *Guards*,
And took for mine the *Bethels* and the *Wards*,[1]
Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheists, Rich and Reprobate.
But above all, I got a little guide,
Who every foard of Villany had try'd;
None knew so well the old pernicious way,
To ruine *Subjects*, and make *Kings* obey:
And my small *Jehu*[2] at a furious rate
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty-Eight*.
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear;
But I mistook his Patience for his Care.
All that this Happy Island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board,
In his whole Paradice One onely Tree
He had excepted by a strict Decree;
A *Sacred Tree* which *Royal Fruit* did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear;
Beware my Child! *Divinity* is there.
This so out-did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and He endures no more.
My un-prepar'd and un-repenting breath
Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of Death;
And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd
To th' utter Darkness of the lower World:
A dreadful place where you too soon shall see,
If You believe *Seducers* more than Me.

A true prophecy; for, the Oxford Parliament listening to the "Seducers," one week comprised all its life, if indeed its factious and sterile agitation can be called life, instead of galvanized mockery.

In reference to the experienced tyranny of the Commons, we find a *Loyal Poem*, entitled "The Parliament Dissolved at *Oxford*, March the 28th, 1681," thus beginning:—

Under five hundred kings Three Kingdoms grone,
Go, *Finch*, Dissolve them, *Charles* is on the Throne,
And by the grace of God will reign alone. . . .

---

[1] Slingsby Bethel, Sheriff of London in 1680; and Patience Ward, Lord Mayor of London, 1681.

[2] This must refer to "Tony," the first Earl of Shaftesbury. Clearly alluding to the determination of Charles not to allow the Exclusion of the Duke of York to be accomplished by the Parliament.

The *Presbyterians*, sick of too much freedom,
Are ripe for *Beth'lem*, it's high time to bleed 'em,
The Second *Charles* does neither fear nor need 'em.

I'll have the World know that I can dissipate
Those *Impolitick Mushrooms of our State*,
'Tis easier to *Dissolve* than to *Create*.

They shan't cramp Justice with their feigned flaws;
For since I govern only by the Laws,
Why they should be exempt, I see no cause.

This "Ballad from Devonshire" is in Wood's Collection, at Oxford, 417, fol. 47. It was answered by another, "printed for T. Rawe, in London-yard, near St. Pauls, 1681: to the Tune of the Devonshire Cant." It begins,

The Safety of the King and 's Royal Throne
Depends on those five hundred Kings alone.

This may have seemed a pretty article of belief to each of the half-thousand, and their worshippers. But Charles the Second thought otherwise, and "never said a foolish thing" when with a speech he sent them about their business. If they managed their private matters no better than the unsettled affairs of the nation, their families must have felt many a sore pinch.

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

[Bagford Collection, III. 83.]

To Mr. E. L. on his Majesties Dissolving the late Parliament at Oxford, March 28, 1681.

AN Atheist now must a Monster be,
Of a strange Gigantick birth:
His Omnipotence do's let all men see,
That our King's a God on Earth.

Fiat, says he by Proclamation,
And the Parliament is created:
He repents of his work, the Dissolution
Makes all annihilated.

We Scholars were expell'd awhile,
To let the Senators in,
But they behav'd themselves, as [vile,][1]
So we return agen:

And wonder to see our *Geometry School*
All round about beseated,
Though there's no need of an *Euclid's* rule,
To demonstrate 'em all defeated.

The Commons their Voting Problems would
In Riddles so involve,
That what the Peers scarce understood,
The King was forc'd to solve.

The Commons for a good *Omen* chose,
An old consulting station:
Being glad to disposses their foes
O th' House of Convocation.

So States-men like poor Scholars be,
For near the usual place
They stood, we know, for a great Degree,
But the King deny'd their Grace.

[1] Probably the rhyming word is omitted, for fear of a prosecution, in case another Parliament were summoned by Charles: which never happened.

Though sure he must his Reason give,
And charge them of some Crime:
Or else by course they'l have reprieve,
For this is the *Third time*.

It was because they did begin,
With insolent behaviour:
And who should expiate their Sin,
The King himself's no Saviour.

Their Faults grew to a bulk so high,
As Mercy did fore-stall:
So Charter forfeited thereby,
They must like *Adam* fall.

It is resolv'd the Duke shall fail,
A Scepter to inherit:[1]
Nor right nor desert shall prevail,
'Tis Popish to plead Merit.

Let the King respect the Duke his Brother,
And keep affection still,[2]
As duly to the Church his Mother:
In both they'l cross his will.

They would Dissenters harmless save,
And Penalties repeal;[3]
As if they'd humor Thieves, who crave
A liberty to steal.

[1] The Commons were determined, on the 26th and 28th March, 1681, to carry the Exclusion Bill, despite the offer made to them of strictly limiting the power of James by establishing a regency, during his lifetime, in the event of his succeeding to the throne. The King was as determined to resist the attempt to rob his brother of his right to the succession. So he dissolved this Parliament.

[2] Compare pp. 745, 750.

[3] On the 21st December, 1680, in previous Parliament, a Bill was read for the first time, "for uniting the King's Protestant Subjects." This, which favoured the Presbyterians, was opposed and relinquished. Another was adopted, to exempt "The Protestant Dissenters" from the penalty imposed on the Papists by the Act of the 35th of Elizabeth. This Bill passed both Houses, but "it was secretly conveyed away, when it was to be offered to the King for his assent," viz. 10th January, 168§. Of course, the Bill was thus left incomplete. Some bitter inquiries were made about its disappearance, in the "Oxford Parliament," which we are now considering.—*Debates on the Exclusion*, pp. 300, 307. Long afterwards, in *The Memorial of the Church of England*, 1705, it was declared, boldly, "The Nation has a long time abounded with Sectaries, who, in the preceding century, violently overturned both Church and State, though their own [the

Thus he that do's a Pardon lack,
For Treason damn'd to dy,
They'd tempt, poor man, to save his neck,
By adding Perjury.[1]

The Nobles threw th' Impeachment out,[2]
Because, no doubt, they saw,
'Twas best to bring his cause about,
But not to th' Commons Law.

But hence 'twas plaguily suspected,
Nay 'tis resolv'd by Vote,
That the Lords are Popishly affected,
And stiflers of the Plot.

The Commons courage can't endure
To be affronted thus:
So for the future to be sure,
They'l be the Upper House.

But by such Fevorish Malady,
Their strength so soon was spent
That punning Wits no doubt will cry,
Oh Weeked Parliament.[3]

Printed in the Year, 1681.

[In White-letter. No printer's name, or woodcut.]

Sectaries] extravagance and confusions, through a special providence, contributed more than human wisdom to the re-establishment of them. *The sons of those men yet remain, and inherit*, many of them, *the principles of their fathers.*"

[1] This alludes to the case of Fitz-Harris, at that time imprisoned and awaiting trial (on the information of Everard), for being the author of a treasonable libel. It was expected that his confession might implicate the Duchess of Portsmouth, and others of the Court. He was an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic; the Commons impeached him for high-treason. The Lords voted that he should be proceeded against at Common Law. It was resolved, in consequence, by the lower house, "that it is the undoubted right of the Commons in Parliament assembled to impeach before the Lords in Parliament any peer or commoner for treason, or any other crime or misdemeanor; and that the refusal of the Lords to proceed in Parliament upon such impeachment is a denial of justice, and a violation of the constitution of Parliament."—*Commons' Journals*, March 26th, 1681. Fitzharris suffered execution on June 9th, 1681.

[2] That the Lords contested the claim of the Commons, to impeach and condemn any one whom they might accuse of a crime, was a grievance.

[3] It met on the 21st of March, and was dissolved that day se'night, 1681.

GROUP OF POEMS ON WELSHMEN.

Fluellen.—"I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint *Tavy's* day."—*Henry V.*, iv. 7.

BAGFORD has here gathered a small group of verses together, London white-letter broadsides, "In Honour of Welshmen." The first was "printed by P. Lillicrap in Clarken-well Close, 1667." Entitled "The Honour of Welshmen; or, The Valiant Acts of St. *Taffy* of *Wales*" (Bagford Collection, iii. 84): It gives a summary of its contents in a motto,

> Declaring of St. *Taffyes* valerous facts,
> His brave exploits and most heroick Acts:
> His killing Gyants, Negromancers, Dragons,
> And with their slaughter'd carcasses loads waggons.

It begins

> Hey for the honour of St. *Taffies* day.
> Let every *Welshman* due observance pay:
> Who in his honour shall be found to seek
> May's Hat be never grac'd with *a green Leeke*,
> And he himself that privilege to leese
> Tasting of *Cows-bobby* [1] or *toasted Cheese*.
> That valiant Champion who brought to sad doom
> With his keen sword the Foes of Christendom, &c.

Seventy-six lines follow, of which the conclusion is:—

> Thus did he live in great renown and splendor,
> As ever did his Cozen *Owen Glendour*,
> And whilst that time gives unto Children birth,
> St. *Taffy* shall be famous through the Earth.

The other Welsh poem, being in ballad-shape we now give.

We have left "The Welsh Fortune-Teller" of Bagford Coll., ii. 132, to Roxb. Coll., ii. 511. It begins, "Since Arrival, Proclaiming, and Crowning are o'er." Or else it will come into the Civil-War series, where there are other poems on Welshmen, burlesquing their mode of speech in 1641, and following years. On these we may have to write hereafter.

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[1] A. Boorde, in his *Introduction* (compare motto on the next page), thus translates the invitation "*Morwyn, therdomma moes imi GAWSÈ BOBY,*" "Mayden, come hether, and gyue me some *roste chese.*"

The Welsh-men's Glory.

"I am a *Welshman*, and do dwel in *Wales*,
I haue loued to serche boudgets, and looke in males,[1]
I loue not to labour, nor to delue nor to dyg;
My fyngers be lymed lyke a lyme twyg;
And wherby ryches I do not greatly set,
Syth all hys fysshe that commeth to the net,
I am a gentylman, and come of brutes blood;[2]
My name is, *ap Ryce, ap Dauy, ap Flood.*
I loue our Lady, for I am of hyr kynne;
He that doth not loue hyr, I be-shrew his chynne.
My kyndred is *ap hoby, ap Jenkin, ap goffe.*
Bycause I do goe barlegged, I do cach the coffe;
And if I do go barlegged it is for no pryde;
I haue a gray cote, my body for to hyde.
I do loue *cawse boby*, good rosted chese;
And swyshe swashe *metheglyn*[3] I take for my fees;
And yf I haue my harpe, I care for no more;
It is my treasure, I do kepe it in store;
For my harpe is made of a good mares skyn,
The stringes be of horse heare, it maketh a good din;
My songe, and my voyce, and my harpe doth agree,
Much lyke the hussyng[4] of a homble be;
Yet in my countrey I do make good pastyme,
In tellyng of prophyces whych be not in ryme."

Dr. Andrew Boorde's *Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542–47.

No other copy of this spirited ditty is known to us. It is by a superior hand, and deserves to be thus reproduced, for the

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[1] A marginal gloss calumniously interprets this phrase as "I like thieving." True, no doubt, as a fact; but scarcely courteous. If every gentleman who pilfers for his livelihood is to be thus openly rebuked, it will be an uneasy time for all, except members of the Ballad Society.

[2] In 1542 (when the book was dedicated to Princess Mary, on May 3rd), the singer held no Darwinian heresies, but was "on the side of the Angels," not the apes. He clearly intended to write *Brute's*, in reference to the boasted ancestry. Still, the mistake looks awkwardly suggestive. It is a wise Welsh child who knows his own [fore-]father.

[3] Metheglin is mentioned hereafter, on p. 857, in line 43rd of Ben Jonson's Welsh song. Metheglin, like mead, was a drink, made with honey. In William Rowley's "Match at Midnight," 1633, the Welshman, Randall Crack of Carmarthen, demands metheglin at the widow's table:

"Some metheglins, the wine of Wales."

[4] We do not change the word "hussing" of the E. Eng. T. Society's reprint, p. 126, into "bussing," for *buzzing*, although we mark by Italics a few words. We all owe thanks for the admirable volume, No. X. of the Extra Series, which Mr. Furnivall edited in 1870, including Boorde's *Dyetary of Helth*, and Barnes *in the Defence of the Berde*. We borrow two woodcuts; for p. 847, and for our page 916. The former evidently specially belongs to the Welshman's song (cap. 2), showing his worship of the Virgin Mary, and his playing on the harp.

first time. It justifies the wearing of leeks "Upon St. David's Day," the 1st of March. Not more conclusively, however, than was done by Captain Gower: "Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words?" (*Henry V.*, v. 1.) Fluellen asserts that the Welsh soldiers under the Black Prince "did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps:" meaning at Crecy or Poictiers. The worthy Welshman's chronology may be as dubious as was his geography, when he discoursed on the similarity of the rivers in Macedon and Monmouth. But he was a brave soldier, and Competitive Exams will not make these, although they may turn out "crammed prigs" and pedants, full of conceit.

Some think the custom of wearing leeks originated in a sixth-century battle between the Welsh and the Saxons. The eating as well as the wearing of leeks bred quarrels, if Andrew Boorde's *Dyetary* be correct, for, while owning that they "open the breste," he declares "they doth make and increase euyll blode" (cap. xix.). Allusions to the wearing of them are innumerable. With his usual happy fancy, our Hogarth points a moral and illustrates the custom in one of his *Rake's Progress* pictures (at the Soane Museum). To show that the Rake, at the moment when he is arrested for debt, is on his way in full dress to attend the Levée of the Prince of Wales, he introduces in the foreground the figure of a strutting Welshman, whose hat bears token that he wears the leek "Upon St. David's Day."

[Bagford Collection, III. 85.]

The Welsh-Mens Glory,

Or,

The Famous Victories of the Ancient Britains Obtain'd upon St. David's Day.

The Honor, Glory, and the Grace
Of Valiant *Brute's* Tryumphant race,
Shewing the Reasons, wherefore they
Wear Leeks upon St. Davids *Day.*

THe Valiant Deeds of *Britain's* bold,
I here shall sing in Verse,
Direct my Pen, Heroick Muse,
While I the same reherse.
That to the *Britains* Noble Fame,
I bravely chant it may,
The reason why, they do wear Leeks
Upon St. David's *Day.*

I mean not to relate the Deeds
Of Warlike Valiant *Guy*,[1]
Nor *England's Warwick*[2] Champion,
Saint GEORGE's Chivalry;
Nor any other Warriers Fame,
Intend I to display,
But what the *Britains* bold, have done
Upon St. David's *Day.*

Cold *Winter* with his Frosty face
Doth bid you all Farewell;
And Manly *March*, hath taken place,
A month with you to dwell:
Brother to sweet *April* Showers,[3]
And usher to fair *May*,
And in his Hat a Leek he wears
Upon St. David's *Day.*

'Gainst *Britain* when the *Romans* did
Their Warlike Ensigns bear
Instead of Plumes, the green top LEEKS
Brute's[4] Valiant Race did wear,

---

[1] Neither do we, at present, although his adventure with the Dun Cow on Dunsmore Heath was famous, like the encounter of Hercules with the Minotaur. But readers can turn to Child's Ballads, i. p. 63; and the E.E.T. Society's Extra-Series *Romance of Guy of Warwick*, edited by Prof. J. Zupitza, 1875, 1876. The old ballad describing it was published so early as January 15th, 1591-2 (at which date it was entered to Richard Jones). No doubt, the copy in Bagford Coll., ii. 19, is somewhat modernized, but may be substantially the same. It does not come into the Roxburghe Collection until iii. 50; iii. 508. It begins, "Was ever Knight for Lady's sake."

[2] Probably "*Warwick*" (which would apply to Guy, not to St. George) is here a typographical or clerical error, for "Warlike." Or else the word "Nor" has slipt into the third, from the fourth, line of this verse: less probably, for the metre is generally good. For St. George's victory over the Dragon see the ballad commencing "Of *Hector's* deeds did Homer sing"; in Bagf. Coll., ii. 17, and Roxb. Coll., i. 128, etc. It is reprinted in Roxb. Bds., for the Bd. Soc., i. 380.

[3] This verse comes into our Bagford third volume as refreshingly as the Springtime itself.

[4] We see no reason to doubt that it was Geoffrey of Monmouth who first popularized the theory that the Welsh were descended from a colony of Trojans, under the guidance of Brutus, a grandson or great-grandson of Æneas. Geoffrey's history claims to be made from an Armorican original, "Brut y Brenidodd, or, a Chronicle of the Kings of Britain," which was placed in his hand by worthy Walter de Mapes, "Calenius," Archdeacon of Oxford, who had brought the MS. from Bretagne. To Mapes we owe the memorable ditty "*Mihi sit propositum in taberna mori.*" The Brutus legend is believed to be traced to the writings of

Who bravely from the *Roman* Troop,
The Conquest bore away;
Which Badge of Honour still they wear[1]
Upon St. David's *Day.*

And though stout *Cæsar*,[2] with his Force
Did strongly invade their Land,
The *Britains* bold, with Foot and Horse
His Power did withstand,
And when of them he tribute sought,
They did refuse to pay,
For which they still do wear a Leek
Upon St. David's *Day.*

The *Saxons* entered afterwards,
And *Essex* did obtain,[3]
And with an Army well prepared,
The Kingdom for to Gain;
Each Town and City went to wrack
Where the *Saxons* bore the sway,
At length the *Britains* drove them back
Upon St. David's *Day.*

They being led by that brave Prince,
King *Arthur* called by Name,[4]
Whose Power with his Valiant Knights
The *Saxons* pride did tame.
In twelve Battels them did overthrow,
As Chronicles doth say,
The last of which, the *Britains* overcame
Upon St. David's *Day.*

Tysilio, a Welsh priest of the seventh century. His "Brut" is printed in the *Welsh Archaiology*, 1801, vol. ii. An English translation appeared in 1810, by Peter Roberts; who had written *A Sketch of the Early History of the Cymry*, in 1803. T. Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry* gives brief notices of Eustace's *Brut d'Angleterre*, 1155; of Wace, and of Geoffrey. These are Early English Text Society matters, and beyond our ken. Bar skits from Skeats.

[1] See Introduction. This ballad says nothing of Crecy or Poictiers.

[2] Julius Cæsar landed "at Ritupæ, on the shore of the mouth of the river that goes up to Richborough," 26th August, B.C. 55.

[3] Perhaps referring to the Saxons having been invited by Vortigern, about 448-9, to assist in repelling the Picts and Scots, who had advanced to Stamford. The Isle of Thanet was then given to the Saxons. They obtained Essex in 475.

[4] The death of Arthur seems to have taken place about 537; he was buried at Glastonbury. But see Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*.

Next after that the *Lances* came in,
That great nerping Foe [*qu.* usurping?]
At *Winchelsey*,[1] They did begin
The Land to overthrow;
Till Captain *Landaff*,[2] a *Britain* true,
Did make their Lives decay,
And Conquered the *Danish* Crew,
Upon St. David's *Day*.

When Crook-back *Richard*, wore the Crown,
As Regent of this Land;
No Policy could put him down,
Nor his proud Power withstand
Till *Henry Richmond*, entered *Wales*,
Whom BRITAINS did obey,
And Conquered in *Boswerth*-Field,[3]
Upon St. David's *Day*.

The Warlike Deeds which late have been,
By Valiant *Welsh-Men* shown,
Both *England*, *France*,[4] and *Germany*,
And other lands have known;
Whose Honour with Tryumphant Praise,
Fames Trumpet doth display
And Blazen still their Noble Acts
Upon St. David's *Day*.

Then doth not our St. DAVID's day
Well merit to be Fam'd;
Whereon the most Tryumphant *Brute's*
Their mighty Foes have tam'd,

---

[1] Winchelsea, in Sussex, now a dwindling village, one of the Cinque Ports; disfranchised (or, at least, sunk in Rye) by the Reform Bill of 1832.

[2] We read of Winchelsea having been early ravaged by the French, 1360, and by the Spaniards, 1380; but know not of the Danish raid, in which "Captain Landaff" distinguished himself. It may have been at "Old Winchelsea"; which was engulfed by the sea, in 1287.

[3] Not exactly, but the exigencies of rhyme must be remembered. The date was August 22nd, 1485.

[4] This is the only place where can be supposed any reference to Crecy, Poictiers, or Agincourt; fought respectively in Aug. 1346, Sept. 1356, and Oct. 1415.

And have so well behav'd themselves,
That I may boldly say,
The like was never yet perform'd
Upon St. David's *Day.*

Of *James* the *Spaniard*[1] [still doth] Boast,
Saint *Denis* stands for *France;*
Saint *Patrick* in the Western Coast,
The *Irish* Men advance;
George holds the Sword, *David* the Scales
Where *Justice* bears the sway,
And *England* Drinks a Health to *Wales*
Upon St. David's *Day.*

The BRITAINS have been ever true,
And dares for to oppose,
Both Pagans, Infidels and Jews,
And all that are our Foes;
And will maintain their Countrys good,
Which never will decay,
Then blessing be on all their Names,
That Love Saint David's *Day.*

And to Conclude, my new made Song,
I wish with all my Heart,
That they may never suffer wrong,
That take the *Welsh*-Mens part;
Who stand up for their Countrys right,
As Lawfully they may,
And wear the LEEK as their delight
Upon St. David's *Day.*

Entered according to Order.

LONDON, Printed by *Th. Dawks*, his Majesties British Printer, at the *West*-end of *Thames*-street.

[About 1680. In White-letter. No woodcut: Ours is lent by the E.E.T. Soc.]

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[1] The popular account of the Seven Champions of Christendom was written by Richard Johnson, and is entered twice in the Stat. Registers of 1596. The ballad begins "Now of the Seven Champions here My purpose is to write." It is in Roberts' *Coll. Old Bds.*, 1723, vol. i. p. 28; R. H. Evans's, i. 373; and Child's, i. 83.

The Welshman's Praise of Wales.

. . . . . "Attend with joy
Unto an *English* Qvill, who rivall'd once
Rome, not to make her blush; and knowne of late
Unenvied ('cause unequall'd) Laureate.

This, this was JONSON; who in his own name
Carries his praise; and may he shine alone;
I am not tyed to any general ffame,
Nor fixed by the Approbation
Of great ones: But I speake without pretence,
Hee was, of *English* Dramatickes, the Prince."

George Daniel of Beswick's MS. Poems; 1642–46.

BEN JONSON comes among our producers of street-ballads by right of the following broadsheet, and also through the popularity won by his ballad of The Cut-purse, to the tune of Packington's Pound, "My masters and friends, and good people, draw near." The latter belongs to the third act of his comedy, "Bartholomew Fair," 1614. It is one of Nightingale's songs: he warns people against all rogues who cut purses from the girdle, amid crowds. While they cluster to listen to the song, his confederate robs them, and conveys the easy booty to the singer, pretending meantime to buy a ballad. Our "Welshman's Praise of Wales" belongs to another of Jonson's plays, "The Masque, or Anti-masque, entitled, For the Honour of Wales," which was prefixed, on a revived performance, to his "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue," a Twelfth-night masque. The repetition, with this Welsh song, was on Shrove Tuesday, 1619. A number of Welshmen are introduced, for the amusement of King James I., whose own countrymen had been mocked long enough in England, to make him enjoy laughing with his courtiers at the Cambrian spluttering of Griffith, Jenkin, Evan the Attorney, Howell, and Rheese. The mingling of buffoonery and pedantry seems to us dull enough for a London School-Board, although less quarrelsome. But there were also Welsh-women to be seen; men disguised, perhaps, or else Court Ladies who disdained not to join in the frolic. There were some Welsh harps to be played, by musicians. Our song itself was in dialogue. Moreover, the Anti-masque was not long, and the entertainment, "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue," to which it offered itself as a novel prelude, was rich even to profusion in songs of daintiest fancy and melodiousness. There were also scenic displays of masquerading-revels, dances of the ladies with Mercury and Dædalus; the whole combined into

unexceptionably moral teaching, none the less flushed by a warmer beauty than suited any formal Puritan.

But rare old Ben was himself no Puritan, and cared not to attempt propitiating men so irreconcileable. Ere long they would more bitterly denounce the stage, prating against it as foul sin; would slander Queen and ladies by turns, because they danced in masques of merriment, or prayed and wept in memory of sainted martyrs. For the present, he heeded not; the future being far off as the past, why should it disturb him? He was high in favour, and his genius revelled in these masques, by which he showed how much true poetry of thought and music had been hidden behind that rugged front of his. The older that we grow, if we but turn to his own folios half so often as we ought to do, the massive strength of Jonson grows more apparent. He seems a man for men, and for men only, in his plays. But in his smaller poems, many being as dainty and delicious as heart of maid can wish to hold, he wins the laurel-crown from all competitors: yet few ventured on the labours he delighted to perform. Year by year, we later readers come more nearly to agree with that acknowledgment of undisputed sovereignty, which his own time accorded him. Not in rivalry with Shakespeare (who had passed away three years before, and whom he bluntly owned to having loved "on this side of idolatry"), but among the others, great and richly dowered though they were, Ben at the tavern-board, the Devil's or the Triple-Tun's, at this date must have been supreme. Cartwright and Randolph, Herrick and Carew, the songsters who best knew his lyric power, were proud to call themselves his faithful "Sons," rewarded by their father's smiles, so long as thirst was satisfied, and all obedience paid to festive regulations. *Leges Conviviales*,[1] Jonson's own, were written up, the Magna Charta of his government. True, there were at odd times some disputers of authority, let us not call them rebels!—Decker[2] and other men who flung harsh words, and gave him knocks more violent than friendly. But his was no revengeful spirit. He growled and grumbled, thinking not humbly of himself, but he bore no malice, even when he had not fully thrashed his adversary. Then years

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[1] *Nemo asymbolus*, etc. They were translated into English verse by worthy Alexander Brome: "Let none but Guests or *Clubbers* hither come," among his *Songs and Other Poems*. In 3rd edit., 1668, p. 295.

[2] The present Editor is already under bond of promise to edit and send forth, a few months hence, Decker's *Gvls Horne-Booke*, 1609, for the New Shakspere Society; (and also two early quartos of Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*). This will lead to tracking those devious wanderings through Old London which Decker and Ben Jonson loved.

rushed past, and gloom was oftener his companion. The days were not far distant when sickness, pain, and poverty were to press heavily on the grand old Laureate. His pension came not always true to time; his butt of sack was too soon drained, and the lees grew muddy. His coat would show more slits under the arms than Decker used to notice. The rugged features might come to wear a look of settled despondency, and the friends who had earlier gathered round him, in the enthusiasm of their youth, would sink before him to the grave, which visibly was waiting for his weary bones. He went not hence too soon, either for his fame or for his peace. Already, the puritanic crew was gathering strength for mischief. Theatres were no longer flourishing, as he had known them once; the midnight revels were more often interrupted by the Watch, and were followed now by headaches and disquietudes, that became formidable to him who had laughed at them of old. The sombre hatred of a Spaniard, not the frankness of our race, appeared in Parliament. "Merry England" ceased to be. London was not half so cheerful now, as it had been before he won his spurs, or gained enough renown to make the vintners trust his solvency, and hang the weight of debt around his neck. Could they be paid this term? or must they wait till other and more clamorous creditors were satisfied? Or were it not as well he ceased to worry and perplex himself; paying, instead, the only debt which could not be postponed, and go to rest, with but one more awakening? Better to turn his face unto the wall and sink to sleep; for Civil War was looming near at hand, and his was not the voice to echo shouts of "Privilege," or his the strong arm as of yore, to beat back any charge of Cromwell's Ironsides at Naseby. Some of us would rather die than yield to the encroachment of hypocrisy and base-born turbulence. So it fared with him. On August 6th, of 1637, a few months before Rebellion reared its head in Scotland, whence he claimed descent, through the Johnstons of Annandale, the last breath of life was drawn by him for whom the Abbey grave-stone spoke more eloquently than all the poets could in tributary verses. It was the fittest epitaph:

O RARE BEN JONSON!

[Bagford Collection, III. 87.]

The

Welshman's Praise of Wales:

Or,

Shon ap Morgan's falling in Love with an English Lady in his Journey to London.

I'S not come here to tauke of *Prute*,[1]
From whence the *Welse* does take hur Root:

[1] See note 4, p. 848, on Brutus and the Trojan colony.

Nor tell long Pedigree of Prince *Camber*,[1]
Whose Linage would fill full a Shamber,
Nor sing the Deeds of old Saint *Davy*,
The Ursip of which would fill a Navy.
But hark ye me now, for a liddel Tales
Sall make great deal to the Credit of *Wales*:
  For hur will tudge your Ears,
  With the Praise of hur Thirteen Seeres:[2]
  And make you as Clad and Merry,
  As Fourteen Pot of Perry.

'Tis true was wear him *Shirkin-Frieze*,
But what is that? we have store of Sheize;
And Got is plenty of Coates-Milk,
That sell him well will buy him Silk
Enough, to make him fine to Quarrel,
At *Hereford Sizes* in new *Apparel*,
And get him as much green Melmet perhap,
Sall give it a Face to his *Monmouth-Cap*,
  But then the Ore of *Lemster*,[3]
  By Cot is Uver a Sempster;
  That when he is Spun or Did,
  Yet match him with her Thrid.

Aull this the Backs now, let me tell ye
Of some Provisions for the Belly:
As *Cid* and *Gote*, and great *Gote's Mother*,
And *Runt* and *Cow* and great *Cows Uther*:
And once but taste on the *Welse Mutton*,
Your *Engliss Seeps* not worth a Button,
And then for your *Fisse*, shall shoose it your Dish,
Look but about, and there's a *Trout*,
  A *Salmon*, *Cod*, or *Chevin*,
  Will feed you Six or Seven,
  As Taull Men as ea'er Swagger,
  With *Welse Club* and long *Dagger*.

[1] Whence *Cambria*, and *Cambro-Britain*.
[2] The Shires of Wales.
[3] Herrick speaks, in his "Oberon's Palace," of "Lempster ore." Fuller says, "As for the wool of Hereford, it is best known to the honour thereof by the name of *Lempster ore*, being absolutely the finest in all England" (cited in *Mermaid ed. of B. Jonson*, iii. 131). Lempster is the local pronunciation of Leominster.

[We add an illustration to the third verse, which refers to those "patient Angles," the Cambro-Britons, who battled the Saxons.]

But all this while was never think
A word in praise of our *Welse* Drink:
Yet for aull that, is a Cup of *Bragat*,[1]
Aull *England* Seer may cast his Cap at.
And what you say to *Ale* of *Webley*,[2]
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him Trebley;
As well as *Metheglin*,[3] or *Syder*, or *Meath*,
Sall sake it your Dagger quite out o' the Seath.
And *Oate Cake* of *Guarthenion*,[4]
With a goodly *Leek* or *Onion*,
To give as sweet a rellis,
As e'er did Harper *Ellis*.[5]

[1] Sometimes spelt *Bragot*: a drink made of wort, sugar, and spices.
[2] Weobley, a market-town in Herefordshire, ten miles from Hereford.
[3] See note 3, p. 845. We know no difference from Mead, or *Meath*.
[4] Probably in Herefordshire. [5] On this worthy, see General Introduction.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Musicks we do miss;
With *Harp*[1] and *Pipes* too, and the *Croud*,
Must aull come in and tauke aloud,
As loud as *Bangu*,[2] *Davy's* Bell,
Of which is no doubt you have hear tell.
As well as our louder *Wrexam*[3] Organ,
Or rumbling Rocks in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,[4]
Where look but in the Ground here,
And you sall see a Sound there,
That put her all togedder,
Is sweet as Measure Pedder.[5]

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[1] Mr. William Chappell mentions that "By the laws of Wales (Leges Wallicæ) a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, or a freeman; and none could pretend to that character who had not one of these favourite instruments, or could not play upon it. To prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach, or to permit, them to play upon the harp," etc.—*Pop. Music*, p. 5.

[2] Bangor, in Carnarvon, and its Cathedral of St. David's.

[3] Wrexham, in Denbighshire.

[4] Whalley annotates this, "In Barry island are said to be subterranean noises like the blowing of a smith's bellows, or the strokes of hammers, supposed to proceed from the repercussion of the sea-waters in the clefts of the rocks: and these the author here alludes to." Similar noises are known at the Bullers of Buchan, and in boyhood (before the alterations of recent years) we heard such explosions among the sea-worn rocks of Dunbar Castle. Of inland murmurs, moreover, there is the celebrated Rumbling Brig, in Clackmannanshire.

[5] The Bagford broadside (like *Wit's Recreations*, 1645, and the *Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661) omits the final verse, which we now give (as we did in *Choyce Drollery*, 1875, p. 321). We copy the 1631, 1640, edition. Rheese sings the sixth verse or song:—

Au, but what say you should it shance too,
that we should leap it in a Dance too,
And make it as great a pleasure,
if but your eyes be now at leasure;
As in your eares s'all leave a laughter,
to last upon you sixe dayes after?
Ha! wella-gae too, let us try to do
as youre old Britton. things to be writ on,
Come, put on other lookes now,
And lay away your bookes too;
And though yet you ha' no pump, sirs,
Let 'hem heare that you can jump, sirs.

Chorus:—*Still, still we'll toudge your eares,*
with the praise of her thirteen S'eeres;
And make you as glad, and merrie,
as fourteene pot of Perrie.

Of Hur being in Love.[1]

A Modest Shentle when hur see,
The great Laugh hur made on me,
And fine Wink that hur send
To hur, come to see hur Friend;
Hur could not shoose, by Got apove,
But was entangle in hur Love.
A hundred a time hur was about
To speak to hur, and leave hur out,
But hur peing a *Welsman* porn,
And therefore was think hur would hur scorn
Was fear, hur think nothing petter,
Than cram hur Love into a Letter,
Hoping hur will no Ceptions take
Unto hur Love for Country sake;
For say hur be *Welsman*, what ten?
Py Got, they all pe Shentlemen,
Was descend from *Shoves* nown Line,
Par Humane, and par Divine,
And from *Venus* that fair Goddess,
And Twenty other Shentlepoddies:
Hector Stout, and comely *Paris*,
Arthur, *Prute*, and King of *Fayris*,
Was hur nown Cousins, all a Kin,
We have the *Powel's* Issue in;
And for ought that hur can see,
As goot Men as other Men pee.
But what of that? Love is a Knave,
Was make hur do what he would have;
Was compel hur write the Rime
That ne'er was Writ before the time;
And if he will not pity hur Pain,
As Got shudge hur Soul sall ne'er Write again;
For Love is like an Ague Fit,
Was brin poor *Welshman* out of hur Wit,

[1] This does not belong to the same masque or connect itself with the "Praise of Wales." It re-appears, with a still smaller reduction of the woodcut, copied from our broadside, in the 1645 edition (not that of 1640) of *Recreations for Ingenious* Head-peeces: known also as *Witt's Recreations*.

Till by hur Answer hur do know,
Whether hur do Love her, ay or no.
Hur has not been in *England* long,
And canno speak the *Englis* Tongue;
Put hur is hur Friend, and so hur will prove,
Pray a send hur word, if hur can Love.

FINIS.

LONDON. Printed, and are to be Sold by *J. Raven* in *Searle's*-Square, *Lincoln's*-Inn. MDCC. Price 2*d*.

[In White-letter: with Black-letter in all places of verse-text where we have printed *Italics*. Date of writing, "I's not come here," etc., by Ben Jonson, 1614; of the other, not later than about 1644. The only woodcut is on p. 855.]

Shuff of Newbury.

"At *Newbury*, that fatal place,
Where many a Man was muster'd;
And lost his life, oh there it was
A Youth was slain with *Custard*.
In that same myrish bloody Fenn,
As once it did appear:
Or Essex and his Custard-Men
Did choak the Cavalier.

There liv'd this pretty dapper Youth,
Who was of little stature;
Shuff was his Name in very truth,
And tender was his nature."

A Warning to all Custard Eaters.

THE renowned Shuff connects himself with a Berkshire town already renowned. He grew up with a consciousness that he belonged to a place of distinguished celebrity, and when the great event of his life presented itself, and an opportunity was offered of enrolling his name among the deathless heroes of whom the world talks while they sleep, it became evident to him that such a deed of derring-do would not only immortalize the patronymic of Shuff, as nothing hitherto had done, but actually lend fresh lustre to the illustriousness of Newbury. Thence it came that he gathered up his strength for the mighty achievement. Befits not to ask the small details of how it came to pass the wager first was laid, whether renown had early claimed him for the quantity he masticated, or for the love he bore to dainties such as these, beyond his fellow-men. It may not be, indeed, below the dignity of History to chronicle these facts, if facts they be; for modern history has thrown away regard for dignity and descends to trivial subjects, as though the slip-shod Clio were abandoning herself to weak-tea scandal with the gossip of the servants' hall. The event is too far back. Had it been in our own day, each morning-newspaper, no doubt, would have despatched its special correspondent to the place; he would at once have interviewed the Cook, who made the Custard, which had choaked poor Shuff. The hens that laid the fatal eggs (no single egg sufficed for such a dish, we may be sure,) would have been purchased for a princely sum, and made the centre of attraction at the Alexandra Palace. Special railway-trips would straightway have been advertised, from all parts of the kingdom. The herd of cows that gave the too-seductive milk would not be left to rear their calves in Berkshire pastures, without the honour of a special portraiture by Harrison Weir or Ansdell: and the Illustrated London News, with glowing pride, would issue chromo-lithographic copies in Art-supplements.

From us, however, seeing that Shuff made the mistake of being born two hundred years too soon, such "full particulars" are

withheld. Not wholly lost, but hidden till some fortunate discoverer disentombs the record, are the precise details, which suit the passionate eagerness of our nineteenth century. Another rhythmic Epic of the *Custardiad* (for there were at least two of them; not custards, but poems), tells,

Although 'tis strange, 'tis true, no doubt,
Of it you may be sure;
It is in the News-books put,
There's nothing can be truer.
Of many several sorts of Deaths,
I oft have heard I wis;
But ne'er knew any lose his Life,
By such a Cause as this.

(The reader is already wishing that he had half the man's complaint.) Perhaps we may find trace of exact date, and list of 'Crowner's-Quest-men: more modest than our present Jury-men, who, not content with blundering over verdicts, rush into print thereafter, and make themselves ridiculous by showing how they could not reason, and came to false conclusions from insufficient premisses. Meantime we rest content, perforce, with the two rival versions of contemporary poets. Oddly enough, they both chose the same tune: the favourite but lugubrious notes of Chevy Chase (see our p. 392); fit melody whereunto the wandering ballad-singers might declare the mighty run of the small boy: who took the Chase, while Shuff had nought but Chivy.

In the Oxford Collection, Ashmol. G. 15. art. CLXV., is a broadside on the same event as this Bagford Ballad, and entitled "Strange and Wonderful News from *Newberry*. Concerning a Youth that was Choak'd by Eating of Custard. Being a New Ballad to that new Tune called: *God Prosper long Our Noble King, &c.*" It begins thus:—

Let *Totnam Court* and *Islington*,
and *Paddington* also,
Attend with Lamentation,
unto a tale of woe.

It consists of fifteen Verses, and an Epitaph, "to the tune of Whittington's Bells." London, Printed for *Charles Corbet*, 1684.

Because the double casting into verse is curious, showing the popularity of the subject,[1] we add the other verses. We have given six already, "Let *Totnam*," "Although 'tis," "Of many," and the three consecutive stanzas of our motto, "At Newbury," &c. Here is the seventh:—

He with a Boy a Wager laid
A *Custard* he would Eat;
Before the Boy should run so far,
And back again retreat.
The people all assembled were,
To see this piece of Wit:
They were agreed, and started fair,
This ran, the other bit.

[1] We have also seen a later broadside of our Bagford ballad, dated 1705. The Bodleian version of 1684 was copied into *Wit and Mirth*, iv. 326, with music.

The nimble Lad did run, and laugh,
So thro' the way he scowr'd;
That he was coming back, e'er half
The *Custard* was devour'd.

The eating Champion seeing that,
Much like Jack-Puddings Bastard,
Clapt t'other half into his throat,
And choak'd himself with *Custard.*

This suffocating *Custard* wrought
Within his Gullet so;
That on the Ground he tumbled down,
Ah, woful overthrow!

Two-pence in *Custard* did him choak,
And brought his Courage down;
When Death struck him 'twas thought he
The Cream of all the Town. [took

One spark of Fire consumes a House,
Small Prison makes one pant:
The Sword-fish mortifies the Whale,
The Mouse the Elephant.

But never did I see the Throat
Under my Lord-Mayor s roof:
Unless they brought it scalding hot,
It was not *Custard* proof.

Let this a warning be to those,
That go to *Islington*;[1]
Custard will kill, Experience shows,
As soon as any Gun.

Beware how you on Holidays
Abroad do Feast your Wives;
For they that feed on *Custard* go
In danger of their Lives.

Why Newbury is, in the Bagford Ballad, termed "bloody town" is not far to seek. During the Civil War, it was twice the scene of desperate battles, with only a twelvemonth between. On both occasions Charles I. commanded in person. In Sept., 20th and 21st, 1643, it was on a Common called the Wash; the later battle, 27th Oct., 1644, was on fields between Newbury, Speen, and Shaw. Both were fiercely contested, and the damage done was more severe on the King's forces than on the Parliamentarians.

But long before had Thomas Deloney made young and old merry with his *History*, in mingled prose and verse, *of Jack of Newbury, called the Clothier of England.*[2] Printed and sold in London. It long continued to be reissued in chap-books. "Jack" was John Winchcomb. The verses on "Flodden Field" begin,

King *Jemmy* of *Scots* had rais'd
An Army against *England;*
But let him come, we'll thunder him back,
He cannot us withstand. &c.

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[1] This is the London Islington, unquestionably. To the same locality belonged our saucy damsel, who outwitted the London Vintner (p. 410). In those days there were many pleasant fields between the northern village and the city. For our own part, in the absence of decisive proof, we discredit any assertions that to the Islington of Norfolk, and not to our London Islington, belonged the charming "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" whose constancy was rewarded by union with her lover:—

There was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a Squire's Son:
He loved the Bailiffes Daughter deare,
That lived in *Islington.*

(Roxb. Coll., ii. 557; *Pop. Music*, 203; *Norfolk Anthology*, 53; Glyde's *Norfolk Garland*, 241, etc.)

[2] It was licensed, to T. Millington, in 1595, but the earliest copy known is dated 1619: *The Pleasant History of John Winchcomb*, in his younger yeares called Jack of Newberie, the famous and worthy Clothier of England: by T. D.

[Bagford Collection, III. 21.]

A Ballad on the most Renowned Shuff of Newberry.

On this Tragical Occasion a Courier was immediately dispatch'd to Her Majesty's *Almonder* at *Christ Church* in *Oxford*, whose Office it was to act as Coroner in that Ancient Burrough; who having made all the Expedition so weighty an Affair required, upon his arrival summon'd a very Wise Jury no doubt, who having examin'd all Witnesses, and maturely weigh'd the most Minute Cir-

cumstances, found as a *Devidend* due to the King, that Part of the Custard which remain'd uneaten. If any one desires to be farther inform'd in this Matter, let them consult the Records of that Ancient Burrough, or that Living Oracle the Recorder thereof.

To the Tune of, Chevy Chase.

I.

IN bloody Town of *Newberry*,
There liv'd and dy'd, a Blockhead,
Of whom, I'm sure, you ne'er had heard
If he had not been choaked.

II.

The adjacent Burrough call'd him *Shuff;*
Of State, not very thriving,
Since the same Thing which made him Dye,
Is that which keeps us Living.

III.

He Custard on a Wager eate,
And so did cram his Wizand,
That tho' he put it in, he could
Not pluck it out with his Hand.

IV.

Innocent Meat did fatal prove,
Eate ready without Knife;
Down on the Ground he groveling fell,
And Custard strove with Life.

V.

But as he saw the Enemy
Was like to stop his Breath,
He manifestly gave up the Ghost,
And dying, eate his Death.

VI.

As *Scævola*[1] more Credit got,
'Cause his bold Hand did miss;
So if thou had'st the Wager won,
Thy Credit had been less.

[1] C. Mutius Scævola (*Livy*, lib. ii.), the Roman who, with the approbation of the Senate, crossed the Tiber to assassinate the invading "Lars Porsena of Clusium," whom Macaulay's Lays have made more widely known. Mutius having by mistake killed Porsena's secretary, was seized and interrogated concerning his associates. To prove his indifference to bodily suffering, he thrust his right hand into the flame and burnt it, but was rewarded by having his forfeited life given to him, by his intended victim.

VII.

Where falls of Empires, and of States,
Were told in weekly Vollume
Unto the Wonder of the World,
Thou gracest the first Collume.

VIII.

Thy Custard with *Serini's* Feats[1]
Do yeild, which none deny,
Unto the Authors fam'd the Gain,
All *England* o'er a Peny.

IX.

Now *Londoners*, O pray beware
Eke Alderman and Mayor:
What Danger may in Capon prove,
If Custard turn Man-slayer.

[In White-letter. Printer's name cut off, or absent. Date of event and publication, certainly not later than 1684. Two woodcuts, already reproduced. The contemporary representation of *a Coroner's Inquest* is curious and interesting. The free-handling in design and engraving, of both pictures, have been exactly preserved, and show superior workmanship: probably from a chap-book.]

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[1] We suppose Serini to have been a contemporary Jack-Pudding, and fire-eater, who swallowed more Custards than, alas! poor Shuff.

A Panegyric upon the ensuing Spring.

"Ma mie, ô vous que j'adore,
Mais qui vous plaignez toujours
Que mon pays ait encore
Trop de part à mes amours!
Si la politique ennuie,
Même en frondant les abus,
Rassurez-vous, ma mie,
Je n'en parlerai plus."

Béranger: *Plus de Politique*, 1815.

LESS important than our previous Election-Ballads, the following deserves to be reprinted, although a little displaced. It alludes to Shaftesbury and to Luxembourg.[1]

Horace Walpole gathered together many curious broadsides connected with the Popish Plot (some being copper-plate illustrations), and the Parliamentary Elections. Among the latter is a "Worcestershire Ballad," which we reprint in our *Appendix*, and "The Devonshire Ballad" (not the one mentioned on our p. 840), of which we add the chief verses. Another is a poem entitled "*Iter Oxoniense:* or the Going down of the Asses to Oxenford," relating to the final Parliament of Charles II. It begins,

Since *Muddiman* the gainful Trade laid down
Of writing a whole sheet for half-a-crown, &c.

These three are in the Strawberry-Hill Collection of Broadsides on the Popish Plot, fol. 6, 5, and 18. Our "Sale of Esau's Birthright" is in it, fol. 22.

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[1] Francis Henri de Montmorenci, Duke de Luxembourg; one of Louis XIV.'s brave Marshals, who often defeated the Dutch in 1672, in 1674, and 1675. He was opposed to William of Orange, gained the battle of Fleurus, in 1690; Nerwinden, and Landen, in 1693 (see our p. 179). He died in January, 169⅘. The allusion in our text is to his supposed connexion with the "Slow-Poisoners" of France, after the establishment of the *Chambre Ardente*. Lavoisin and Lavigoreux, poison-selling women, were executed at the Place de Grève, Feb. 22, 1679-80. Lavoisin had kept a list of persons who visited her, chiefly to purchase poison. When this paper was examined, the name of the Marshal de Luxembourg was found written thereon. He was a successful man of gallantry, although deformed and far from handsome. He had many enemies, and they asserted the worst they could imagine. Nothing was proved against him, except that he had visited the woman, but he voluntarily surrendered himself at the Bastile on the first rumoured suspicion. Popular clamour was strong, and Louvois was malignantly jealous of him. It was asserted that he had sold himself to the devil, poisoned a girl named Dupin, etc. He remained imprisoned in a cell less than seven feet long, and his trial lasted fourteen months, being frequently interrupted. He was discharged, without judgment having been pronounced. He had retained his command, and did good service to the end. William III., frequently defeated by him, splenetically called him a hunchback. Luxembourg replied, "What does he know of my back? He never saw it."

[Bagford Collection, III. 71.]

A Panegyrick upon the ensuing Spring.

OH! Heavenly Calm, thou meritest praise,
Besides thou hast lasted now nine days,
May I hope a longer space,
'Twixt Thunder Clashing.[1]
The City too is now becalm'd,
Their Threats are unto Mourning turn'd,
Their pointed Push is now adjourn'd,
And kept from Lashing.

But their Libels fly to every Shire,
Thick as Atomes in the Air,
To ripen all their Brethren there,
For new Rebellion.
This Disappointment makes them Itch,
Their Limbs are crampt with the old Stitch,
Like Dogs in Strings, they Snarl and Twitch,
Then lye to Spawn.

The Doctor's busie now at work,
With his new Knights o' th' Post[2] i' th' dark,
As *Noah* with all the World in's Ark,
He's Catechizing.

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[1] In the original broadside, each half-verse of four lines is numbered separately, 1, 2, 3, &c., as though it were a full verse.
[2] See p. 768, and note 3 on p. 406.

The Badger's[1] buckling up his Legs
For the next Summer, peeps through the Hedge,
And hopes there's Brood in all the Eggs,
That are Baptizing.

The Tribe compos'd of *Jew* and *Turk*,
And *Irish* Tories of great worth,
Stand like a solemn Holding forth,
Conning their Lessons.
The Senate swarms like cast out Bees,
And Squoils[2] like Rooks i' th' tops of Trees,
The Nests as near each other lyes,
Plotting Petitions.[3]

Striving still to rouze the Rout,
With many a dangerous senceless Doubt,
And make them ready to help out,
When Lying fails 'um,
Pretended Griefs they do devise,
And *Judas*-like their looks disguise,
Beg for redress upon their knees,
When nothing ayls 'um.

Fears of the *French* they do deplore,
The native *Papists* ten times more,
Yet still to keep their Soveraign poor,
They do endeavour.
This shews that they no credit give
To what they would have him believe,
This begging's for Prerogative,
Sir, under favour.

But when it comes, great comfort brings,
Poor Subjects Slaves, and Members Kings;
But Heaven, I hope, stops such damn'd things,
Rebels be quiet.
Or by that Loyalty I swear,
Which to my Soveraign Prince I bear,
I'le tell the World what Rogues you are,
Can you deny it?

[1] This alludes to Shaftesbury, it being one of the nicknames applied to him. See notes on p. 785 and p. 821.
[2] "It is the Caws!" (*Othello*, v. 2) a word for the Seven-Dialects Society.
[3] See pp. 749, 750, 769.

Come, never threaten to Rebel,
Nor damn your Souls to stingy Hell,[1]
After your Bones are basted well,
You must be Conquer'd.
Think not on forty one, nor eight,
That President[2] gives us such light,
Tho' few dare speak, yet all dare fight,
Till you be hamper'd.

Let not your guilt o' th' guiltless fall,
Nor Loyal Prelates *Papists* call,
As if all were Rebels like you all,
But *Papists*
Trust not too much to *Tony's* Wit,[3]
Because the Devil Licens'd it,
To draw you all into this Fit,
Frenzy and Apish.

If he like *Luxemburg* with's Art,[4]
Should let the Devil spoil his part,
His Wit is all not worth a F . . . ,
Then where's his Followers?[5]
Mouthe not so much against the *Duke*,
Nor feed black hopes with vain dispute,
What God decrees none can confute,
Nor *Tony* Hollowers.

FINIS.

[White-letter: dbl. cols. No woodcuts. We borrow on p. 869 and below from Roxb Coll., ii. 9, 22. No p. n., or date. Prob. about end of March, 1681.]

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[1] Meaning "Stinging;" not *stingy*, as to parsimoniousness of torment.
[2] *Id est*, Precedent. [3] Again alluding to the first Earl of Shaftesbury.
[4] Supposed to be implicated in Lavoisin's poisonings: see note, p. 868.
[5] Misprinted "Fololwers."

The Beggars' Wedding.[1]

Amie.—"To marry me under a Hedge, as the old Couple were to-day, without Book or Ring, by the Chaplain of the *Beggar's* Regiment, your *Patrico*. . . . .

Rachel.—How solemnly they were joyn'd and admonish'd by our *Parson Underhedge*, to live together in the fear of the Lash, and give good example to the younger Reprobates, to beg within Compasse, to escape the jaws of the Justice, the clutch of the Constable, the hooks of the Headborough, and the biting blows of the Beadle. . . . .

Meriel.—O but Poet *Scribble's Epithalamium* :—

To the blinde Virgin of fourscore,
And the lame Batchelour of more,
How *Cupid* gave her Eyes to see,
And *Vulcan* lent him Legs:
How *Venus* caus'd their Sport to be
Prepar'd with butter'd Eggs."

A Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars, iv. 2. 1641.

WE have given several ballads on Beggars in former pages (189, 214, 216). We need not reprint the entire poem of "The

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[1] At top we read "Printed with Allowance, Octob. 19, 1676." No woodcuts. We give two from Roxb. Coll., i. 42 (above), and i. 542 (on p. 876).

Beggars' Wedding, or The Jovial Crew," although two copies of this white-letter rhymed-verse are included in the Bagford Collection (iii. 67, and 95); London, Printed for R[obt]. C[lavill], *Anno Dom.* 1676. It has 116 lines, and begins:

WHilome there liv'd an aged Beggar old,
That in his Life full fourscore years had told;
His head all frozen, beard long, white as Snow,
With a Staffs prop, on nought else might he go.
With blear'd Ey'n, all parched, dry and cold,
Shaking with Palsie, little could he hold;
His cloaths so tatter'd, for they were so worn,
Older than he, in many pieces Torn:
The prying'st Eye, and subtil'st brain, though seen,
Could never guess what stuff they e're had been:
On's Cloak more several patches there did stick,
Then labouring *Algebra's* Arithmetick
Could once tell how to number; and was fuller,
Then is the Rain-bow of each various colour,
But not so fresh; so faded they were seen,
None could guess which was Blue, or Red, or Green.
His Turf house lean'd on an old stump of Oak,
A hole a top, there to avoid the Smoak
Of sticks and scatter'd bones. He still was fed
By daily begging of his daily bread.
There on a little Bench I'le leave him then,
Within a while I'le speak of him agen.
A wither'd Begger-woman, little sundred
From him, whom all the Town said was a hundred:
Toothless she was, nay, had worn out her gums,
And all her Fingers now were worn to Thumbs:
[W]Rincles, like Graves, to bury all delight,
Eyes once, now holes, little she had of sight;
Little could speak, as little could she smell,
She seldom heard, sometimes, the great Town bell.
A long forgetfulness her leggs had seiz'd,
For many years her Crutches them had eas'd;
Cloaths, thousand Raggs, torn with the wind and weather,
Her houswifry long since had tackt together.
No livelihood, but Charity grown cold,
As she was, more by cares than years made old.
In a hot Summers day they out did creep,
Enliven'd just like Flies, for else they sleep.
Creeping along at last, each other met, etc.

Then, after five lines, follows a description of their courtship:—

His heat and kindness made him try to kiss her
Her Palsied head so shook, he still did miss her.
He thought it modesty, she 'gainst her will
(Striving to please him) could not hold it still.

Ten lines here intervene. Then follows,

This Marriage was divulged every where
Among the beggars, beggars far and near;
The day appointed, and the Marriage set,
The lame, the blind, the deaf, they all were met,

Such throngs of beggars, Women, Children, seen
Muster'd upon the Towns fair Grassie Green,
The Bridegroom led between two Lame men so,
Because our Bridegroom single could not go:
The Bride was led by blind Men, him behind,
Because you know that Love was always blind.
The *Hedg[e]-Priest* then was call'd, Fame did him bring,
Married they were with an old Curtain Ring;
No Father there was found, nor could be ever,
She was so old, no man was fit to give her.

After two more lines, we are saucily told that

In vows most deep.
The Parish swore their Children all to keep.

Then *Tom a Bedlam* winds his *Horn* at best.[1]
Their Trumpet 'twas to bring away their Feast;

[1] It was a cow's-horn, worn by the Tom o' Bedlam, to hold drink given by charitable persons. Thus, in *King Lear*, iii. 6, "Poor Tom, thy horn is dry!" We give an early woodcut (from Roxb. Coll. i. 352) in illustration, with the horn slung round the wandering Bedlamite.

Pickt Marybones they had, found in the Street,
Carrots kickt out of Kennels with their Feet;
Crusts gather'd up for bisket, twice so dry'd,
Alms Tubs and *Olla Podrida's*, beside
Many such Dishes more; but it would cumber
Any to name them, more than I can number.
Then comes the Banquet which must never fail,
That the Town gave, of whitebread and strong Ale.
All were so Tipsie, that they could not go,
And yet would Dance, and cry'd for *Musick Hoe:*
With Tonges and Gridirons they were play'd unto,[1]
And blind Men sung, as they are us'd to do.
Some whistled, and some hollow sticks did sound,
And so melodiously they play around:
Lame men, lame women, manfully cry Advance,
And so all limping, Jovially did Dance;
Nay, and the Deaf-men too, could not forbear
At what they saw, although they did not hear,
Which was their happiness. Then to the house
The bridegroom brought the bride, all drink a bowse.[2]
No Room for any but them two they saw,
So laid them both to bed, on freshest Straw,
Then took their leaves, put out the Rushen light,
But they themselves did Revel all the Night.

Thus then is consummated the Beggars' Wedding.
Did Charles Dickens know the charming "Nook of Kent"

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[1] So Bully Bottom the Weaver boasts, even in Fairy-land:—"I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones!" In one of Hogarth's Industry and Idleness series of pictures we behold the assembled butchers (who, moreover, resent the intrusion among them of an itinerant French musician) saluting the newly-married "Industrious Apprentice" and his late master's daughter, with a chorus of marrow-bones and cleavers.

[2] A *bowse* is a draught of beer or ale, whence a tavern is called, in the Canting-dialect, a *bousing-ken* (see p. 192, note, line 8). Like our common slang of "bosh," which comes from Persia, there appears good reason to believe these words are descended (through dark-skinned wanderers of Eastern race) from the Hindostanee. Take the following, from that amusing book, one containing some extraordinary "yarns," *Bāgh o Bahār;* or, the Garden and the Spring: Being the Adventures of King Āzād-bakht and the Four Dervishes, literally translated by Edward B. Eastwick, F.R.S. Two of the members of a caravan to Bukhārā being inquired after, the narrative is given:—"When we arrived in Bukhārā, one lost all he possessed in a gambling-house. He now performs the part of sweeper there, and smears and plasters the floor of the gambling-house. He waits on the gamblers who assemble there, and they, by way of charity, give him something. He has become the low drudge there, and so abides. And the other, having fallen in love with the daughter of a vendor of the drink called bozah, has expended all his property; now he does the dirty work in the boozing-ken. The people of the caravan did not tell you, lest you should be ashamed." Mr. E. B. Eastwick adds the note: "Forbes, in his vocabulary, renders بوزه *bozah*, 'a kind of ale or beer,' but it is rather the fermented liquor of the Palmyra-tree, mixed with opium, decoction of hemp, and other intoxicating ingredients. The similarity of 'bozah,' and our word 'booze,' is remarkable; and still more 'bozah-khānah' and 'boozing-ken.'"

from which the present Editor sends forth these Bagford Ballads? Not improbably, for he has certainly described it with scrupulous accuracy, and seems to have loved it, as well as do the tramps and gipsies who have long paid it periodical visits, until (since writing and printing p. 193) a multiplicity of boards warn off all trespassers from turning loose their horses and encamping on our quiet green leas. "I have my eye upon a piece of Kentish road [between Maidstone and Canterbury], bordered on either side by a wood [Long-beech], and having on one hand, between the road dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass [Challock Leas, to wit]. Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with a distant river [the Medway, visible at its estuary] stealing steadily away to the ocean, like man's life. To gain the mile-stone here, which the moss, primroses, violets, blue-bells [*i.e.* wild hyacinths, abundant beyond even those of Madingley], and wild roses, would soon render illegible, but for peering travellers pushing them aside with their sticks, you must come up a steep hill, come which way you may. So all the tramps with carts or caravans—the Gipsy-tramp, the Show-tramp, the Cheap-Jack—find it impossible to resist the temptations of the place; and all turn the horse loose when they come to it, and boil the pot. Bless the place, I love the ashes of the vagabond fires that have scorched its grass! What tramp children do I see here, attired in a handful of rags."—*The Uncommercial Traveller*, cap. xi.

*** Let us part friendly with all the world, even with grumblers. They cannot help their crabbedness: it was born with them. "Fleays are not Lobsters, [bless] their souls!" as Dr. Walcot and Thomas Lovell Beddoes declared. For those who impugn our judgment and desire absolute completeness, we add here in the reduced form of a note the omitted twenty-nine lines of the foregoing ballad, duly numbered like those in the text. Fastidious people, who object to having such matters brought between the wind and their nobility, must make the best of it.

"Let them rave!" says the Laureate. In the *Appendix* we add curious woodcuts of beggars, tramps, and "Counterfeit-Cranks," from Harman's *Caveat*, 1573.

And lousing near each other, closely get.
Apollo's Masterpiece shining, did aim
To light dead Ashes, sparks to make a flame,
Musters up Nature, in them now so cold
Tries whether *Cupid* dwells with those are Old.

She mumbled, but he could not understand her,
And cry'd, Sweet *Hero*, I'le be thy *Leander*,
And said. *Before we met, as cold as Stone is*
I was, But now am Venus, *thou* Adonis.
Such heights of passionate Love utter'd these two,
As youngest Lovers when they gin to Woe.
For *Cupid* power o're Mankind still will have,
He governs from the Cradle to the Grave:
There Love is such, they can no longer tarry,
They Vow a Contract, and Resolve to Marry.

With Acclamations now of louder joy,
They pray *Priapus* to send 'um a Boy,
And shew a Miracle.

The bridegroom ruffels now, kist, and said *friend*,
But when he kist, he thought 'twas t'other end,
And cry'd her Mercy, said, *he could not look,*
It was so dark he thought he had mistook.
No, said the Bride most sweetly, *You are right,*
As if your Taper now was burning bright.
He now at Loves *Hesperides* does aim,
That *Place, O Place*, which *Place* no Tongue should name,
She gentle Dame, did strive to help his need,
But there was nothing but a broken Reed.
Their brains being soakt in Ale, having drank deep,
Our Lovers Arm in Arm fell fast asleep.
Thus for the *Will*, though nothing for the deed,
To *Love* these Beggars built a *Pyramide*.

The Jovial Beggars Merry Crew.

LEAVING to the reprint of Roxburghe Ballads "The Knight and the Beggar-Wench," beginning "I met with a Jovial Beggar, and into the fields I led her" (to wit, as being in Roxb. Coll., ii. 241; besides Bagf. Coll., i. 81), we complete our group by adding one more, in small type, which has an evident connexion with "There was a Jovial Beggar" of our p. 216. By the way, there is another ballad, and quite distinct, entitled "The Jovial Crew." It begins, "Come, let's to the Tavern, there's nothing so sweet." The burden is "Lets have a Tun." Printed for John How. Tune, "Let the Bayliffs be hang'd, and the Sergeants accurst." It is in Rawl. Coll. 566, fol. 33. Another, perhaps referring to it, begins "It was of late my happy fate to meet with a Joviall Crew." In same vol., fol. 47.

[Roxburghe Collection, IV. 51.]

The Jovial Beggars Merry Crew.

When Beggars *that have Coyn good store,*
yet still like Vagrants live,
They do but onely Cheat the Poor,
'tis pitty them to give.

TUNE OF, *A Figg for France.*

[Three woodcuts, two we give: to the left, stands an old man with a staff (like our Beggar of p. 872).]

THere was a jovial Beggar bold,
Who often lodged in the Cold,
He fram'd himself a Wooden Leg,
Which Pitty mov'd as he did Beg;
And mournfully he did complain,
That from his Cradle he was Lame:
But tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars *Trade's the best of all.*

And several sorts of Bags have we,
To serve us in Necessity;
There's one for Bread, & one for Salt,
When Cripple-like we seem to Halt:
A Bag for Bread, and one for Cheese,
While we do eat of what we please:
And tho' the world us Beggars *call,*
A Beggars *Trade's the best of all.*

And when we see a Spark go by,
O Lord preserve you Sir, we cry;
Take pitty on the Fatherless,
That God Almighty may you bless;
My broken Limbs good Sir, behold,
E'ne kill'd with hunger, starv'd with cold:
But tho' the world us Beggars *call,*
A Beggars *Trade's the best of all.*

'Tis long since my poor Parents dy'd,
That for me used to provide;
And Charity so cold is grown
The like before was never known:
Oh pray Sir, pitty my distress,
I'm Lame, half Blind, and Motherless:
Then let the world us Beggars call
A Beggars *Trade's the best of all.*

[There are two cuts; the one above, to left; the other of two naked boys holding a wreath, with the astrological symbol of Mercury ☿ above.]

If some will not pull out their Purse,
In heart we oft lend them a Curse:
Tho' we like Beggars seem to live,
We have more coyn than some that give.
If some kind hearts did know our store,
They never would relieve us more.
And tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars, *&c.*

And some that do like Cripples lye,
Have got the art to whine and Cry;
Both Old and Young that do pass by,
Take pitty on our Poverty:
Some do us pitty, and are willing
To give us sixpence or a shilling:
And tho' the world us Beggars *call,*
A Beggars, *&c.*

I was brought up to th' Begging Trade,
And I full many a face have made,
Whereby I got my Master store,
But now for him i'le Beg no more;
I am set up for my own self,
By Begging get good store of Pelf:
And tho' the world us Beggars *call,*
A Beggars, *&c.*

Sometimes in Farmers Barns lye we,
And sometimes in a Hollow Tree;
No Rent we pay, nor none we mean,
Each Mort[1] with us lives like a Queen,
And when the sun at Night don't shine,
We go to telling of our Coyn:
Then let the world us Beggars *call,*
A Beggars, *&c.*

No Plots against us can there be,
Who Objects seem of Charity;
But should the honest Givers think,
How we like Swine sometimes do Drink,
Their Charity they would forbear,
Which sometimes fills our heart with care;
And tho' the world us Beggars *call,*
A Beggars, *&c.*

Other Folks Children we do take,
And for them beg for pittys sake;
But such deceitful Knaves we be,[2]
We speak not one word true in three:
And tho' like Beggars we do live,
Our lives to us Contentment give:
Then let the world us Beggars *call,*
A Beggars *Life's the best of all.*

FINIS.

Printed for *I. Deacon* at the *Angel* in *Guilt-spur-street*, without *Newgate.*

[In Black-letter. Five woodcuts in all. Date, not later than 1678–9.]

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[1] A *Mort* was a Doxy or female-companion, of illicit connexion. While still a maiden, she had been called a *Dell.*

[2] This ballad was written by a foe to beggars, who had no skill in preserving the dramatic characteristics. This self-condemnation is a blunder.

GROUP OF POEMS ON WOMAN.

"O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—*Marmion.*

WOMAN scarcely appears in this third volume of the Bagford Ballads. She is absent, not merely from the lesser-portion represented in our pages, but almost throughout, with exception of some lines addressed to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle,[1] and the present small group of lovers' verses at the extreme end of the collection. It is not without significance that, in the almost total deficiency of feminine interests, affection, and graceful delicacy, we find little beyond a residuum of bitter polemical literature. The cruelty and intolerance, the sectarian and partizan spitefulness. of the ballads already given, connected with the fictitious "Popish Plot," or of the disputed Elections which so speedily followed it, offer no pleasant substitute for either the lovers' dialogues or the romantic stories that had earlier drawn attentive listeners around street ballad-singers. Valuable as we may deem our third volume to be, when considered as historical material, let us own that it offers to view a disagreeable state of society.

Women seem, all at once, to have retired from the scene. Except some casual allusions to Mrs. Cellier,[2] Mother Cresswell,[3]

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[1] They begin "My Muse begs pardon of your Grace, that she," etc. (Bagford Coll., iii. 28). The date of the poem is 1667, six years before her death. With the adjacent lines, "To you, as fast as Verses' feet can move," it would have immediately preceded Edmund Gayton's Votive Song, which opens our final division. But as it was neither a ballad nor a song, itself, we omitted it from its own place, and transferred it to the present Introduction to the group. Our *Appendix* gives a brief abstract of certain other broadside verses of the Bagford Collection, not necessary to be reprinted *in extenso*.

[2] One of the 186 *Loyal Songs* is Newgate's Salutation, or a Dialogue between Sir *W*[*illiam*] *W*[*aller*] and Mrs. *Cellier*, p. 108. There were scandals afloat, connecting the names of genethliacal John Gadbury and Mrs. Elizabeth Cellier, "The Popish Midwife," in closer bonds of intimacy than a participation in the *Meal-Tub Plot* (according to the untrustworthy evidence of Thomas Dangerfield, Bagf. Coll., iii. 51, introd., notes, and *Appendix*). We borrow from Roxb. Coll., i. 384, two appropriate woodcuts, for our pp. 793, 882. Doubly suggestive: the astrologer and the man of gallantry being typified, in his relation both to the admiring public and to lovely woman, when she "stoops to folly."

[3] "Mother Cresswell," as she was profanely called, seems to have borne as bad a reputation in her day as Mother Needham, "Mother H——," or Mrs.

or others of doubtful reputation, and a few brief glimpses of our Charles the Second's Queen, Catharine of Braganza, the characters that moved before us were men, by no means noble and generous. Some were politicians, indulging in dark intrigues; others were libellers and perjurers, who richly deserved the punishment of whipping and pillory, which not all of them escaped. The remainder were the victims of their denunciations, many being absolutely innocent, while others were the dupes of their own rash ambition. So much ferocious bigotry, so much sordid baseness. are brought into prominence during the troubled years from 1678 to 1685, as represented by these Bagford Ballads, that we might imagine ourselves transported into a more than usually degraded world. We seem to be dealing with madmen, yelling

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Milligan in later times. She is mentioned in contemporary ballads sometimes in connexion with "Old Player," "railing Rabsheka," Sir Thomas, who had a weakness that way. Thus in the ballad of "*Oates's* Boarding School at *Camberwell*," 1683:—

There all Provision shall be made
To entertain the best;
Old Mother *Cresswel* of our Trade,
For to rub down our Guests:
Three hundred of the briskest Dames
In Park or field e're fell;
Whose amorous eyes shall charm the flames
O' th' Saints at *Camberwell* . . . .

Player may meet his Mistress here
Sometimes Sir *Robert's* Wife; [i.e. *Clayton*, "Ishban"]
They, free from care, in joys may share;
It may prolong one's life.

There was mention of "flogging at *Cresswell's*" in a song at the Loyal Feast in Westminster Hall, on July 10, 1684.

When Traytors did at Pop'ry rail,
Because it taught Confession;
When Bankrupts bawl'd for Property,
And Bastards for Succession: . . . . [i.e. *Monmouth.*]

Then *Johnson* wrote his Patron's Creed, [*Russell's*]
A Doctrine snatch'd from Hell:
'Twas Christian like to disobey,
And Gospel to rebel.

Julian his Pattern, and his Text,
A meaner Theam he scorns:
First represents him at the Desk,
And then Apostate turns.

A Narrative of the Old Plot.

(This of course, alludes to Samuel Johnson's book, *Julian the Apostate*, 1680, which was intended to influence the public mind towards the Exclusion of the Duke of York, by showing how a ruler's misbelief acted injuriously on his subjects, and how they were justified in rebellion. See pp. 785 and 820.)

against one another, almost with fiends. We scarcely recognize the sober Englishman, the type of our nation, who conquered so many difficulties, and with a clear conscience, amid a thousand difficulties and temptations, fought for the right and conquered ;

> And so he bore, without abuse,
> The grand old name of *Gentleman :*
> Defamed by every charlatan,
> And soiled by all ignoble use.

It is quite true that, if we look closely enough, we can even here behold a few spotless natures, men firm for the truth, unfaltering in their faith, and unappalled by obloquy or death. But they were, then, as now and ever, few amid the multitude.

It is with the sensation of having passed through a suffocating atmosphere that we return again to the society of Woman, in the final group of ballads. The second of them is but a scrap, within a madman's rhymed-verse soliloquy. The third is a mocking accompaniment, or parody, to an amatory lyric. The fifth is a scurrilous, and not over-cleanly Satire on married women, in general, and on a Philosophical Wife in particular. But the fourth is a genuine token of affection and "Love's Triumph." Preceding all four is a poetical Address.

Lines to the Duchess of Newcastle.

"'He brought me nothing that was pleasant, I wot well,' said the Earl [of Derby]. 'I expected something from St. Evremond or Hamilton—some new plays by Dryden or Lee, and some waggery or lampoons from the Rose Coffee-house; and the fellow has brought me nothing but a parcel of tracts about Protestants and Papists, and a folio play-book, one of the conceptions, as she calls them, of that old madwoman the Duchess of Newcastle.'"—*Peveril of the Peak*, cap. xv.

TRULY, any Cavalier who would have welcomed a comedy by Dryden or one of Nat Lee's tragedies, could not have been on principle a harsh judge. The "conceptions" of the Duchess, Margaret Cavendish, must have seemed too great a trial for his patience, when Walter Scott gave us this off-hand estimate. An Editor of Old Literature, in Lancashire, accounted ours to be a harsh measure, when we (on p. 514) pronounced her Comedies "heavy." Some day—let us say the 21st of June, perhaps, as being longest, and suited to their bulk; or the 21st of December, in mercy to ourselves, for obvious reasons—we shall devote to consideration of her Grace's dramatic rhapsodies. Hitherto we found that a little of her contented us, and we flew elsewhere to gather honey; but we may learn to love her writings, as we certainly like her personally, and think still more highly of her husband, whose life she wrote.[1] If her spirit occasionally raps to us a message, however, it is not to blame us for neglecting to add her twelve ponderous folios to our already-groaning shelves. Nor is it to request us to read and to edit her honoured remains. She merely expresses her disgust at having been mentioned by a stray person from Dundee, who answers to a name early lifted into evil notoriety. She says, this is the worst indignity she ever knew. All else had been tolerated meekly.[2] Other illustrious Shades in the Elysian Fields have made unpleasantly "pleasant remarks" about it. She looked so handsome, while making her complaint, that we resolved on doing justice, to her writings, by admitting the following lines.

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[1] It is a folio volume, nearly 200 pages: London, 1667: dedicated to King Charles the Second; adding all her titles:—"Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess, *Margaret* Duchess of Newcastle, his wife."

[2] We give her own words, as a faithful witness:—"I, a woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and aspersion of spiteful tongues, which they cast on my poor writings," by the worst of censure, the praise from those who are bound by a Devil's chain, and are scarcely fitted for the custody of Jinkens' Baby. She adds, "It pleased God to command his servant Nature to endue me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my birth; for I did write some books in that kind before I was twelve years of age, which for want of good method and order I would never divulge." Fortunately for all parties, these books have perished. As in the case of the learned Lipsius: "They should have wiped them up, and said no more about it."

[Bagford Collection, III. 28.]

To the Most Excellent Princesse
The Dutchesse of Newcastle.

MY Muse beggs pardon of your Grace, that she
Meets not an *Epithet* in *Poetry*
Which is yet Virgin: It sullies but your worth
When common words presume to blaze it forth,
As those of Fair, and Good, with such as these
Your meaner Meritt's lull'd in Extasies.
Could I uncase the Chaste *Lucretia's* Soul,
Compar'd with yours it would appear but foul:
Or could I turn a Chymist, and from thence
Distill all *Venus* into Quintessence;
Of that extract the most sublime, and pure,
Onely deserves to shade your Portraicture.
Nature in your rich frame has run out all
The Stock, and Credit of her Principall,
Be charitable and lend her a recruit,
For your Perfections make her Bankerout.
She cannot run so deep upon the score,
But you have merit yet can furnish more.
In you is summ'd up all which Nature can
Glory (of Worth) in it's Perfection.
What since sh' has moulded, onely Copyes were
Of those fair Graces which concenter'd are

In You, from whom she now must borrow all
She boasts of here, as from th' Original,
The Graces arn't alone, the Sciences too
The Honour have to be refin'd by You.
What cunning *Aristotle* darkly writ,
As with intent to Vizard-mask his wit;
Your Grace has drawn the Curtain, and we see
Into each crevice of his subtlety;
I dare presume he would your Grace should know,
Henceforth he'l walk no more *Incognito.*
The Conclave of the Muses next do own,
To you, the Honour due to *Helicon.*
The Poets too 'mongst whom *Ben*[1] humbly layes
At your fair feet his late usurped Bayes:
For such he needs must call them, when to You,
And to your matchlesse Muse they are onely due.
Orpheus does press me hard, but to present
Unto your Grace his sullen Instrument:
For since Y' have grac't that Science with your hand,
He vows he never could a Charme command.
The residue of the Sciences would
Wait on your Grace did you not think them bold:
For without leave it may be thought no lesse
Then an Intrusion on their Patronesse:
Waiting that Honour with your Poet stand,
And humbly beg to kisse your Grace's hand.

By H. J. of Grays-Inne, Gent.[2]

With Allowance, *Apr.* 27. *R. L'Estrange.*

LONDON: Printed by *Sarah Griffin,* 1667.

[In White-letter. No woodcuts. Ours is from 4to. Rawl. Coll., 566. 1.]

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[1] Ben Jonson: who had joined the majority in 1637.

[2] This H. J. may have been, but not probably, the zealous Loyalist Henry Jones, who in 1660 wrote a ballad entitled "The Royal Patient Traveller," beginning, "God had preserved our Royal King." It is in Wood's Coll., 401, art. 172. We are not aware that Henry Jones was of Gray's Inn, but think it unlikely; from Wood mentioning him in a MS. note, as "an old ballad-singer of Oxford." Wood cannot be trusted implicitly. He was like the Irishman whose widow's foot was wounded by a thorn when she danced over his grave. "Bad scran to yez, Mike," she cried, "but *living or dead there was always a sting in ye!*"

Lunaticus Inamoratus.

Polonius.—"And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves
And all we mourn for."—*Hamlet*, Act. ii. sc. 2.

IT scarcely appears necessary to give, without compression, the wild rhapsody in which the following short sung-burst is inclosed. There are many excellent mad songs in the English language; which is rich in this department, as was early noticed by Dr. Percy. His remarks on the subject have been quoted to weariness. Some writers attempt to account for this abundance, on the supposition of the prevalence of wandering and licensed "Sham-Abram-Men:"[1] clever impostors, who for the sake of gain pretended to be mad or imbecile. But this appears to us a very lame and partial explanation of an undoubted fact. We have many mad songs, and almost all of them turn (especially those of Mad Bess, Crazy Jane, and other distracted women, etc.) on the passion of love; or else, in the case of men, on the disorders of religious fanaticism. There is, in our cold, damp, variable English climate—our self-conscious, self-torturing, and melancholy English temperament—a besetting tendency to meddle with abstruse questions of theology, which never have been, and never can be, settled satisfactorily in this life. Fate and Free-will, "Foreknowledge absolute," election or reprobation, the inner-light or the external-authority, the measure of a conflict waged by the spirit against the flesh, or the flesh against the spirit, the bondage of formal ritualism, or the lawlessness of nonconformity, which rebelling against ordinances ends in total anarchy and unbelief: these are only a few of the conventional symbols or phrases, to represent the disturbing powers which drive men mad. It is said that more women than men sink into so-called "religious-melancholy" madness. But, surely, on the other hand, far more men than women have raged and foamed with fanatical phrensy, becoming dangerous to society. In our hurried and impetuous time, "with our sick-fever, our divided mind," speculative gambling crazes but a few; overwork, and a multitude of harassing cares, slay a legion. Surely not so much now, or so undisguisedly, as in

[1] See King Lear, Act ii. sc. 3: "The country gives me proof and precedent of Bedlam beggars," etc. See our *Appendix* cuts, for pp. 188, 190.

the more romantic times of old, do men fall victims to insanity because of crost affection. At least, they do not go mad on this account immediately; not without the intervention of wild excitement, debauchery, and dissipation, to which they had rushed as to a refuge from remembrances too keen, after disappointments too heavily laid to heart.

"Was there not evil enough,
Mother, and anguish on earth,
Born with a man at his birth,
Wastes underfoot, and above
Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
Wrecks from afar overseas,
And peril of shallow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,—
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,—
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?"—*Atalanta in Calydon.*

[Bagford Collection, III. 94.]

Lunaticus Inamoratus;

Or,

The Mad Lover.

HArk how the Welkin Thunders; Hark! stand, stand.
Dire Flames Belch forth, the Fury's are at hand,
Pluto by *Stix!* Foul *Tysiphon* avant:
Ho *Proserpine!* beaut'ous *Proserpine*, grant
Me a Boon; Command that *Cerberus* lye still; &c.

[Introducing, after fifty-three lines more of this rant, the following scrap of song:—]

SINGS:

Her Hair upon Her Shoulders spread
Each curle, a Fringe for Beauties Bed:
Jun[e]'s-Roses *in Her Cheeks are born:*
From either Eye,
A Serene Skie,
Ope's like the Windows of the Morn.
Where is my Angel? *Ah! to sleep shrunk in;*
To th' fragrant Bud of some choice Jessamin;
Or rests in Flora's *Lap.*

[Then the couplet-rhymed poem is resumed, with the lines:]

Hark, silence there, does not yon doleful Bell,
Sound hollow, as it were a mourning knell;
What sad departing soul with lingring breath
Disturbs the drowsie Bed-maker of Death.
For *Amarantha*, ha, and would she go,
Not once farewel; unkind, not let me know.
Dead, *Aramantha* dead! draw 'ore the Light, &c.

[Sixty-one lines follow, the end being:]

Thou shalt be *Cynthia*, I, *Endymion*.

With Allowance.

[No printer's name, or woodcut. In White-letter. Date, probably about 1675.]

Inamorato and Misogamos.

"They talk of Raptures, Flames, and Darts,[1]
Of burning Fevers in their Hearts;
Of Gods of Love in Womens eyes,
Which please, and ravish, and surprize:
How they admire, love, adore,
With thousand other wonders more.
But I could ne'er in Woman-kind
Those dazzling charms and lustre find;
Which should in spite of Reason prove
Sufficient to engage my Love.
Whilst kind, I love; but when untrue,
I leave 'em, Faith, and grow so too.
When once they coy and foolish be,
They may go hang themselves for me:
I love my Bottle and my Friend,
Nor other Love I understand."

Poems on Affairs of State: before 1697.

WE cannot feel certain that the Mocking-song against Love, which meets us in the following lines, was by a different writer from the pretty little lyric which it accompanies, verse by verse, like a quaint and goblin shadow. On the contrary, and in the total absence of external proof either way, we believe it to be much more likely that the same hand wrote the whole. From the year 1671 to that of 1675 (in which our broadside was printed), it was the fashion to write a "Mock" or burlesque (or, as we now call it, a parody), in ridicule of any popular song, which had secured a welcome by its vigour and apparent sincerity. It was by no means a wholesome taste, thus indicated, but one that still survives. The disposition to sneer at all virtuous earnestness, all passionate love, patriotism, or religious fervour,

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[1] Compare with this the modern verses:—

"He talked of daggers and of darts,
Of passions and of pains,
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts
Of kisses and of chains;
He said, though Love was kin to Grief,
She was not born to grieve;
He said, though many rued belief,
She safely might believe.
But still the Lady shook her head,
And swore, by yea or nay,
My Whole was all that he had said,
And all that he could say."

W. M. Praed's *Charades: Moonshine*

and turn it into mockery by ridiculous travesty, savours more of Mephistopheles than of Momus. An individual or a nation may be considered to be in, what Touchstone would call, "a parlous state," when belief in generous emotion is so far destroyed that pleasure is taken in the mockery of whatever had once yielded innocent delight or strengthening guidance. A "Comic History of Rome," and "of England," a prevalence of what James Hannay rightly called "simious literature," is a saddening token of national decline. Such, when honestly considered, is the superabundance of dreary cheap "Comic" papers, that associate every public event and personage with buffoonery and heartless jests. Nor less injurious are the vulgar theatrical burlesques of the noblest tragedies, and their best actors, so closely imitated, although twisted into rank absurdity, that no one can thereafter return to an enjoyment of the originals without being haunted by degrading recollections of their parodies.

We do not deny that men of genius have in their hours of relaxation occasionally delighted to build up these mocking reproductions, often with an undiminished love of what they seemed to desecrate. John Philips admired Milton, none the less while writing the "Splendid Shilling." Coleridge and Southey parodied even their own labours; and Byron, half in bitterness, but surely half in sportive jest, could lead his own sweetest and loveliest verses from sublimity to ridicule, with almost unexampled ease, alternately inspiring the soul to lofty emotions, and then arousing peals of laughter at some playful transition:

> And the sad truth, which hovers o'er my desk,
> Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

We have here the secret of his power: the sadness and the truth were still within his reach. As Pollok rightly saw, Byron had descended from a height. It was his admitted capability of attracting sympathy, in the highest efforts of the spirit, which gave him so much power when he chose to use his influence for lower aims. It was (as still more markedly was the case with Aristophanes) because he was pre-eminently a true and radiant poet, of heavenly endowments, that he was able with ease to mock himself or others, if he were willing to descend so far.

What follows here is in the vein of Captain William Hickes (the probable compiler of *Westminster Drolleries*, 1671–2, and certainly the author of the volume of "*Mock Songs and Jovial Poems*," 1675, and "*Grammatical Drollery*," 1676, as well as compiler of the once famous "*Oxford Jeasts*" (an early edition was 1669). We have given an account of him, all that we could gather with certainty, in "The 'Drolleries' of the Restoration." Not im-

probably, this WILLIAM HICKS, or HICKES, was the author of "Inamorato and Misogamos."

After reading the first two verses, we believe no one can dispute our assertion that this "Love Song," with its "Mock," must have been suggested by the poem which Robert Burton set before his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, in 1621. They are in direct imitation of the method in which he ends each division, giving contrasted praise and dispraise of the black-choler and its effects :—

> All my joys to this are folly;
> Nought so sweet as melancholy.

And then, alternately, to the second, fourth, and sixth verses :—

> All my griefs to this are jolly;
> Nought so sad as melancholy.

Probably no higher or earlier did the copyist go. But for us, if we would seek the source of this Pactolian stream, there is the clear gushing fount of pure poetry from "The Nice Valour, or, the Passionate Madman," by Beaumont and Fletcher. Why should we try to dissociate those (as only death could do), who loved so well to intermingle workmanship? Otherwise, we might give the credit all to Fletcher. Here is only praise, and rapturous praise, of melancholy. Who, that loves poetry, does not know the lines? Yet dare we quote them once again, enriching our pages with such verses as not often have been equalled, and yet which were but dashed off with a hasty pen, simply to be the song of a half-crazed lover :—

> Hence, all you vain delights,
> As short as are the nights
> Wherein you spend your folly!
> There's nought in this world sweet,
> If man were wise to see't,
> But only melancholy!
>
> Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
> A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
> A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
> A tongue chain'd up, without a sound;
> Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
> Places which pale Passion loves;
> Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
> Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls.
> A midnight bell, a parting groan,
> These are the sounds we feed upon;
> Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley:
> Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

It is indeed a descent to come from this to our Bagford broadside, though it has merit of its own. "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."

[Bagford Collection, III. 100.]

Inamorato and Misogamos:

Or,

A Love-Song Pack'd.

Song.

AS often as I hear the Tone
Of *Phillida* and *Choridon*,[1]
Contemplating those choice Delights
That attend *Hymen's* Proselytes; 4

[1] This probably refers to "A New Sonnet of Coridon and Phillida," in the *Crowne-Garland of Golden Roses*, 1612, by Richard Johnson. It begins, "Coridon, arise, my Coridon," and is followed by "Coridon's Complaint," and "Phillida's kind Reply," respectively commencing "Phillida, where hast thou bin?" and "Wherefore faints my Coridon?" There was an earlier favourite of the same name, in the pretty love-song called "Harpelus his Complaynt of Phillidaes love bestowed on Corin," beginning "Phylida was a fayer mayde," in *Tottel's Miscellany: Songes and Sonnettes*, 1557. The name was not uncommon in pastoral love-ditties; thus we find "Phillida flouts me," the title and burden

The jolly Mirth, and dainty Chear,
They make with Honey, Duck, and Dear:
The pretty *Prue's*, and bonny *Besse's*,
Their Courting, Kissing, and Caresses:
The pleasant noise, and chearly sound,
When Musick strikes, and Cups go round:
Methinks I'me blest with some rich Spouse,
My Head is crown'd with Myrtle Boughs.
I rowl my self in Wealth and Peace,
My Sorrows fade, my Joys increase
My Love's as fruitful as the Spring,
My House is fit to treat a King.
Ah Wretch, say I, thou hast done wrong
To live a Batchelour so long:
All my peace to this is strife,
No Comfort like a Married Life.

The Mock.

And when I hear the filthy Jars
'Twixt *John* and *Joan*, those Curtain Wars;
Considering well the destiny
Of such as Priests or Hangmen tie;
The Tattoo of the Bed and Cradle,
The Walking of the Tongue and Ladle;
The dirty *Doll's* and Jumping *Jugg's*,
Their hunches, nips, and *Cornish* Huggs:
The drery noise and Ruthfull cry,
When Pots are broke, and Trenchers flye:
Methinks I'me yoak'd to some foul Sib,
My Costard shatter'd with my Rib.
I feel the want of Land and Goods,
My hairs are gray, my Antler buds.
My cares increase, my Wife's with Child,
My House is smoaky, and until'd.
Blest man, I say, who curbs desire,
And keeps his fingers out o' th' fire:
All my Gaul to this is Honey,
No Martyrdom like Matrimony.

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of "O what a pain is Love!" (*Wit Restored*, 1658,) mentioned in 1612. Also, nearer the date of our ballad, we have "Phillida has lost her swain," in *Bristol Drollery*, 1674, p. 30; and "Phillida, whilst our tender age is," etc., in Playford's *Choyce Ayres*, iv. 7, 1683.

Song.

Fool though I am, I knew the time,
When I could gloss my Love in Rithme, [*i.e.* Rhyme]
And pourtray by the Heraulds Rules,
In field of Argent Roses Gules.
For whileom I have seen a Maid,
In whom such Beauties were display'd;
A Blush right Orient, and below
Fair as the Field where Lillies grow:
She breath'd like *Zeph'rus* when he creeps
O're beds of Violets, or sweeps
Spices on heaps; one might divine
My mind by th' language of mine eyne:
My head was fill'd with am'rous Fancies;
I courted her with sighs and glances.
But she more chaste then driven Snow,
To all my Motions answer'd, No.
If Females all were such, I'le swear,
He who enjoys for one poor year
So sweet, so bright a Thing as She,
May count his Life a Jubelie.

The Mock.

But I describe in black and blue,
Which men of *Blazon* never knew;
And in despite of *Zeuxis* Art,
Can draw a Wrinkle, or a Wart.
For lately I beheld a Girle,
With Teeth of Amber, Eyes of Pearl;
A Neck pure Chestnut, and hard by
Hung breast of right *Westphalia* Die.
She belch't like *Boreas*, when he rushes
Through a *Scotch* Ord'nary, or brushes
Old *Puddle-Dock*: You might suppose
My mind, by stopping of my Nose.
Strange Qualms did on my Stomack ride,
That I was forc'd to turn aside:
But she, more common then th' high-way,
Ask who would, ne're would say him nay.
If Women all were such, God wot,
The man that beds with such a Slut,

H'as got enough at home to make on,
Let *Dunmow* people keep their Bacon.[1]

Song.

I must confess, upon a day,
When all my thoughts were Westward ha,
Near *Hampton-Court* I saw a Face,
The Throne of Modesty and Grace;
In whose each motion might be seen
Hadassa[2] and the Southern Queen:
Her Smiles were arguments to prove
The *Phœnix*, and the God of Love.
From these the Pencil learns those Draughts
Of *Titan's* Beams, and *Cupid's* Shafts.
Bless me, said I, since I must die,
My Heart a Sacrifice shall lie,
Burnt with the Lustre of her Eye.

The Mock.

And I being lately Eastward bound,
To take a merry Countrey Round,
There I beheld a Thing call'd Woman,
Save him that hath her, Match for no man!
In whose Behaviour you may spell,
What *Job's* Wife was, and *Jezabel.*
Her Looks made good the doubtful story
Of *Acharon* and Purgatory.
From these the Painter had advice
To limn the Toad and Cockatrice.

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[1] Chaucer's Wife of Bath says,

The bacon was nat fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men han, in *Essex*, at *Dunmowe*.

In Hone's *Every-Day Book*, ii. col. 799, 1826, is an account of the custom of claiming the Flitch of Bacon, at Dunmow, in Essex, "by a man and his wife, on the ground that they had not quarrelled, nor had either repented, nor once offended the other, from the day of their marriage." Copies are given of the engravings published in 1752, of the couple being chaired, and of their taking the oath. Owing chiefly to W. H. Ainsworth, the custom has been revived of late years. It is said to have been instituted so early as 1111, or soon after 1190.

[2] *Hadassa, or the History of Qveene Ester:* with Meditations thereupon, Divine and Morall. Imprinted for Richard Moore, London, in 1621. It is a long poem, fifty leaves, quarto, by Francis Quarles. The "Southern Queen" may be either Cleopatra, or the Queen of Sheba.

This made me cry, since Friends must part, 104
E're this vile wretch shall have my heart,
I'le suffer, Drive away the Cart.[1]

LONDON: Printed for *H. Brome*, at the Gun at the West-end of St. *Pauls*, M.DC.LXXV.

[In White-letter. Two columns. No woodcuts. On p. 892, is one from Roxb. Coll., i. 240. Another, below, as promised on our p. 575.]

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[1] Abundance of material has been accumulated, illustrating the popular subject of an offered alternative, between the being wived or hanged, to criminals while standing at the foot of the gallows. Most of them, like Lucio, were inclined to prefer the more transitory *sus per col.* Probably some doubts were not unreasonably present, regarding the character of any dame who was willing to accept such a reprieved spouse. "Marrying a Punk, my Lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging." The hard lines of his sentence had been that he was first to marry the girl whom he had disgraced, and thereafter, "the nuptial finished, let him be whipp'd and hang'd." All together was too much for patience. When one alone was offered for choice, the culprit was tempted to exclaim, as in the old song (hinted at, above),

The burden's hard in either case,
But come, drive on the cart!

Love's Triumph.

"I am right glad
That I must never feel a bitterer thing
Than your soft curled-up shoulder and amorous arms
From this time forth; nothing can hap to me
Less good than this for all my whole life through.
I would not have some new pain after this
Come spoil the savour."—Swinburne: *Chastelard*, Act v.

TO John Bagford we owe so much, that we would gladly part with him on friendly terms, not whispering another hint of damaged books, *minus* the title-page, or frontispiece; such as had been "conveyed" away, for the enrichment of his marvellous collection. But we may ask, before now closing this third folio volume, Was it a flash of happy inspiration which compelled him to bring in, as tail-piece, this couple of contrasted verses, "Love's Triumph; or, the Bachelor's Warning-Piece," and The Married man's Warning-Piece, "The Philosophical Wife"? Whether intentional or not, it suits our purpose now to take them as he left them. Before farewell is spoken, one last glance we give at the true-love, the warm devotion of the Cavaliers for Ladye Fayre: although we also get a final *souvenir*, in its companion, telling how "the mighty state of Cuckoldom by matrimony thrives" (*Pills*, iv. 336), which the dramatists insisted on declaring then flourished in the City.

It is well for us to listen here to such an outburst of affection. It offers its own motto, telling that "None but Heavenly Souls can prove Fit receptacles for Love." This is the true Platonism: whatsoever copybook moralisers may tell us about "Beauty being merely skin-deep" (and who needs to flay her alive, to see if it be more than superficial?); or that "Every face, however full, Padded o'er with flesh and fat, Is but modell'd on a scull!"[1] We have seldom failed to find each beautiful soul was enshrined in a beautiful form. The fair face told of the bright mind. We

[1] Alfred Tennyson published his "Vision of Sin," in which these lines occur, not earlier than 1842. He does not acknowledge, by a footnote, whence he borrowed his inspiration, in this or other cases. But the thought is quite as powerfully expressed by Dickens, and had been probably suggested by him. It is in chapter xxxii. of *Nicholas Nickleby*, printed during 1839. When remembrance of his niece startles his conscience, "'I am not a man to be moved by a pretty face,' muttered Ralph, sternly; 'there is a grinning scull beneath it, and men like me, who look and work below the surface, see that, and not its delicate covering.'"

love not your unsexed women, spectacled and shrewish, platform declaimers, gorgons of plainness (we are not rude enough to mention ugliness); whose morbid intellectualism scarcely gives compensation for the absence of all lovely qualities. We need not worship beauty idolatrously. We need not be enslaved by sensual passion, or tolerate the companionship of wantons, of the Barbara Palmer type; who are faithless, covetous, and fierce in passion, simply because of knowing they must lose their quickly-fading bloom. The error in the Court of Charles the Second was that physical beauty and unrestraint in speech were prized too highly, amid that bevy of Odalisques, whom Lely painted so delightfully, and whom the Chevalier De Grammont no less pleasantly described. Even among them, gay gipsies as they were, some maidens of unblemished virtue, some matrons not unfit to wear the Fairy Mantle, adorned the circle with their presence. Far away, in many an old hall that still bore trace of the misusage from the Cromwellian Levellers; in many a quiet village cot, where labour brought sound sleep and scanty wages, but content was not unknown; in many a home of station, between poverty and opulence, a steady middle-class that represents our English character the best, in faults and merits,—there were loving hearts, as sound in Charles's days, as at any before or after. This is not the opinion of some conceited Anti-Stuartists of our time, degenerate weaklings whose digestion is impaired, or who were never fairly hatched, but came into the world without their fur or feathers. According to their illusive showing, the Cavaliers were monsters of depravity; the Roundheads nothing else but saints and heroes. Incapable of loyalty themselves, they cannot understand the loyalty of others. They raise a fetish for us all to worship, and call it Parliament! We dare approach the huge imposture, and find it is a hideous mockery; a lay-figure, stuffed with old prejudices and new perverseness, corrupt within, and far from handsome in externals. We turn from Parliament, pretentious scarecrow, and choose instead the Nation, which it did *not* represent: the men and women of whom we see faint glimpses, if not more, in these our Bagford Ballads.

Were we, as some day hence may become our task, now gathering for fresh readers our *Anthology of Stuart Times*,—selecting the choice lyrics of the Cavaliers, the loftiest utterances of their religious faith, of their willing service to the King, their love for female beauty and affection, their cheerfulness, their honourable pride and courage,—our work might be much pleasanter than it is here, where (as in the "*Drolleries*") we find something of impurity, to excite disgust. What then? Such

dainty dilettanteism may well be left to finical small critics, who know the landmarks of all evil. They pounce upon an impropriety in ancient print, as though our present age had followed the advice of Tearsheet Doll to Falstaff, when she irreverently bade him to forswear sack, and patch up his old body for Heaven. He himself, elsewhere, stated a similar intention (carried out, we hope, in unrecorded intervals), that he would "purge and live cleanly, as a gentleman should do." We ballad-lovers take the world much as we find it, glad that it is no worse, and holding it to be much better than the self-elected Saints' own company could make it. Little they know about "Love's Triumph."

[Bagford Collection, III. 101.]

Love's Triumph;

Or, The

Batchelor's Warning-Piece.

With the Character of a False Lover.

Love our only Joy and Grace,
Love from Heaven derives his race:
None but Heavenly Souls can prove
Fit receptions of true Love.

1.

ANgels Happiness doth move
In the eternal Sphere of Love:
When their Maker they would praise,
Love can do't a thousand ways:
Love begins the Hymns, and Love
Ends the Harmony above.

2.

Love doth more than this; for he
Moves th' All-ruling Deity,
He to th' Chaos form did bring,
He gave Life to every thing;
All was made and all doth move
By the Influence of Love.

3.

Sometimes Love is pleas'd to shew
His Empire's large extent below;
Then he shoots immortal Darts
Into well-prepared hearts.
From the bright and blessed Skies
Down to silly Worms he flies.

4.

He descends, but with milde force
Doth our Hearts from Earth divorce;
Straight we burn with holy Fire,
Love doth mount our pinions higher,
Love on Contemplation flies,
On Love's Wings our selves do rise.

The Second Part.

5.

How came Woman to deprive
Love of his Prerogative?
Woman, but a beauteous snare,
Woman so destructive fair,
Woman, whose bright Eyes impart
Heaven, though Hell be in her Heart.

6.

How came Woman thus to reign?
She doth cozen, she doth feign,
She both flatters and betrays;
First she sings, and then she slays:
Yet she doth the Crown obtain;
How came Woman thus to reign?

7.

Mortals, you mistake your aim,
Burning in forbidden flame;
They may be with caution us'd,
When they rule you, you're abus'd:
You your Bodies may bestow,
But to Heaven your Hearts you owe.

8.

Then joyn your Hands and something more,
So you forbear but to adore.
With her you may your person joyn;
But never offer at her Shrine:
Upon kind Heaven your Soul confer,
Sure 'tis more fit for him than her.

9.

If they had a faithful Heart,
You might yours to them impart;
Then at least (though 'twere not just)
You would have some place of trust:
But their Hearts inconstant now;
And though yours break, they will not bow.

10.

If they please, they can express
Much of Love and Gentleness;
But their Tongues, like Ships, do sail
Strongly mov'd with Fancies gale,
Though they plow the Ocean deep,
No track of them the Waves can keep.

Why should this fair Idol be
Rival to the Deity?
Break her Altars, burn her fane,[1]
And retri[*e*]*ve your hearts again.*

—— *Varium & mutabile semper*
Fœmina —— Virgil.

FINIS.

London: Printed for *D*[*avid*] *M*[*allet*]. 1676. With Permission, *Ro. L'Estrange.*

[In White-letter. Two columns. No woodcuts. The one on p. 900 is borrowed from Roxb. Coll., i. 145, and that on p. 902 from the same Coll., i. 469.]

[1] Misprinted "*face*," in original.

The Philosophical Wife.

Lord Foppington.—"Dear *Tam*, since things have thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee jay. I do it *de bon Cœur*, strike me dumb. You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, canstant in her inclinations, and of a nice marality, split my windpipe!"—Vanbrugh: *The Relapse*, Act v.

THIS forms a characteristic tail-piece to the Bagford Collection of Ballads; the greater number of which belong to the last quarter of the seventeenth century. the reigns of the second Charles and James. No greater mistake could be made, however, than to imagine (as some writers have rashly declared) that the sexual immorality and the daring disregard of social decencies, which appeared so prominently in London, both at Court and in the City, prevailed to nearly the same extent throughout England. Vice held her head-quarters within a few miles' circuit around Wren's cumbrous cathedral. Before it arose, as a solemn mockery of those lovelier fanes which had been reared in days when the earlier religion prevailed,—that religion so denounced and persecuted by the Shaftesbury faction —the City was less of a plague-spot than it became after the Puritans added hypocrisy to London's many errors. But even amid the worst corruptions of the Stuart times, the country homes of the Cavaliers, and the villages nestling near to them, formed the shelter of as much feminine chastity, manly courage, high principles, unfeigned worship, and cheerful industry, as any of the dwellings where prim precisians made more obtrusive proclamation of their piety. To this day, the taint left by the waspish humour of the irreconcilable Nonconformists has made our people prone to discontents and malicious opposition. Such fanatics denounce as sin the most harmless mirth. Destitute of any true sense of humour, they are more likely to be the descendants of some heretical Dutchmen, Flemish boors, or persecuting Spanish Inquisitors (drunk with spiritual pride, and their religion turned inside out, the seamy side), than to have sprung from the race of stalwart heroes who were led by Drake, by Cavendish, and Raleigh.

We know not another copy of the following ballad, with its coarse double meanings, which are completely in the manner of "Captain" William Hicks, or Hickes; as shown in his *Grammatical Drollery*, 1682, and other acknowledged works. Not improbably, it may have been written by him, although no signature appears. Little need, or can, be urged in favour of such caricatures of wedded life. There are many unfavourable

sayings about wives and matrimony in Wycherley, Dryden, Vanbrugh, and the other dramatists whose works are a store-house of wit and humour. But in them the brilliancy of the lightning-flash atones for its occasionally mischievous thunder-bolt. Within certain limits, a good deal of truthful invective may be pardoned against evil-minded matrons.

"The longer I live," writes that *bon enfant*, our worthy friend Dervaux (a visitor, but not a resident-fellow of Nirgends College), "The longer I live, the more convinced do I feel that Women and Flowers are very much alike. Not only do they look pretty on the parent stalk, and adorn one's button-hole when cropt judiciously, but they are quite as unsatisfactory a few hours later. The Swan,[1] 'that divine Williams,' says truly: 'Lilies, that fester, smell more rank than weeds:"[2] of which fact your

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[1] By the way: as shown in our Appendix to *Choyce Drollery*, 1876, p. 281, George Daniel of Beswick had, before 1647, applied the title of "the sweetest *Swan of Avon*" to Michael Drayton, not to Shakespeare. This was in his *Vindication of Poesie*, wherein he gives more praise to Ben Jonson, as "of English Dramaticks the Prince;" but had previously written "to the scene and act Read Comicke Shakespeare" (*loc. cit.*, see p. 852).

[2] We are unwilling to impugn the authority of friend Dervaux in Shakespearian matters, knowing that he has been familiar with our old dramatists, and his own modern, from early youth. And he is more than seven. But he has here opened a *questio vexata*. Did "the divine Williams" originate, or merely quote, the lines? Some writers, whose opinion is entitled to respect, our worthy Director especially, declare the contrary authoritatively. We neither refer nor defer to other persons who have tried to measure Colossus with their nail-broad rules; whose judgment is based only on unstopt lines and rhymed syllables, losing everything of poetry: whose self-contradictions and dogmatic limitations have left to "sweet Willy," *for the present*, the ownership of nine plays, and no more (see *Macmillan*, ccxiii. 202). We prefer Peter Woodhouse's "Flea," of 1605, to any equally vainglorious successor. Both of them believed themselves much mightier than the elephant:—

> Each Beast in his owne cause is partiall,
> And in his owne conceit, each dwarffe seemes tall.
> —*Democritvs his Dreame.*

But as to the line quoted approvingly in our text. It appears in Shakespeare's Sonnet XCIV., which ends thus,

> For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
> *Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.*

This, and the other Sonnets, surreptitiously obtained, appeared in print no earlier than 1609; but Meres declared, in 1598, that Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets" circulated at that time among his friends, no doubt in manuscript. The line also appears in the very interesting play of *King Edward III.* (which was never included among Shakespeare's works until it was given in Tallis's *Illustrated Shakespeare*, and then only in a volume of "Doubtful Plays," edited by Henry Tyrrell; n.d. but before 1860: still later, and as forming the sixteenth drama, in the beautiful privately-printed 4to. edition, 50 copies, issued by J. P. Collier,

Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth were certainly examples. I like these flower-shows well enough, and your English Girls are the fairest and the purest in creation. But I admire not the full-blown and palpably decaying bunches of petals, into which the most of them degenerate, a few years later. When a woman has fulfilled her vocation, by producing, let us say, three children, or four, she ought to be 'suppressed'; like the guinea-pigs that excited the curiosity of *ce cher* Carrol's Alice, in Wonderland. When we think of Merrie England, we are compelled to remember your bluff King Hal, of polygamic memory, who in his masterly fashion disposed of superfluous wives, so soon as they became inconvenient. Your worst of historians, Froude, considers it a sort of virtue; but then he holds odd views, and gloats over the slaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, and insults her dead body, as no other man was ever base enough to do."[1]

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and newly completed, Nov. 1877). In Act ii. Sc. 1, Warwick says (in a speech otherwise noteworthy for Shakespearian parallelism) :—

> The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
> The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss: . . . .
> That sin doth ten times aggravate itself
> That is committed in a holy place: . . . .
> Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash:
> *Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds.*

In 1596 this was anonymously printed in quarto. The close resemblance to *Hamlet* (e.g. "if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion," ii 2), and other of his plays, can scarcely be accounted for on the supposition that Shakespeare borrowed from this fine drama, when we know that he was already writing, and writing noble poetry. He had to grow and improve, like other men: best at his latest. There is a grievous error in attributing to him a mass of crude material which he did not originate. But the contrary error, in our day, of disputing his claim to almost everything, is surely not commendable. We have hitherto believed the line in question to be Shakespeare's; but we leave the question open for a full discussion hereafter. Perhaps some one will next dispute his claim to the lines which form so striking a contrast to those on the lilies:—

> The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
> For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
> The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye . . . .
> Die to themselves. Sweet Roses do not so;
> Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made. &c.—*Sonnet* liv.

[1] The Court is entirely with you so far, my learned Brother. An eminent *Quarterly Reviewer* writes, of the passage in question: "But what shall we say to the cruel hatred (we must use plain language) which breathes in every line of the description of her [Mary's] execution? . . . *Literature has scarcely an instance of a more shocking abuse of language* than the passage where the writer gloats over the poor wreck of humanity, exultingly holds up before us the severed head, dripping with blood, and conveys the inevitable contortion of the muscles of the countenance into a witness and proof of the apparently graceful face of the still-lovely lady being nothing after all, and in reality, but the 'withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled, old woman' (xii. 340)."

He continues, and it seems a pity to allow such amiable reflections to be at the mercy of a perishable unpublished manuscript:—"I love to be among children, and feel an ever-increasing affection for pretty girls, until they are fully eighteen. Then, as a rule, I stop. If they be nice specimens, and remain disengaged, or at all events unmarried, they are still objects of interest for five years more; in rare instances for eight, or ten. After thirty, not one in a thousand is worth a bunch of stale radishes. She may be useful to cook our dinners, to nurse other people's children, and, of course, if married, to bring them into the world. Women may also be worth their salt for the washing of shirts, scrubbing of floors, serving behind counters (if only a few of them, and these under surveillance). Also, they can hoe potatoes. With exception of these employments, their continuance in this mortal life is an anachronism and blunder. They continue to be frivolous when they have ceased to be attractive, and they resemble earwigs in being generally disagreeable everywhere, but especially when they attach themselves to one's person.

"Half, and much more than half, of the misadventures and troubles of life," he goes on, "are caused by the intrusiveness, the indiscretion, and the petty malignity of women. [This is very shocking to read, and to set up in type, although true.] In all matters of business they are utterly untrustworthy. Their displays of affection are mostly insincere, and, when genuine for the moment, are short-lived and dangerous as the *ignes-fatui* of a morass. They brought ruin to Man even in Paradise, and they seldom bring anything of good to him in later times. [This begins to be extremely reprehensible.] They are always false to one another; and when not false to us of the other sex, it is merely because we know what they are, and trust them not."

With these fixed principles and floating ideas he surveys the world of our past literature in smiling contentment. He feels quite at home in the days of the Restoration. He recognizes the fact (and his own life is blameless, his urbanity to the sex unfailing), that the loose morals of plays and poems were by no means necessarily conjoined with impurity of conduct. Exhilaration of spirits forms an abundant excuse for a few mild indiscretions of phrase; and even the wives of the fie-fie-Poets (Rochester's, for instance) were treated ten times more affectionately by their freely-speaking husbands, than women ever were by the gloomy sectaries: by Milton and Cromwell, or their inferiors among the peevish Puritans. A portrait of Oliver's wife, still extant, is labelled "Protectress, and a Drudge." Of Milton's three wives, the only one who gains a favourable word

in his verse is the second: because she was fortunate enough to die within the first year, before he found time to grow weary of her. Even then, it was not until after she had died that he uttered her praise. His housekeeper wife was tolerated, and came in for his money, because she had cooked him nice dinners.

Not only a sheet, but an entire volume might be easily filled, if necessary, with specimens of the playful badinage against matrimony, in which poets and prose-writers have indulged from early times, but at none with more frequency and more sparkling wit than during the reign of the last two Stuarts.[1]

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[1] We are glad to see, since the above was written in our text, that Robert Roberts, of Boston, the excellent printer and publisher of our three volumes, *The "Drolleries" of the Restoration*, announces that "At some future time I may publish a volume containing the most elegant compliments and the bitterest epigrams which have been written on the fair sex,—not compilations from Byron and Tennyson, but further a-field" (p. 417 of *The Apophthegmes of Erasmus*, translated into English by Nicolas Udall. Literally reprinted from the scarce edition of 1564. Boston, Lincolnshire, 1877). By the way, the writers of the bitter epigrams have often written also the elegant compliments; for "the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers, is always the first to be touched by the thorns." Not many things were better phrased than Southey's praise of woman, and Sir Walter Scott's in Marmion, which we quoted as motto on p. 880.

[Bagford Collection, III. 102.]

The Philosophical Wife;

Or,

Undeniable Demonstrations proving A Wife to be the best Philosopher.

THey'r many that Wedlock a Plague do call,
And have curs'd it ever since *Adam's* Fall,
Yet these are but dull Philosophers all,
Which no body can deny.

For when *Adam* led a single life,
Sole Monarch of the World, and free from Strife,
To compleat his Bliss, he still wanted a Wife,
Which no body will deny.

To make this out, that you may know so,
I'le prove in spite of each *Braggadocio,*
That the Wife's the only *Virtuoso,*
Which no body, &c.

In *Grammar* first, her skill's not slender,
She shews the Case, and Declines not the Gender,[1]
And in varying *Amo,* there's no man can mend her,
Which no body, &c.

What though her Stock perhaps be but small
I' th Languages raiz'd at *Babels* fall,
Her own Tongue utters more than they all,
Which no body, &c.

Her *Rhetorick* next is more moving far,
Than a Spruce young Law[y]ers new call'd to the Barr,
When with Tropes and Figures he levies Warr,
Which no body, &c.

For when an obliging Wench does perswade,
Each Man forgets his Credit and Trade,
And streight like a sneaking Cully's betrayd,
Which no body, &c.

But when to chop *Logick,* her mind is bent,
The Fool her Husband were best be content,
Or else he's in a sad Predicament,
Which no body, &c.

In Numbers she hath knowledge store,
And duly reckons the Ale-house Score,
By Debitor and Creditor over the Dore,
Which my Hostess cannot deny.

[1] Early manuscript correction reads "not *to* Gender."

I' th' Art of *Musick* she leads the Van,
She knows Elevation, and Backfalls, and can
Make her Husband shake when she acteth the Man,
Which no body, &c.

Her Tune she can easily grace and embellish,
Her Husband she kisses, and that's a good rellish;
But if she fall out there's no Musick so Hellish,
Which no body, &c.

Hence come the *Beats*, and they'r never at rest,
Till at last by a *Cadent* they fall to their Nest,
For there they can play their *Rellishes* best,
[*Which no body can deny.*]

In *Astrology* next, none righter than she,
Can Calculate a Nativity,
With *Venus* none better acquainted can be,
[*Which no body can deny.*]

But *Aries* and *Taurus* are Enemies still,
The changable Moon too her Husband doth kill;
For she by Example brings Horns when she will,
Which no body can deny.

And when she is crabbed you'l swear that the Sun
Just then to the Tropick of *Cancer* is run,
For the House is too hot till her humour be done.
Which no body, &c.

Now if that her love be cold, and she scorn
Her Husband, declining to *Capricorn ;*
'Tis a Sign the poor Cuckold may wind his Horn,
Which no body, &c.

But if thou art kind and of frolli[c]king brains,
And too much blood hath extended thy Veins,
She can give thee a Potion to purge thy Reins,
Which no body, &c.

In Law too she hath knowledge, for if from thy Bed
She fly ; or incensed begins to look red,
You'l find by her own Law she may scratch her own head,
Which no body, &c.

Though *Dike*[1] for Limning famous be,
And no man ever drew better than he ;
Yet he ne're drew Boyes so lively as She,
Which no body, &c.

I' th' *Mathematicks* too she leads the Ring,
Where Demonstrations she can bring,
That the middle's the Centre of every thing,
Which no body, &c.

This by th' Attractive Power she'll prove,
Whereby Things do their Centre move,
Since every Man to the middle doth move
Which no body, &c.

Though Chymists, Natures bratts alone
May call themselves, yet there is none
But She, that can find the Philosopher's Stone,
Which no body, &c.

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[1] *Anthony Vandyck*, of course. He died in Dec. 1641, but we need not therefore attribute this balled to a date so early: his repute accounting fully for the mention of him many years later.

Then let each Philosopher quickly agree,
To get him a Wife his Leader to be,
For none's so Philosophical as She,
Which no body can deny. 92

FINIS.

[In White-letter. No woodcut, printer's name, or date: but the ballad was probably of about 1674–1682. We add on p. 909 an engraving of ladies costumed, from Roxb. Coll., i. 149; and another from the same collection, i. 152, is on our present page. It represents a "*Skimmington*," or public humiliation of some henpecked husband. See *Hudibras*, part ii. canto 2. lines 565 to 844. A third illustration is added on p. 911 from Bagf. Coll., ii, 59.]

Here ends

the

Third and Last Volume

of the Original Collection of

Bagford Ballads.

To Clio.

(*Entr'Acte, Troisieme.*)

LET *me not cease without one smile from thee,*
Clio, *the Muse whom I would humbly woo.*
Some noble deeds of arms, on land and sea,
Live in these Annals, now exposed to view:
Rude in their phrase, by prejudice obscured,
But bold and vigorous for the crowd to hear;
Such as found favour 'mid a race inured
To toil and suffering, quick with smile or tear.

Thou art too high and pure to hearken lays
That are not high and pure like thee: but hate
Here sung its slanderous pæans in old days,
'Gainst all of different creed in Church and State.
Thou dost not sound thy trumpet-blast of Fame
For these malignant tricksters of the hour,
Whose petty schemes covered themselves with shame:
Reptiles, that crawl and sting in Eden's bower.

Not for the records of such bigots' crimes,
Not for the chaunt of warfare fiercely waged,
Dare we invoke thy favour to these rhymes,
But for the virtues modestly engaged.
Glimpses of guileless natures, unchanged love,
Sorrow in patience borne, through life's decline,
Faith that still looks to brighter homes above,
These pages show, to eyes less bright than thine.

November, 1877. J. W. E.

Appendix.

"The 'Squire, whose good grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the Show shou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave; but was loath to depart."
Mat. Prior: *The Thief and the Cordelier*, 1718.

NO DOUBT, every such collection of Old Ballads as is here concluded, and submitted to the friendly judgment of the Editor's fellow-members, is fragmentary and incomplete. Our own annotations are suggestive, not exhaustive. Not desiring to increase the bulk of this reproduction, we have denied ourselves the pleasure of including much that (in our judgment) might have given satisfaction. We necessarily omit all duplicates of ballads which are to be found in the Roxburghe Collection (some being not actually duplicates, but different

imprints, often with superior woodcuts). We thus lose many that will be delayed from publication for a considerable length of time, owing to their being placed late in the Roxb. Coll. third and fourth volumes. The whole of the large second volume has earlier to be dismissed by its Editor. Consequently, in a few cases, where these duplicated Ballads were absolutely necessary for the completion of our own group, we have not scrupled to use our own property, leaving it open to our good friend Mr. Wm. Chappell to include them from his Roxburghe original when he comes to it in after-time.

The omission of so large a number of interesting old ballads from our pages depreciates the apparent value of the Bagford Collection. When compared with the Roxburghe, it may be deemed of a less miscellaneous character than it is. No doubt, as a whole, the two massive folio volumes of the latter surpass in antiquity, as they do in bulk, the whole three of the former. But a large part of the third Roxburghe folio (not originally belonging to the set, and never in Major Pearson's possession) is of a still later date than the most recent of ours, and much less rare are the Garlands and slip-songs which swell the volume to 918 leaves. We may also add, that the proportion of ballads connected with historical events is so immensely larger in our own collection, that there is absolutely no comparison to be made between them, in this respect. Accordingly, we have throughout treated them with marked attention, as materials for understanding the political movements of the time, as well as its social peculiarities.

John Bagford's *First Volume* seems to have been made a general receptacle for literary odds and ends: a scrap-book of loose pages saved from book-breaking, like planks from the shipwreck of some Old Temeraires; a palæontological museum, here the leg-bone of a fossil black-letter Megatherium cheek by jowl with the feathers plucked from some Early English songster, such as John Hilton's *Catch that Catch Can*, of 1652. No order or congruity prevails, at first. We travel far before we reach the special objects of our search: Old Ballads. Few of them fall to our share, but they graced the Bagford Collection, nevertheless. There is the pleasant ballad of Tobias (apocryphal Tobit, on fol. 28); the Blind Beggar's Daughter; the King and Northern-man; the Wanton Wife of Bath; Chevy Chase; Queen Eleanor's Confession; Maudlin, the Merchant's daughter of Bristol; Lady Isabella's Tragedy; Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard (the original of Home's "Douglas"); and the Bride's Burial; all these occur before our first unduplicated Bagford, viz. Wade's Reformation, with which we began our task.

George Barnwell would next have followed to us, but for it occurring also in Roxb. Coll., iii. 26. Then the Rich Merchantman of Chichester; the London 'Prentice; Fair Rosamond; Poor Robin's Dream (which we give, in this Appendix, a few pages later, for reasons there explained); and thus we reach our "Devol's last Farewell" (p. 14). The Spanish Lady's Love follows; then the glowing praise of the Leather Bottle (*sic*, but elsewhere "Bottél"). It was hard to lose this, which comes not until Roxb. Coll., ii. 257. Then occur the Mad-Man's Morrice; Robin Good-fellow (again in our vol. ii. with much better cuts than the Roxb. copy); Mad Tom, both parts; Grim King of the Ghosts; the True Character of sundry Trades; the Gelding of the Devil (of which we are not sorry to get quit, it also occurred in *Merry Drollery*, 1661); the charming little song of Lullaby, (two superior copies to the Roxb.); Diana and Actæon; oddly followed by the London Cuckold, and by the Catalogue of Contented Cuckolds. These bring us to our nymph of the Spinning Wheel, p. 19, to which a second part comes in Roxb. Coll., ii. 13. A spirited group succeeds: Sir Andrew Barton; Sir Thomas Stukely; Lord Willoughby; Johnny Armstrong; Captain Ward and the Rainbow: in all which we might have revelled. Now ensues a group of twelve political ballads belonging to the Civil War series, which we postpone until such time as we may be invited to commence our promised work for the Ballad Society. These are: on the Old Parliament; an Exit to the Exit Tyrannus; Mardike; the Cloak's Knavery; the Rota; the Valour of Colonel Jermy; the Entertainment of Monk; two ballads on Hewson, a Hymn to the Gentle Craft, and the Cobler's Last Will; one on Prince Rupert (the Geneva Ballad being duplicated in iii. 33, we reserved for the later place). Then we keep possession of the volume, except fol. 81, the Knight and Beggar Woman; and two more of the Civil War series, a Use of Exhortation to the London Apprentices, and Bo-Peep. The Essex Ballad, of i. 86, we delayed till the recurrence of a duplicate in iii. 61. All the others belonged to us alone, and have been given. Thus ended the least important of the three original folios.

The *Second Volume* proved to be rich in old ballads, which were seldom to be found in the Roxb. Collection. If duplicates at all remained, they were only in the Pepys Coll., which is inaccessible to the public. On our pp. 247, 248, we told of the omitted ballads, until fol. 80. It was our fate to resign the Winchester Wedding; You Gentlemen of England; the Gallant Seaman's return from the Indies; the Sailor and his Love; the Honour of Bristol—an interesting naval group. The next

omissions are, the Fair Maid of London and Edward IV.; London's Ordinary; the Jovial Tinker; the Bashful Batchelor; Cordelia's Lamentation for the absence of Gerhard, with his Answer; A Pattern of true Love; Fortune my Foe;[1] the Masterpiece of Love Songs; Mother and Daughter; Lord Thomas and fair Elinor; (Old Man's Complaint, a long poem, repeated in iii. 92); the Fryer well fitted; the Forlorn Lover; the Welsh Fortune-teller; "Moggie, now rejoyce," the Answer to Moggie's Misfortune; Young Man's Counsellor; Languishing Young Man, with Maria's kind Answer; the Dubb'd-Knight of the Forked Order; Faithful Jemmy; the Pensive Maid; Merry Bagpiper; Love's Tyrannick Conquest; the [Wolverhampton] Maiden's Tragedy; the Virgin's A.B.C., and the Young Man's A.B.C. All the rest we give.

In the *Third and final Volume* we come to a different class of broadsides, as already shown. Most of them are political, nearly all in white-letter, and without woodcuts. Those omitted here are either reserved for the Civil War series, or, being simply rhymed-poems, far removed from songs or ballads, were not necessary to be included. We made a few exceptions, where they were useful to complete our survey, and most of the others are briefly mentioned. One important group deserved special attention, if not reproduction: if not in the text, yet in this Appendix. We mean the Whore's Petition to the London Apprentices, 1668, beginning "Clear was the Day, though it proved blustering weather." 2—The 'Prentice's Answer, of same date, "Sad was the day, although clear was the weather." 3—The Citizen's Reply to the two former, of same date, "Now that you two have made your grievance known." 4—dated 1672, but perhaps a reprint from some 1668 first issue: the Poor Whore's Complaint to the Apprentices of London, commencing, "We who descended from that noble dame." No. 4 of these, although latest dated, seems the earliest. They are in Bagf. Coll., iii. 45, 46, 47, 48. They tell, coarsely enough, the story of those raids made by the London Apprentices against certain houses of ill-fame, wherein resided any such dangerous temptress as Mistress Milwood. Concerning such "strange women" the grave citizens uttered warnings, while ballad-mongers and play-wrights enforced the moral by the trite example of George Barnwell. These poems are curious, and need some day to be reprinted. We have been asked to add them, as a thin text, in 1879, and hope to do so, with Cranley's "*Amanda.*"

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[1] We gave part of this on p. 318, and add the remainder on page 961.

We have a little *Tinkering* to do. First an *Additional to page 5.* JOHN WADE'S "Vinegar and Mustard, or, Wormwood Lectures for every day in the week," 1673, printed for Willm. Whitwood, has been reprinted (modernised in spelling) in Reeves and Turner's *Old Book-Collector's Miscellany*, vol. iii., 1873. It was a nearly-two-centuries' anticipation of Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures. The woodcut is reproduced in J. P. Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847, p. 89. Our p. 5, line 10 should read "Another copy of Wade's 'Come, young men,' &c., is in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 131. P. 150 has his '*'Tis* Money,' &c. We have ourselves examined the Douce Collection, i. 67, ii. 145, and find that 'The Maiden's Sad Complaint' is certainly *not* by Wade; for instead of being signed J. W., it is clearly L. W. These initials, L.W., are on *John* and *Betty*—'Come, sit thee down, dear:' Rawl. 566. f. 96. (Wade's Reformation is fol. 151; and in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 57.)"

If we take from Wade one ballad, we now give him three others instead. In Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 29, is "The West-Cuntry Crafty Maid, or the lusty brave Miller finely trapanned. By John Wade. Printed for W. Thackeray at the Sugar Loaf." To the tune, What should a Young Woman do with an Old Man? It

begins, "You Millers and Taylors, and Weavers each one." She gets chopped horse-hair and nettle-seed, strews them in a bed, to which she allures him while she stays away, and he gets punished for his evil designs. Another, signed in full John Wade, in the same vol., fol. 129, begins "O, what's the reason my Love doth complain?" To a new tune, or the Pinckt Petty-coat. It is entitled, The Young Man's Answer to the Faithful Maid. Another, fully signed "John Wade," is in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 2, and entitled "A Serious Discourse between Two Lovers." It begins, "My pretty little Rogue, do but come hither." To the tune of, When Sol will cast no light; or, [I am so] deep in love. It was printed for Richard Hardy, at the Horshoo in West-Smithfield, who issued ballads in 1681.

We give "The Maid is best," &c., at end of this *Appendix.*

Page 28. "Bryng us in no browne bred" is given complete, with music, the same as a "Nowell," in Mr. Chappell's *Pop. Mus.*, pp. 40, 41; earlier, in Percy Society's vol. xxiii. 63, Thomas Wright's *Songs and Carols* from MS. of the 15th century. The inferior version is on p. 102, from Ritson's *Ancient Songs.*

Page 33 (and p. 803). In the sentences of pillory-exposure mention was made of the culprit being placed to face certain places successively. In the woodcut introduced on p. 944, from Harman's *Caueat or Warening for Commen Corsetors*, 1567, we see the contrivance by which the pilloried delinquent could be shifted round, like the sails of a windmill, to receive fresh contributions of odorous gifts.

Page 34. We hope that we have found the black-letter ballad which gave name to the tune of "The Beating of the Drum." It was written by Abraham Miles, and is adorned with a book woodcut representing Dick Tarleton playing on pipe and tabor: (the same is in J. P. Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847, p. 54). It is entitled "A Wonder of Wonders; being A true relation of the strange and invisible Beating of a Drum at the house of *John Mompesson*, Esquier, at *Tidcomb* [i.e. Tidworth] in the County of *Wiltshire* . . . The first time it began to beat *Roundheads and Cuckolds come dig come dig.* Also the burning of a drum that was taken from a Drummer: Likewise the manner how the Stools and Chairs danced about the Rooms. The Drummer is sent to *Glocester* Gaol. Likewise a great conflict betwixt

the evil Spirit and *Anthony* a lusty Country fellow. To the tune of *Bragandary.*" Printed for William Gilbertson: "*mense Februar:* 1662," adds Anthony à Wood. It is in his Collection, 401, article 194. There are three *plus* eleven verses, of which we give here the commencement:

All you that fear the God on high,
amend your lives and repent,
These latter dayes shew Doome-days nigh,
Such wonders strange are sent.
Of a strange wonder shall you hear,
at *Tidcomb* within salt *Wiltshire.*
O news, notable news,
Ye never the like did hear.

"Bragandary," or "Southampton," meets us again, as the name of a tune in Wood's Coll., E. 25, fol. 17, "A Description of Wanton Women." The ballad begins, "You that in verses do delight, I here have some to read." Printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke; with burden,

O women, wanton women,
What do they mean to do?

Compare the burden, "O Women, monstrous women!" (p. 429).

Thus, we find that the tune "Beating of the Drum" may have been the same as that known as "O man in desperation," or "O Women, monstrous women!" which is something gained. There is a slight difference of rhythm in the second half of the verse, but not more than could be accommodated by the voice. If this be not the right "Beating of the Drum," others must seek the ghostly Tambour.

"*Dub-a-Dub*" is named as a tune, in Douce Coll., ii. 198.

Page 46, note. We return to the subject of "Sir John Johnson's Farewell" on p. 556. See also p. 1002, "Russell's Farewell."

Page 63. The original woodcut of the boy (at Oxford, in 4to. Rawlinson, 566, fol. 29) represents a pretty little fellow.

Page 70. The Deptford Plum-Cake. Deptford, between Rotherhithe and Greenwich, on the borders of Kent, bore an evil reputation for mischances to conjugal fidelity, from an early time. We seldom find the name mentioned of old except in connexion with frail wives. The coarse humour of a ballad, The Deptford Frollick, or, a Hue and Cry after Shag-Breeches (Roxb. Coll., ii. 104; iv. 40), which begins, "One night when blustering winds

blew cold," is of late date. Earlier appeared the somewhat wire-drawn pleasantry of *Cornvcopiæ; or, Pasquil's Night-Cap*, by N. B. (probably *not* Nicolas Breton, although long attributed to him, it is more in Sam. Rowland's vein, and will appear soon in Dr. A. B. G.'s *Occasional Issues*), which is of 1612 and 1623. *Pasquil's Palinodia*, 1619, was the sequel, apologetic, after a sort, for *Cornvcopia*. The name hints at the subject, being the Horn of Plenty or Cuckold's Horn. There was a "Horn-Fair" held at Charlton annually: it was intended for quadrupedal horned cattle, but bipedal rushed in. *Cornvcopiæ* gives a long account of Cuckhold's Haven and Cuckhold's Point, a landing-place on the Thames below Greenwich and before Gravesend; the pillar there erected to Fortune, garnished with horns by the Kentish Long-Tails; the boat-wreck on the Thames, and the successful wooing of Kate by the Iron-monger. She outwits him in the same manner as our erring "Lass of Lynn" inveigled George the Tapster (see p. 467); but Kate's husband manages to make the parents give a compensating dowry. The ironical praise of Cuckolds, and the definite assertion of their being legion, may be studied with advantage by mature students, who do not believe that the Cornucopia was a new ornament, introduced into London Society until after the Restoration by the gay Cavaliers.

John Taylor, the Water-Poet, mentions the ruinous and neglected state of the Horned-pillar, which had been described in *Cornvcopiæ*. The passage from Taylor's folio of 1630 is given by Archdeacon Nares, *Glossary*, i. 212, edit. 1876, beginning thus:—

> And passing further, I at first observ'd
> That *Cuckholds-Haven* was but badly serv'd;
> For there Old Time had such confusion wrought,
> That of the ancient place remained nought. &c.

Page 91. The date in square brackets may be safely limited to 1684–88.

Page 94. "Wully and Georgy" was certainly of date before 1701; the tune being thus entitled and the notes issued in an edition of Playford's *Dancing-Master*.

Page 97. In line 17, a comma had slipt in at the last moment, unperceived, after the word Miles. It should read "Miles Prance," on whom see pp. 669, 679, etc.

Page 97. The Groaning Board.

Of our "New Song, on the Strange and Wonderful Groaning Board," another copy is preserved in the Ashmolean Collection, G. xv. art. 162. It suffered by being separated from its natural companions that are gathered in the third volume. It was isolated and astray in the odd mixture of Vol. I. Readers can now better estimate its value. (They are requested to rectify the date in first line of the note on Stephen College, p. 99. It should be 1681, not 1682.)

We wrote truly, "This song bristles with allusions to topics of the day" (p. 97). The "phanatic brains" alluded to Slingsby Bethell, Henry Cornish, and their backers. The term "Narrative Board" is given in reference to the published narratives of the portentous "Board" itself: an imposture as silly and gross as the Cock-Lane Ghost of later days; but fascinating to credulous people, like the rapping-tricks of Woodstock during the time of the Commonwealth. As to the "Hatfield Vision" we have already taken up the subject on p. 786; and "Ben [Harris] and Frank" [Smith] have appeared on pp. 711, 787, 803, 821. "A Song upon Information," to the tune of, Conventiclers are grown so Brief, printed for M. R. in 1681, not only refers, by "This raiseth Armies in the Air," to the "Fairy Armies" of our p. 98, but adds:—

> This Hurly-Burly's all the Town,
> Makes *Smith* and *Harris* prattle.

But it seems good that we here, finally, add some particulars on all these connected matters.

The literature of the Groaning-Board is large. We need only consider a few of the folio pamphlets. 1.—F. Shepherd of London printed in 1682 a two-paged folio broadside, entitled "*The Last Words and Sayings of the True-Protestant* Elm-Board, *which lately suffer'd Martyrdom in* Smithfield, *and now in* Southwark: *together with a True Relation of a Conference between Dr. B——, and the said Board.*" The reference is to Dr. Gilbert Burnet; whom William of Orange afterwards made Bishop of Salisbury. The account deserves partial reproduction:

"This Board was born in the Parish of *Barn-Elms*, of a very antient Stock, and growing up in years, was preferred to the service of Sh. *B . . . . l* in the nature of a *Dresser-Board*, in whose Kitchen he past his days in ease and quietness, free from the burthen and oppression of many Dishes,[1] and such like Popish and

[1] A sly allusion to the notorious parsimony and deficiency of hospitality distinguishing Sheriff Slingsby Bethel. See our p. 798; the heavy fine laid on him must have acted like the award on Shylock.

Antichristian Ceremonies; but this happiness was too great to continue, for the Cheapness of Victuals soon invited his Master into the *York-shire* Climate, so that he was forthwith exposed to the Malice of a Popishly-Affected *Cook-Maid*, who boyling some *Holy-Water* for a *Crop-sick Catholick*, most inhumanely placed the red-hot Skillet upon him, which Barbarous Action could not but extort from him most hideous Groans and Howlings, all which notwithstanding, he firmly adhered to his first principles, and chose rather to be Martyred in *Smithfield*, than to dwell in a *Popish Gluttonous Kitchen*, tho' exposed to the Rage and Fury of *Merry-Andrews*, *Jack-Puddings*, *red-hot Irons*, and *Toreys*."

The description of Gilbert Burnet is deliciously rich. He ought to have been a prison chaplain. No fox-hunter was keener in desire to be "in at the death." His account of Rochester's last hours had been published within two years before (compare our pp. 683, 688, 713, 771):

"The Reverend *Scot*, Dr. *B . . . t*, so Remarkable for disturbing the Sick, no sooner heard of the Torments and bitter Agonies of his Beloved Board in the Lord, but he made hast to give him some crums of *Christian Consolation*, before he departed this Life, by which he might be the better Enabled to undergoe with Patience so fiery a Tryal; the *Salamanca* Doctor [1] was designed to be sent for, because he had sworn through so many Boards, and therefore was the fitter to Pray by one, but Dr. *B . . . . .* 's voluntary Visit prevented it, who upon his first visit saluted the Board with an *Holy Kiss*," &c. Burnet promises the Board that it shall become as one of the Cedars of Lebanon, after incremation, and makes sundry inquiries as to the chances of Monmouth succeeding to the throne, or Presbyterianism prevailing in England, the likelihood of a Parliament, "for I long to be thanked for my Regalia"; his opinion of Papillion and Dubois being Sheriffs; whether the *Polish Topski* (see p. 687) should "dye in his bed" (which he did, and not on the scaffold, as some expected); whether Burnet himself should ever become Rector of the Kirk called Mary Hill; [2] and at last, being angry at a number of Noes where he expected Yeses, he is asked by the Board not to "Sham[e] the world with a *Narrative of my Life*."

2.—Another such broadside was issued at the same time, in London, professedly "printed for *T*—— *Rimar*, 1682." It is entitled "*A Sober Vindication of the Reverend Dr. and the Harmless* Board; *lately clew'd together in a* Prophane Pasquill, *&c.*, together with an *Apology* for the truly *Worthy Patron* of *Wit* and *Criticism* F. S." This was, no doubt, intended for F. Shepherd. It makes merry with Burnet, saying that he was never admitted to the sick-bed of Rochester but for his diversion. But it is dull, and offensively personal, in comparison with the former broadsheet. 3.—Next followed "*A Real Vindication of Dr.*

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[1] Titus Oates, see note on p. 667.

[2] Where Burnet preached, expecting to obtain the living, before he fled to William of Orange. In a satire of the time, entitled the "Assembly of Moderate Divines" (beginning with an address to Dryden, "Pray pardon me, John Bayes, for I beg your excuse"), we read,

> But *Gilbert*, where art thou? thou man of the Lord,
> For *Mary Hill's* lost, you may take the *Planks* word.
> Between you and I, 'twas a *Prophetick Board*.

B . . . . . from the Base and Scandalous Affronts put upon him in two late Scurrilous Pamphlets, Intituled, The Last Words, &c.; *And,* A Sober Vindication, &c.," viz. those that we have mentioned. This *Real Vindication* is dull and commonplace, without the ghost of a jest in it, and was "printed for D. N. 1682," London. Did not the Doctor write this himself? if not, it comes from one who "sat under him."

4.—There were also "*More Last Words and Sayings of the* True Protestant Elm-Board: *or, a full Answer to a late pretended Sober Vindication of the Dr. and the Board.*" This purports to be written by the author of (1) The *Last Words*, and rakes the foes fore and aft; Elkanah Settle, Fleetwood Shepherd, Sir Thomas Creswel (meaning Sir T. Player, who had evil dealings with her), and Thomas Firmin, coming in for a shot apiece. Moreover, it pretends to be "Printed for S. Hadwel, 1682:" of course, ridiculing the pronounced Protestantism of good-humoured Tom Shadwell, Dryden's "Og"—of whom we are told (falsely, but wittily),

> With all this bulk, there's nothing lost in *Og*,
> For every inch that is not Fool is Rogue.

Since "brevity is the soul of wit," the author only fills one page of his leaf.

As to the Hatfield Vision (our p. 786): we possess the account which assumes to be "printed for *Benjamin Harris*, and sold by *Langley Curtis* in Goatham Court, 1681." It was published in the beginning of April. It is entitled *A Choice Collection of Wonderful Miracles, Ghosts, and Visions.* The cure of King's Evil is reported from Crookhorn in the County of Somerset, attested by Henry Clark, Minister of the said Parish, Captain James Bale, Shiolock, Stackby, and five others. The girl's name was Elizabeth Parcet, aged 20, a poor widow's daughter. The original document was exhibited at the Amsterdam Coffee-House, in Bartholomew Lane. The cure was stated to have been performed by the Duke's Touch, at White Lodge in Henton Park, shortly before the date mentioned above. Then the account is burlesqued by a narrative of another cure, supposed to be wrought by "Mrs. *F*——, the Duke of Monmouth's sister." "The Hatfield Vision" is next reprinted, and similarly burlesqued. Then follows "Tom Ross's Ghost," and the "Oxford Alderman's Speech"; finishing with "The Ghost of the Late Parliament [Charles the Second's fourth] to the New One to meet at *Oxford*," and A Canto, "As Popish Farriers," &c. (Wood's Coll., 417, art. 51: reprinted, from other copies, on our pp. 805, 797, 838, and 800.)

Of the four appearances to Elizabeth Freeman, the first was

on Jan. 24th, 168⅘, "she sitting by her Mother's fireside, between five and six of the clock in the evening, with a child in her Lap, she heard a Voice behind her, which mildly said, *Sweet-heart:* Whereupon she turned her Face back, saw an appearance of a Woman, as she conceived, all in White, covered with a white Vail, so that she saw no Face, but a very white Hand was laid on the back of her Chair, and said [the Hand said?] to her, The 15th day of May it is appointed for the *Royal Blood* to be Poisoned; and further said, *Be not afraid, for I am sent to tell thee:* And so vanished." The apparition returned on the three following evenings, but the last time remained silent.

Frank Smith got into disgrace, this "Protestant News-monger and Munster Imp" (he being an Anabaptist), for an unsuccessful attempt on the virtue of his maid. The story is told in a ballad (Wood's Coll., 417, art. 56), avowedly "printed for *Benjamin Harris*, 1681," London, in the beginning of April. It is entitled "The Leacherous Anabaptist: or, The Dipper Dipt. A New Protestant Ballad," beginning, "O ye Roundheads and Whiggs, for ever be silent." The fourth of its six verses, to the tune of Packington's Pound, runs thus:—

He writes twice a week News Domestick & Forrain,[1]
As seditious as *Care*, *Ben. Harris*, or *Curtis;*
Great Lyes in abundance from *France* & from *Lorrain*,
But never says word of his Maid: what a Cur 'tis?
He tells us strange Stories,
Of *Papists* and *Tories;*
But this I'le say for him, that his Maid no Whore is:
For Frank *twelve* Geneva *good Bibles did proffer*,
To Lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

Ben Harris does not escape scot-free; for, in another broadside ballad, "London: Printed for Francis Smith, 1681," and published in the beginning of April, he meets ridicule. The title is "The Protestant Cuckold: a New Ballad. Being a full and perfect Relation how *B. H.* [*Benjamin Harris*] the Protestant Newsforger, caught his beloved Wife *Ruth* in ill Circumstances. To the Tune of *Packington's Pound;* Or, *Timothy Dash*, the Scrivener's Apprentice." Of the ten verses this is the first:—

Though the Town does abound so with Plots and with Shams,
Yet I a true Story to you will relate;
The Godly can sport too, and play you like Lambs,
Which does appear true by poor *Benjamin's* Fate.

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[1] Smith's paper was *Protestant Intelligence.* In 1680, Hy. Care, or Carr (nicknamed "Harry Lungs," in C.B.'s *Mock Press*, No. 1), issued *The Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome;* Francis Smith was tried for publishing *Tom Ticklefoot;* and Jane Curtis for *A Satyr upon Injustice, or Scroggs upon Scroggs.*

There's a Judgment in't,
Which I can't chuse but hint,
Because he a Lye once from * *Crookhorn* did print: * D. *M.'s* Cure
Oh ye Tories *look big, and rejoyce at this News,* [*sic*].
For Benjamin's *Wife is made free of the Stews.*

There seems to have been a foundation for the story; some gallant, this Timothy, coming to her window, when Harris happened to be at home, was received with a drubbing, which caused such an outcry that the neighbours were aroused. It is taken up in another broadside ballad, entitled "The Saint turn'd Curtezan; or, A new Plot discovered by a precious Zealot, of an Assault and Battery design'd upon the Body of a Sanctify'd Sister, &c. To the Tune of the Quakers Ballad; or, All in the Land of Essex." No printer's name or date, but evidently of the same time, April, 1681. Harris and his wife had previously been pilloried together. The ballad, of twenty-one verses, begins, "All in the Zealous City, Near the *Exchange* so Royal," &c. The burden is,

Help *Care*, *Vile*, *Smith*, and *Curtis*,
Each zealous Covenanter,
What hopes have we got
To defeat the Sham-Plot,
If a Sister turns a Ranter?

The cudgelling is styled "A Dryden's Salutation," in reference to the assault infamously made by hired bullies on "Glorious John," at the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham, when attributing to Dryden the satire written by Mulgrave.

Among the Goodwin Pamphlets, 2228, art. 63, at the Bodleian, one is "*A Short but Just Account of the Tryal of Benjamin Harris*, upon an Information brought against him for printing and vending a late seditious Book called *An Appeal from the Countrey to the City* for the preservation of his Majesties Person, Liberty, Property, and the Protestant Religion. Printed in the year 1679." This "seditious Book" was by Charles Blount (see our p. 761). Thus "The Groaning-Board" is linked to "Esau's Birthright" by Harris.

Pages 114, 115. A tune is mentioned, "*When cold winter storms are past.*" This takes its name from the first line of a ballad in the Pepys Collection, v. 268, entitled "The Scotch Lass deceiv'd, by her Bonny Lad Jockey. To a New Scotch Tune of Mr. Farmer's;" four lines of music given. Ten-line stanzas. White-letter. "Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner, near West Smithfield, 1688. This may be Printed, R[obt]. P[ocock]." Although printed, or reprinted, in 1702, the entire materials of "The Midshipman's Garland," (except line 35 of "Russell's Triumph,") appear to belong to ten years earlier date.

Page 121, note. See No. 114 of Thackeray's Bagford List.

Page 125. **Top-Knots and Commodes.**

"Out! hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man. Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?"—*Twelfth Night*, iv. 2.

We gladly give the now-recovered ballad of "The Virgin's Complaint," lost from *Musick-à-la-Mode*.

[Bagford Collection, I. 72 (*Lost*); Pepys, v. 178.]

The Virgin's Complaint
For want of a Husband.

To the Tune of, *Robin Cushee* [i.e. *quo' she*].

I'M a Lass both brisk and Fair,
Sparkling Eye, and Coal-black Hair;
Fine lac'd Shoes and Top-knots rare,
Yet no Man comes to wooe me.

Come, come, come away;
Marry me without delay;
My Heart will break if long you stay,
My Maiden-head will undoe me.

I have Twenty Pound in Gold,
That as good as e'er was told,
And I'm but Fifteen Years old,
Yet no Man comes to wooe me. *Come*, &c.

I am Plump, and I am Fat,
I can talk, and I can chat,
I have something, you know what,
Yet no Man comes to wooe me. *Come*, &c.

I am neither Rich, nor Poor,
I was never Miss[1] nor Whore,
I had ne'er my Placket tore,[2]
Yet no Man comes to wooe me. *Come*, &c.

---

[1] See our note on p. 601.

[2] The tearing of her placket, or her ruff, indicated a woman's frailty; often with a "shindy" in a brothel. Mine Ancient Pistol was given to this malpractice, as well as to some others. No wonder that Doll Tearsheet could not abide him. "Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither. It is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England." He himself threatens her, "I will murther

Tho I be pretty, Brisk and Fair,
Grave as are the clouds of Air,
I am now at my last Pray'r,
Yet no Man comes to wooe me. *Come*, &c. 24

Robin came upon the Sham,[1]
Told me many [a] Lye and Flam,
But away he went, and no more came,
And no Man comes to wooe me. *Come*, &c. 28

Richard took me in the Nick,
Told me that he was Love-sick,
Yet did intend to do the Trick,
But never came to wooe me. *Come*, &c. 32

I sometimes laugh, and sometimes Sing,
Me in favour for to bring,
But a *Taylor* now or anything,[2]
For no Man comes to wooe me. *Come*, &c. 36

Dolly, *Molly*, *Susan*, *Bess*,
Pretty Maids in civil Dress,[3]
All Night do lye succourless,
For no Man comes to wooe them. *Come*, &c. 40

I protest, if you stay long,
You will do us more than wrong,
And thus I do conclude my Song,
In hopes of one to wooe me. *Come*, &c. 44

Come, come, come away;
Marry me without delay;
My Heart will break if long you stay,
My Maiden-head will undoe me. 48

[In White-letter. No woodcut. Date by or before 1691.]

---

your Ruffe for this." And she also says, "You a Captaine? you slave, for what? For *tearing* a poor Whore's Ruffe in a Bawdy-house?" (*Henry IV.*, Part 2, Act iv. Sc. 1.) For the tune, "Joan's Placket is torn," see *Pop. Music*, p. 518.

[1] The word "sham" came into vogue in 1680, in reference to the plots.

[2] "Are thy wishes sunk so low,
And yet can none thee favour show?"

[3] Why the night-rail is called *civil*, except = convenient, or obliging, we know not. Of earlier date it was *couche-tout-nue*, without raillery.

On the same leaf, Pepys, v. 178, is another ball "The Conquered Virgin." At the bottom is "*Prin Company of Chanters.*"

Not improbably one of the three lost songs of ou have been the following, which is of nearly the It is a rebuke, given by

The Coy Lass,

Dress'd up in her best Commode and Top-

DO not rumple my *Top-Knot*,
I'll not be kiss'd to-day;
I'll not be hawl'd and pull'd about,
Thus on a Holiday:
Then if your Rudeness you don't leave,
No more is to be said;
See, this long Pin upon my Sleeve
I'll run up to the Head:
And if you rumple my Head-Gear,
I'll give you a good flurt on the Ear.

Come upon a Worky-day,
When I have my old Cloaths on;
I shall not be so nice nor Coy,
Nor stand so much upon:
Then hawl and pull and do your best,
Yet I will gentle be:
Kiss hands, and Mouth, and feel my Breast,
And tickle to my knee:
I won't be put out of my rode,
You shall not rumple my *Commode*.

Sensible lass! like John Gilpin's wife, a century later, we are glad to find,

Although on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

Another of our Bagford ballads, lost from the group of Musick à la Mode, is probably the "Advice to the Maidens of London." If it be not proved incontestably that a fanatical preacher against feminine vanities took his sermon-text from St. Matthew xxiv. 17, and gave it out as "Top [K]not come down!" it is, to say the least, not more unlikely than many other indecorous perversions of Scripture recorded; even before the days of Sidney Smith, whose jokes are mostly flavoured with profanity in the worst sense of the word. The foregoing ballad, with those on pp. 122 and 934, show the popular jests on the subject of Top-Knots. The tower-like building-up of head-gear with these ribbons, or the starched laces and frills, resembling the attire of modern Europa's representative, has been exceeded in height and bulk in recent years[1] with false hair: more cumbrous than what Shakespeare described:—

> So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.—*M. of Venice*, iii. 2.

---

[1] A fair young face can bear without much injury any ugliness of fashion; and no adornment will make certain "advanced" spinsters tolerable. The objection urged in the "Advice to the Maidens of London," is that persons in a lower rank of life and of doubtful respectability were imitating their betters. In a later time it is charged against the "Girl of the Period" that she imitates the *demi-monde*, the Pretty Horse-breakers, and denizens of St. John's Wood, whose photographs adorn respectable Albums, and whose names and protectors form subjects of conversation among virtuous matrons.

The tune mentioned belongs to Tom D'Urfey's song, "Advice to the Ladies" (distinct from our Bagford ditty, on p. 617, of later date, 1730) which begins,

> Ladies of *London*, both wealthy and fair,
> Whom every Town Fop is pursuing;
> Still of your Purses and Persons take care,
> The greatest Deceit lies in Wooing, &c.

Six eight-line verses, in *Pills to P. Mel.*, ii. 8. It also appears as a broadside, licensed by R. Pocock, 1685-88, and printed for J. Back (like our Douce ballad), in Roxb. Coll., ii. 5. The music and first verse are given in *Pop. Mus.*, p. 593. Tom D'Urfey wrote other ditties to the same tune, one being intended as a companion "Advice to the Beaus," beginning "All jolly Rake-hells that sup at the *Rose*, And midnight Intrigues are contriving" (for an account of the various disreputable taverns bearing the sign of the Rose, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and others, see J. Larwood and J. C. Hotten's *History of Signboards*, p. 135). Another by D'Urfey was a favourite in broadsides, "The Wanton Virgins Frighted: to the same tune." It commences, "You that delight in a Jocular Song, Come listen unto me a while, Sir." Both are in *Pills*, ii. 10, 12. Among other songs to the same tune are "The St. Giles's Broker," "There was a wealthy old Broker of late;" "William the Miller, who lives in the West;" "Will you know why the old misers adore;" and "A country gentleman came up to Town;" Roxb. Coll., ii. 444, 519, 530, 101. Also, The Country Maidens Resolution, "There came up a Lass from a Country Town," in Douce Collection.

[Douce Collection, I. 1.]

Advice to the Maidens of London:

To forsake their Fantastical TOP-KNOTS.

Since they are become so Common with *Billings-gate* Women, and the Wenches that cryes *Kitchin-Stuff:* Together with the Wanton Misses of the Town.

To the Tune of, *Ye Ladies of* London. *This may be printed*, R. P[ocock].

[There are two cuts here. We add the left-hand one on opposite page.]

NOw you young Females that follows the Mode,
both beautiful, brown, black, and muddy;
You must expect for to Reap what you've Sow'd,
for making of Pride all your study:
These very Lines I send to you now
concerning your Noddles adorning;

Towers and *Top-Knots* we will not allow,
and therefore take this for a warning.
Do but consider the Women of Old,
who flourished not in large Laces,
Nor in your glistering Silver and Gold,
but with many more Modest Graces:
But now at length these things are forgot,
and women are monstrous wicked,
Susan and *Joan* they will have a *Top-Knot*,
although they have never a Smicket.[1]
Every Dragel-tayled Country Girl,
when once she comes up to the City,
If she can get but a Ribbon-Fallal,
O then she is wondrous pritty:
Thus Al-a-mode they're willing to seem,
when e're they go trooping together,
Like a Fore-horse of a Country Team
deckt up in their flourishing Feather.

HEre we may see what young Damsels will do;
before they will want of their pleasure,
Nancy and *Nell*, of the *Billings-gate* Crew,
they'l Mortage their secret Treasure,

[1] How did the author know this? Was he like the young ladies who bore testimony to the parson's shirt?—

With a great deal of blushing and grinning,
Said they'd all taken notice of Mr. Smith's linen.

For a *Top-Knot*, besure they'l have one,
to wear on their heads when they're ready,
And as they trip it to *Islington*,
ye scarce can know Joan from my Lady.[1]

Kate the Cook-Maid is as fine as the rest,
behind there is no one shall leave her,
She'l have a *Top-Knot* to wear when she's drest,
or else it would certainly grieve her;
Her Kitchin-stuff she often will sell,
to purchase that Ranting Attire,
And when she wears it, it pleases her well,
to think how Young-men her admire.

But as for those that have Money to seek,
and cannot tell where they shall find it,
They there *Top-Knots* will take up by the week,
and pay when the Devil is blinded;[2]
What need they care if they have their Pride,
The Al-a-mode Fashions of *London*,
Fine Hoods and Laces, with Top-Knots beside,
without which, alas! they are undon.

Some Misses wear as much Ribbon a top
in this their most Gaudy Attire,
As if their Head was a Milliners Shop,
and she would have no one pass by her,
But what should come and handle her Ware,
and they having Money, she'd ease 'um,
Being drest up in their *Top-Knot* and Hair,
she may be sufficient to please 'um.

---

[1] "Joan's as good as my Lady (in the dark)" was not only a proverbial saying, but there were two, if not more, ballads on the subject. One is Joan to her Lady, beginning, "Lady, sweet, now do not frown;" *Pills*, iv. 80. Charles Dibdin wrote one "Joan is as good as my Lady," in 1808, beginning "Neat Nelly, the milkmaid, in short-waisted gown." It was in "The Rent Day."

[2] "When the Devil is blind" seems to have been proverbial, for never-come-day. It is not only the burden of an early Loyal Song, to the tune of "Blue-Cappe for me," beginning "Let Scots now return at Lesley's demand; How all the affairs in the North part do stand" (*Rump Collection*, 1662, i. 8); but we find it also used similarly in each verse of the black-letter ballad (4to. Rawlinson, 566, fol. 94) entitled "Poor Robin's Prophesie," which begins "All you that delight for to hear a new song." This is the 183rd of Thackeray's Bagford List. See pp. 438, 534, and additional notes to both on pp. 976, 985, as to other methods of expressing the unlikelihood of an event.

Seeing this Al-a-mode wear of the Town,
by *Gillians* is practis'd so common,
It is high time that it now was laid down
by every Honest Woman;
If that you will but let them alone,
O then I shall not be Offended,
Gillian and *Dolly* will straightways be known
from those that are better descended.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Blare*, at the Sign of the *Looking-Glass* on *London-Bridge*.

[In Black-letter. Date, certainly not later than 1688.]

Page 125. The Bartholomew Fair song, "Here's that will challenge," &c., is in Playford's *Pleasant Musical Companion*, Book 2, 1687. Music by Henry Purcell.

Page 133. "Sheepheard Tonie," long a mystery, we believe ourselves to have tracked home. More hereafter. For the unlucky adventures of a Scottish *Damon*, see *General Introduction*, p. xxvi.

Page 154. Answer to the Damosel's Tragedy.

Near the end of the original Roxburghe Collection is a ballad that cannot well be dispensed with, never yet reprinted. We are glad to give here, for completeness, the second part of the Damosel's Tragedy: the early portion of which appeared on our pages 154–157 (Bagford Coll., ii. 46). As in the case of the gardener's boy imprisoned guiltlessly in a companion hot-house, to balance well with the culprit who was already confined in one for stealing peaches (as related by Sir Walter Scott), we must attend to the principles of "symmetry." Even Cook-maids and Dying Damosels have their rights to Second Parts or "Answers."

We hereby ascertain that our damsel's name was Nelly, and her lover's Johnny. He may well declare that he "never heard a more killinger story," and we are willing to believe it, even before he himself rejoins her, under the daisies;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 542.]

The Young Mans Complaint,

Or, An Answer to the Damosels Tragedy.

When Friends deny, and won't comply,
but let them suffer smart,
We often see such Cruelty,
will break a Lovers heart.

To the tune of, 'Charon, [make haste, and ferry me over,]' &c. This may be Printed, R[obt]. P[ocock].

[Three cuts, in original: the centre is on p. 940.]

NOw for the loss of my amorous Jewel,
I am surrounded in grief and woe.
It was thy Parents unkind and most cruel,
which did occasion thy overthrow:
For my dear *Nell* I did adore thee,
but we was too much kept apart,

There was no one that I e're priz'd before thee,
thy Death alone does lye near my heart.

Farewel the hopes of all peace, joy, and pleasure,
I have no comfort, but care and grief,
Often in private I weep out of measure,
'tis Death alone must yield me relief:
Love, when I first heard of thy Dying,
tho' we had long been kept apart,
I tore my hair in a passion, and crying
this Damsels death will lye near my heart.

Down from his Eyes then the tears they did trickle,
with many sorrowful sighs, said he,
It is well known that I never was fickle,
for I lov'd none in the world but thee:
Had I been suffer'd to come near thee,
thou hadst not felt Death's cruel Dart,
I would have laid down my life for to cheer thee,
for thy Death now does lye near my heart.

For many months I did never behold her,
this was a sorrow that griev'd me sore,
Her unkind Parents had oftentimes told her,
that she should never come near me more:
Thus did they soon blast all her glory,
for when she felt Deaths fatal Dart,
I never heard a more killinger story,
this Damsels death doth lye near my heart.

Then in her absence my poor heart was wounded,
for I might not come anear my joy;
When I cou'd see her we then was surrounded,
in the sweet Raptures of Love and joy:
But by her friends we were tormented,
so that we felt Loves fatal smart,
She by strong Poyson her Passion has vented,
This Damsels death does lye near my heart.

As she was dying, poor heart, she did blame me,
She knew not very well what she said,
Tho' with sad sorrowful sighs she did name me,
'twas not her Love that her life betray'd:
For if I might [have] enjoy'd the blessing,
she should have never felt the smart,

Now am I nothing but torments possessing,
this Damosels Death doth lye near my heart. 48

This sad Distraction so much doth inthrall me,
that I am restless both night and day,
Methinks I often hear my Love call me,
saying sweet *Johnny*, make haste away: 52
Let there be now no more delaying,
why shou'd we still remain apart,
Where e're I wander, I fancy this saying,
her Death doth now lye so near my heart. 56

Thou in thy life-time didst dearly adore me,
as by thy sorrow I well might see,
Tho' thou art gone hence, a little before me,
Love, i'le lye down in the Grave with thee: 60
Farewell, my Friends and each Relation,
here with the World and you i'le part,
For I shall be in a far better station,
when I'm with Nelly, *my own dear heart.* 64

[Printer's name cut off. Black-letter. Date, 1685-8. For tune, see p. 453: "The Despairing Lover's Address to Charon," &c., Douce Coll., i. 58.]

Page 167. A True Sense of Sorrow.

"It was not for nothing," say the good wives, "that my nose bled yesterday at sundown; that the cat sneezed thrice; that the pig came round the corner with a straw in his mouth; that a winding-sheet grew in the candle, a stranger fluttered from the bars, a coal flew out and burnt a hole in the hearth-rug, and Jenny saw the new moon through the window-pane without turning any of her money!" Certainly not: and it was not for anything less that we felt a superstitious creeping and crawling ought to attend the devout perusal of our Bagford Ballad, concerning the pious tribulation of the Poor Yorkshireman; so that we were almost disappointed at the benevolent stranger failing to be stript of disguise and revealed as a visitor from another and a hotter world.

We put faith in our instincts, for they rarely deceive us. We never struggled to overcome our first repugnances without seeing reason thereafter to repent having trusted persons, against whom innate antagonisms warned us to beware. We have since found out all about the Yorkshireman; in time to assure Ballad-Society members that it is a case of gross imposition. He did not even belong to Yorkshire: indeed, he never appeared sufficiently 'cute to spring from those extensive Ridings, where hospitality to strangers and over-reaching of horse-buyers are equally encouraged. If he ever existed at all, which is doubtful, he was only a miserable Essex man at best; and it *was* the Foul Fiend who mocked him, by bestowing on him a bag of money which proved to be nothing but withered oak-leaves (it always looked more like a race of hoax than of ledger). The Evil One kept tempting him, quite unnecessarily, to murder his wife, who had a pair of kids upon her hands. They only needed to be left alone to die of their own accord. In brief: we here gain another proof of the unscrupulous roguery characterizing that very demonstratively "Protestant" publisher Jonah Deacon (see p. 590, and *pass him*). We know that Robert Pocock licensed the ballad between 1685 and 1688. It was stolen, in the most unblushing manner, from the first part of another, published fully sixty years earlier by Henry Gosson; not only to the same tune, but nearly identical in words, so far as the copy was made. The original is in two parts, and of 184 lines. It is entitled, "A New Ballad, shewing

the great misery sustained by a poore man in *Essex*, his wife and children, with other strange things done by the Devill. To the tune of the Rich Merchantman." It begins,

A poore *Essex* man
that was in great distresse,
Most bitterly made his complaint,
in griefe and heavinesse;
Through scarcity and want
he was oppressed sore,
He could not find his children bread,
he was so extreme poore. &c.

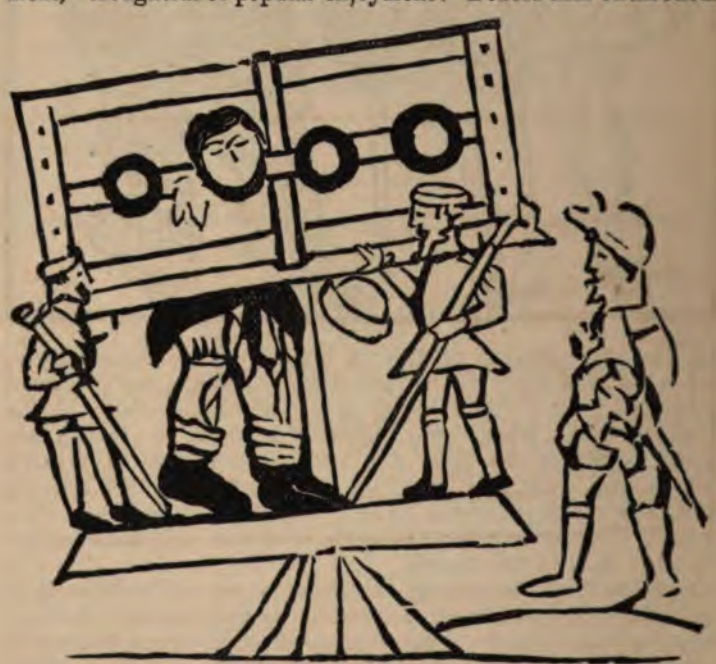
After all, this affords an example of the publishers' tricks by which ballads were re-issued, a little altered to suit changes of taste and fluctuations in the market: *crambe bis cocta.* (The above cut is in Gosson's ballad, Roxb. Coll., i. 286. One holds a large purse for small mercies. Notice the Tempter's leer of private life!)

Pages 189, 209, 872. Thanks to the liberality of *The Early English Text Society* (which has done such good work since 1863, and is ready to do more if increasingly supported), we are enabled to enrich our pages by adding such woodcuts from Harman's *Caueat for Commen Cvrsetors*, 1567, as illustrate the subject of professional beggars and impostors. The first is a

double representation of Nicolas Blount, in his holiday attire, when he lived freely among the morts and dells, a gay spark and amorous, "an Upright Man," according to the lingo of the Canting tribe: which term Awdeley explains as, "One that goeth wyth the trunchion of a staffe, which staffe they cal a Filtchman. This man is of so much authority, that meeting with any of his profession, he may cal them to accompt, & comaund a share or snap vnto himselfe, of al that thay have gained by their trade in one moneth. [No "honesty among th . . . . s."] And if he doo them wrong, they haue no remedy agaynst hym, no though he beate them, as he vseth comonly to do. He may also comaund any of their women, which they cal Doxies, to serue his turne. He hath ye chiefe place at any market walke, & other assemblies, & is not of any to be controled."—*The Fraternitye of Vacabondes*, 1575. The same picture shows him in his professional "undress," as a "Counterfeit Cranke," or

Shamming Sick-man, under the *alias* of Nicolas Genynges. The single staff for the two is a neat artistic touch.

Evil days sometimes strip his holiday plumes from him. We find this "hendy Nicholas" (not Chaucer's, who as well deserved it[1]) exposed in the Pillory, in the next engraving. The absence of discernible features lower than the eyelids (which are closed in modest bashfulness, or for other sufficient reasons), is suggestive of the crowd having already indulged in tributary dues of mud or incipient chickens. The authoritative beadles shrink into diminutive minniken beside the stalwart hero of the civic triumph. It was sometimes part of the sentence that the term of exposure was divided, so that the culprit might be turned in different directions for each quarter of an hour. This was done to give an opportunity to every portion of the expectant crowd to see the object of regard, and "have a shy," or as our moderns say, "hull half a brick at him." What a thing it is to possess a "paternal government," thoughtful of popular enjoyment! Behold him enthroned.



[1] Chaucer's Nicholas received about as warm a salute as it is possible for any one to obtain; of the two he would have preferred the pillory. But it was the colophon, not the title-page, of the volume that suffered.

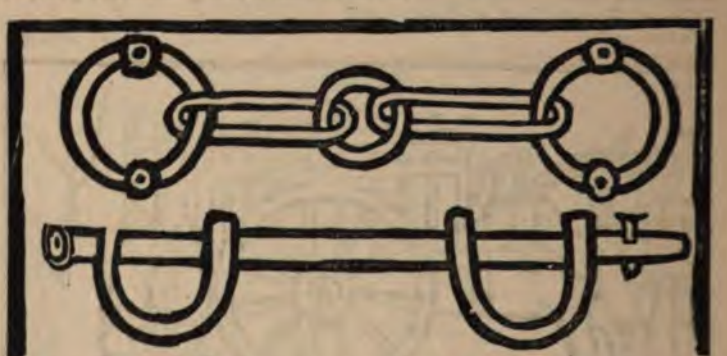
In the original a manly blush is hinted, on his face, by a wash of reddish colour.

We have a few more representations of the pillory to give hereafter. The above may be compared with our own cut of Dangerfield exposed in the pillory (on p. 706); but our original was truly an imitation of a larger picture of Titus Oates. The other Dangerfield picture may similarly have been borrowed: his whipping at the Cart's-Tail. Here is the much earlier representation, from Harman, Anno. Dom. 1567. It shows literally the reverses of two culprits, illustrated by cuts. Notice the vivacity of "the fiery and untamed steed," we may not write quadruped, the absence of hind-legs notwithstanding. "Again he urges on his wild career." He is animated by hearing the playful *whip behind*, which, with "his own thought drove him like a goad," as Tennyson puts it. "He listened to the sound, so familiar to his ear." But the London Sheriffs always rebuked indecorous haste, because it shortened the time allotted for punishment—"*Festina lente*," they exclaimed. "Don't hurry so fast, please! Why make a toil of a pleasure?"

After this, the suggestive picture of whips and rods, suitable for such a "brushing up" process, comes in appropriately.

As we see it, both in peace and waur, the "three-fold cord" was a knotty subject, like the modern nine-tailed Cat that scratches. None but the birch-rods were for feminine shoulders, we hope: although "holy Russia" employs the Knout on Polish ladies and Nuns.

They were suitable for outdoor walking exercise. We add some of the fetters or "gyves," for prisoners: movable ornaments, though heavy and costly. (The "Scavenger's Daughter," whose iron embrace cramped all the limbs together, was reserved, at the Tower of London, for State offences.)



These were "portable property." But the Stocks, of course, needed an investor to give up rambling for the season, and "strictly meditate the thankless muse," unless he had other subjects for contemplation. If of a philosophic turn, like Dr. Riccabocca, he might enjoy his pipe. If he were like the wight in our General Introduction,[1] instead of piping, he could retain his fiddle. A friend, in either case, might bring a pot of ale, to cheer his thoughts of England's wooden-walls, or speculations made in Timber. The society of lovely woman was not denied to him:

"While I have these, my Friend and Pitcher."

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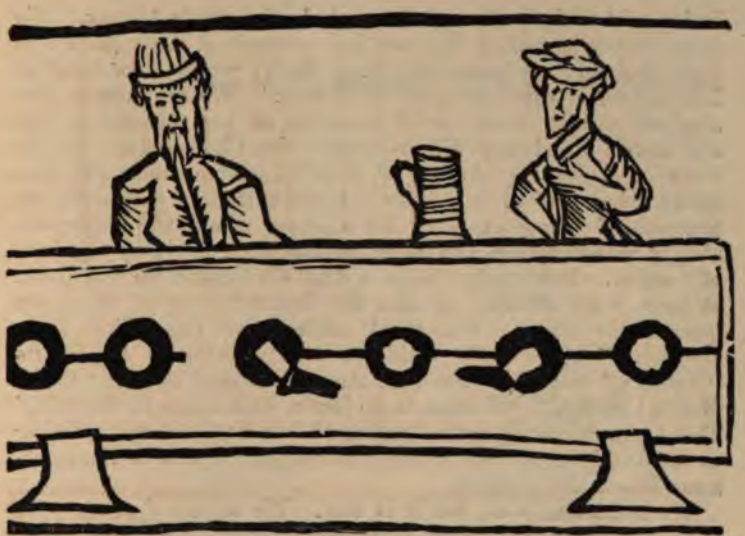
[1] *Page* xxxiv. Where the offence was not grievous, or the officials admitted some "compunctious visitings," only one leg was locked into the Stocks.



"And this place our forefathers made for man!"—*Coleridge.*

Page 199. True Love Rewarded with Cruelty.

"François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,
His hands widely spread, His complexion like lead,
Ev'ry hair that he has standing up on his head,
As when Agnes des Moulins first catching his view,
Now right, and now left, rapid glances he threw,
Then shriek'd with a wild and unearthly halloo,
Mon Dieu! v'là deux! By the Pope, there are Two!!!"

Ingoldsby Legends.

On our page 199 we had already expressed the doubt we felt when transcribing and reprinting "The Cook-Maid's Cruelty" (Bagford Coll., ii. 52 *verso*), and the "Answer to the Cook-Maid's Tragedy" (Bagford Coll., ii. 59 *verso*; ii. 97 *verso*. All these three were mutilated, but we regained the lost lines from Pepysian-Library duplicates). We could not feel satisfied that these two ballads were connected. We believed our suspicion to be well founded, and at first deceived ourselves with a hope of being able to give here the veritable first part of "The Cook-Maid's Tragedy." If the following ballad were what we

had sought to find, we might now study the whole history. We might flatter ourselves that we had ascertained the "Mary" of the "Answer" to have been Mary Story, "who once lived at Limehouse, in the County of Middlesex." We are certain that she had nothing whatever of homicide on her conscience, that she never killed her fellow-servant the Chamberlain, in the town of Andover ("Andever," p. 174), and consequently was never taken before a Justice, or committed to jail, with the prospect of being executed for a crime which was, after all, simply manslaughter, the blow having been dealt in the heat of passion. But surely this is a third Cook-maid (two of them, at least, were *Maries*), or else the details in one of them are inaccurately stated. For, alas! neither does this "True Love Rewarded" agree with what we rashly believed to be its "Answer," nor does the said Answer belong to the "Cook-Maid's Cruelty." "I think there be six Richmonds in the field." There are certainly three Cookmaids, and this is as confusing as the double apparition of the Sister of Mercy was to the handsome Black-Musquetaire.

We feel humiliated, but it is true. We cannot shut our eyes to the discrepancies. *Mary Story*, formerly of Limehouse, "took grief and died, about the latter end of July, 1683." But the other Mary, "dear innocent *Mary*" (no connexion with any other establishment at Andover), "in Covent Garden," for the sake of Thomas the Coachman, did what Dinah did in her fatal love for Villikins of a later date; and took a "cup of cold poison," or "a potion of poison," as the said Thomas expressed it. Now Mary Story's swain was a "deceitful George." In the one case it was a matter of money deficient; in the other it was matrimony that was denied.

To us these divergences are conclusive against any theory of identity. Thomas the Coachman is still in our Hue and Cry. Mary to Mary is quite contrary (the other Cook-maid is left for execution without any petition for mitigation of sentence). We give the third ballad without the faintest self-persuasion that it has historical connexion with the others, and resolve to forswear the company of Cook-maidens for ever, if they are going to give us so much trouble.

"*Vîld doux!*"—*Vîld quatre! encore une Marie, Cuisinière.* On our p. 47 is another "Mary, a Cookmaid," one Mary Low, who *drowned* (not poisoned) herself for love's sake, in Rosamond's Pond, July 1704. Surely the kitchen fire must have singularly failed as a remedy for the flames of Cupid, on the *similia similibus curantur* principle.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 463; IV. 58.]

True Love Rewarded with Cruelty.

Being a true Account of one *Mary Story*, a Maid, who once lived at *Limehouse*, in the County of *Middlesex*, that was in love with one who had promised her Marriage, so that the Wedding-day was appointed, but he changed his mind, and forsook her, whereupon she took greif, and dyed about the latter end of July, 1683.

TUNE OF, *Tender hearts of* London *City.*

[We reproduce above the first cut of Roxb. Coll., ii. 463. Instead of it, there is in Roxb. Coll., iv. 58, the lady who is shown on our page 151. The present left-hand fragment of a German woodcut accompanies the mock-funeral frieze of p. 951 in the earlier Roxburghe copy. We have found other seven figures of the frieze (candle-bearers, cardinals, and priests, &c.) in a Chap-book of *Tom Thumb*, dated 1630.]

YOu that ever in love delighted,
Pitty me that now am slighted
by a young-man too unkind,
That did leave me, and deceive me,
which distracts both braine and mind.

I am strangely discontented,
Night and day I am tormented:
my heart is ready for to break;
But i'le give o're and love no more,
for my deceitfull *George's* sake.

But why talk I of giving over?
That am now a dying lover,
languishing through his disdain;
And now with smart I break my heart,
but he ne'r pitties this my pain.

He to me did promise Marriage;
Oh! but mind this strange miscarriage,
his wavering mind began to change,
He pleaded debt, which made me fret,
this alteration was so strange.

But he strove to stand the tryall,
What would follow his denyall,
and to my sorrow now I know
That I must die; most dreadfully
Love wrought my fatal overthrow.

That very day I should be married,
Then, alas! I so miscarried,
he said that he ow'd twenty pound;
This cruel news did me amuse,
and gave to me a mortal wound.

He said he'd not bring me to trouble,
Then my sorrows they grew double,
but 'twas onely a pretence
Me to deceive, and strangely leave,
as I have been informed since.

Oh, that he should be so cruel
To my flame to add a fuell
that a Maiden will destroy!
No hope can save me from my Grave,
since I have lost my only joy.

In him alone I was delighted,
Now my daies are all benighted,
all my comforts now are fled,
While I do mourn like one forlorn,
mind what I say on dying-bed.

Tho' there's nothing here can daunt thee,
Night and day i'le surely haunt thee,
wheresoever thou dost go;
You broke Loves laws, & that's the cause,
that has procured my overthrow.

YOur false tongue was quick and nimble,
With me you did so dissemble,
that you gain'd my tender heart,
Which now will break for your dear sake,
that are the cause of all my smart.

Call to mind your gross offences,
Broken vows, and false pretences,
which my ruine did procure;
My heart you won, and I'm undone,
cause you to me are so obdure.

Why should you be so ungratefull,
When I proved not deceitfull?
but as constant as the Dove;
Why at this rate do you me hate,
and slight me thus for my true love?

Oh! remember all your wishes,
Treacherous vows, and fawning kisses,
that you once bestow'd on me,
Me to insnare; but have a care,
lest my poor Ghost does trouble thee.

In your baseness never glory,
Boast not o're poor *Mary Story*,
time may come when you may rue
That you betray'd a harmless Maid,
who prov'd so loyal unto you.

Though these lines may little move thee,
For thy faults I must reprove thee
with my latest murmuring breath;
I once again do here complain
that thou hast brought me to my death.

You that I do leave behind me,
I intreat you all to mind me,
my last speeches ne'r forget,
This cruel man his Lover kills,
that he so light by her doth set.

Then she did begin to shiver,
All her joynts did shake and quiver,
her Cherry-lips looked wan and pale,
And cruel Death did stop her breath,
so strongly he did her assaile.

You that hear this mournful ditty,
Cannot chuse but greive, and pitty
this poor Creature, in distress,
For she did find he was unkind;
she died cause he was pittiless.

Young men never prove disloyal,
Put not Maidens to the tryal
when you come their loves to win,
Do not pretend to be a friend,
unless their ruines you'l begin.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball, in *West Smithfield*.

Page 203, line 18. Another Bow-Churchyard copy is in Douce Coll., i. 107, "sold by J. Cluer."

Page 210, line 2. Also a copy in Roxb. Coll., iii. 841.

Page 220. Compare Roxb. Coll., ii. 396, "A wealthy man, a Farmer, Who had of Corn good store;" entitled, "The Rich Farmer's Ruine, who murmur'd at the plenty of the seasons because he could not sell corn" at a high rate. 1685-88.

Page 230, third line of text. Read, "There are three distinct ballads on" *Russell's Farewell*. The right tune belongs to one on page 1002, as extra note to p. 806.

Page 257. The Waterman's Delight, *continued.*

"*Diana.*—Do you know he promised me marriage?
Parolles.—Faith, I know more than I'll speak."—*All's Well*, etc., v. 3.

SATISFACTORY it is to have found, at the Bodleian Library, and to be able here to reprint, the conclusion of our lively ballad entitled "The Waterman's Delight," which we gave already on p. 257, from Bagford Coll., ii. 82. That the same author wrote both parts, and that our present ballad is genuine and authentic, no reasonable doubt can be entertained.

For the sake of the young people, we could have wished that their course of true love, which runs exceptionally smooth, had been totally free from all errors of passion. In the second part the writer manages to conveniently forget that some questionable proceedings had been recorded, in connexion with the tavern at the river-side. In fact, he declares that the young lovers agreed, "of scandal being clear, to enjoy their sweet delight." We suppose the meaning of this to be, that nobody except the ballad-writer had as yet got hold of the story of their indiscretion, and Mrs. Candour was not declaring that it would be more charitable to hope the case not so bad as some folks reported.[1] Accidents will happen, in the best-regulated families. The young Waterman shows a proper sense of chivalry, in losing no time. He speedily induces the parents of his Lady-love to bestow her hand on him in marriage, before any birds of the air fly twittering about with whispered invocations of "Welcome, little stranger!"

Matters might have gone crookedly, if too long delayed. We heartily congratulate all parties on the happy termination of the wooing. Let us drink the health of the virgin-bride, and keep

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[1] Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn the blow;
But of all plagues, good heav'n, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend*.
The Anti-Jacobin: *New Morality*, 1798.

(This has the ring of Matthias.) Oddly enough, in the excellent woodcut which we give on p. 956, there is a confirmation of the scandal, for we see a little papoose, a sort of cradled Moses, floating down the stream towards the young lovers: "all the way from Baby-land" parsley-beds.

the secret inviolate for her sake. None of your tricks, gentle reader! no sly winks at "the flower of watermen, that's newly come from sea!" no treading on the lady's pretty feet, under the table, no whispers in her ear to raise a blush, and then bring the pallour of fear lest others heard you. Above all things, lock up the almanack, and do not count time backwards, in case another and quite unexpected "event of joy" should hereafter require our celebration.

In the same collection from which we borrow this Second Part is an exemplar of the First Part also, not a duplicate of our original, but a previous impression, with quite different woodcuts. One of these (which we give on a later page, 1016, in connexion with John Gadbury,) is a view of Old London, the Thames and St. Paul's before the Fire. By this Bodleian copy we see that the true date must have been 1665, or possibly still earlier. Many of our ballads are similarly of earlier date in composition than the prints which come to hand. If popular favour was secured, a ballad was reprinted many times. So soon as the back stock was exhausted, if demand continued, a fresh impression was issued, and almost always with changed wooodcuts.

[4to. Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 1.]

The Second Part Of the Water-mans Delight:[1]

Shews how a *Water-man* with good intent
Obtain'd his true Loves Parents free consent,
And Wedded was, gain'd stoore of wealth and treasure,
Where now they live at ease, injoying pleasure.

To the Tune of, *The Watermans Delight.*

YOu jovial Gallants all give ear
to what I shall recite,
You lately did the Ditty hear
of the Water-mans Delight:
How that he gain'd the favour
of a fair and comely Maid,
By his modest mild behaviour,
for a truth, as it was said.

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[1] See Bagf. Coll., ii. 82, for the First Part.

How daily on her beauty
his fancies it was fed,
And by diligence and duty
he gain'd her Maiden-head:
Now time the truth doth prove,
by promise in my art;
And now he injoys his Love
I have write[n] a Second Part.

This Virgin & the Waterman,
together then agreed,
That with all the hast[e] they can,
to marry with all speed,
And then without all fear,
to shun their Parents spite,
And of scandal being clear,
to enjoy their sweet delight.

For the love of his Dear
he strait did undertake,
For a truth as I did hear
her peace with fri[e]nds to make:
For he within the City
had a sure and trusty Friend,
That was both Rich and witty,
on whom he did depend.[1]

WHich Cloathed y^e^ Waterman
in gallant Rich Array,
And thus unto their Parents strait,
they took their ready way:
My Friend, then said the Citizen,
to you I came this day,
With me the flower of Watermen
that's newly come from Sea.

He Riches hath great store
to defend from care and strife,
And the truth is, doth want no more
but a good careful *Wife;*

[1] [There are three woodcuts shown in original, each one heading a column. The central is already on our p. 458 (the man); one to the left closely resembles the pair on p. 500. We give the third.]

You have a Daughter fair,
that's yet for to bestow,
There's few with this man can compare,
of all the Youths I know.

Grant him your free consents
to come unto your Daughter,
And unto all your intents,
it may prove your joys hereafter.
Her Parents both agree,
without further dispute,
The Maiden being called then,
he gave her a Salute.

Neither did notice take
that they did know each other,
But most strange on't they did make
to Father and to Mother.
Fair Virgin, said the Waterman,
thy Parents both agree,
That I should come now and then,
alone to visit thee.

The Maid did strait reply,
this seems to me most fine,
Tho' you have gain'd their consents,
yet you have not mine:
Sir, have you been at Sea,
and learn'd no better Skill,
Then first to ask my Friends consent,
then lastly my good-will.

Her Father then did say,
I charge you on my blessing,
That you my voice forthwith obey,
let no duty be missing.
If thou obey my Voice,
take thou both time and leasure,
If this Man prove thy choice,
thou shalt have store of treasure.

The Waterman at this did smile,
the Maiden blusht amain,
Dame *Venus* laught right out the while
at their delightful strain.
These Lovers did withdraw themselves
into a Parlour fair,
Where this jovial Waterman
his comming did declare.

Within a few daies the Waterman,
did so her Friends content,
Had y^e^ world been against him then,
he had gain'd their consent,
The Maid did him comme[n]d
to Father and to Mother;
She took him for her dearest Fri[e]nd,
and she would have no other.

The Wedding day appointed was
by all their friends consent,
And many a jovial Lad and Lass
unto their Wedding went,
Where great variety of meats
was sent up to the Table,
With store of Wine and delicates
their Friends were Rich & able.

Musick of all sorts did abound,
with mirth and merry cheer,
With much Dancing and turning
by Lads and Lasses there,
The Bells did Ring melodiously
some hundreds did them hear,
Which added to the harmony
and pleased much the Ear.

Then afterwards they went to bed
in many peoples sight,
Both being of their wishes sped,
injoying sweet delight:

In spite of fate they now are wed,
her Parents are content;
Brave fortune 'twas for jovial *Ned*
to obtain free consent.

Where we will leave them to injoy
great wealth & store of Treasure,
He is not proud, she is not coy,
they both injoy sweet pleasure.
Young Men and Maids, y^t^ read [my song,]
to you I them commend,
Prove like these Lov[ers constant long:]
and thus I make an e[nd.]

London: Printed for *J. Williamson* at the *Bible* in *Cannon-Street*, near London-[Bridge.]

[In Black-letter. A few words lost, one corner having been torn off; we therefore supply them in brackets, by guess. Date probably about 1665.]

Page 263, No. 2. Laurence Price's "Give me the Willow Garland" is also in 4to. Rawl. Coll., 566, fol. 58. And another by him (making our 39th) is in the same vol. fol. 36, entitled "The Matchlesse Shepheard, Overmatcht by his Mistress," to the tune, "Fain would I, if I could," or, "O brave House," &c. "Printed for F. Coles, Vere, and Wright." It begins, "Fain would I, if I might, by any means obtain."

Page 288. By the same Thomas Lanfiere is a seventh ballad, which is in 4to. Rawlinson Coll., 566, fol. 101. It is entitled, "The Citty Prophisier; or, the Country Fortune-teller." It begins "All you Honest Men in Country and town. Printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke. To the tune, "O is not Old England Grown New:" which ballad is not the one in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, i. 84, beginning, "You talk of New England," &c., but another in same Rawlinson volume, fol. 103,

Was ever the like in any age known?
Old *England's* grown new, and turn'd upside down.

An eighth ballad by him (Douce Coll., ii. 230 *verso*) is The True Lover's Lamentation, "My pretty Dove," &c.

Pages 296, 298. Another employment of *Lob's-Pound* is in *Cornvcopiæ; or, Pasquil's Night-Cap*, dated 1612, p. 60:—

Thus is the Woodcocke fall'n into the gin,
And in *Lob's-pound* intangled by a wile.

Pages 305, 338, 355, 547. In the Douce Collection, i. 125 *verso*, is another ballad which certainly belongs to this group, probably coming after "The Protestant Commander" and "The Soldier's Departure," and before "The Soldier's Return." It is entitled "The Longing Lasse's Letter to her Love," and begins "Walking by a Christal Fountain." See our p. 965, for two more.

Page 318.

Fortune my Foe.

As the often-mentioned ballad of "Fortune, my Foe," has never yet been reprinted, and does not occur in the Roxburghe Collection until iii. 192, 193, which cannot possibly be issued for a long time (the second volume intervening), we here give it complete, from our Bagford Coll., ii. 122. (We begin "Fortune" with a capital F throughout. In the original it varies.)

[The Lovers Complaint for the Loss of his Love.]

A Sweet Sonnet wherein the *Lover* doth exclaim against *Fortune*, for the loss of his Ladies favour, almost past hope to get it again, and in the end receives a comfortable Answer, and attains his desire, as may here appear.

The Tune is [its own], *Fortune my Foe.*

FOrtune, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will thy favours never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?

Fortune hath wrought my grief and great annoy,
Fortune hath falsly stoln my Love away,
My love, and joy, whose sight did make me glad;
Such great misfortunes never young man had.

Had Fortune took my treasure and my store,
Fortune had never griev'd me half so sore,
But taking her whereon my heart did stay,
Fortune thereby hath took my life away.

Far worse than death, my life I lead in woe,
With bitter thoughts still tossed to and fro,
O cruel Chance, thou breeder of my pain,
Take life, or else restore my love again.

In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep;
In vain mine eyes refrain from quiet sleep:
In vain I shed my tears both night and day,
In vain my love my Sorrows do bewray.

My love doth not my piteous plaint espy,
Nor feels my love what griping grief I try:
Full well may I false Fortunes deeds reprove,
Fortune that so unkindly keeps my love.

Where should I seek or search my love to find,
When Fortune fleets and wavers as the wind;
Sometimes aloft, sometimes again below.
Thus tottering Fortune tottereth to and fro.

Then will I leave my love in Fortunes hands,
My dearest love, in most unconstant bands,
And only serve the sorrows due to me,
Sorrow hereafter thou shalt my Mistress be.

And only joy, that sometimes conquers Kings,
Fortune that rules on earth, and earthly things,
So that alone I live not in this wo,
For many more hath Fortune served so.

No man alive can Fortunes spight withstand,
With wisdom, skill, or mighty strength of hand;
In midst of mirth she bringeth bitter moan,
And woe to me that hath her hatred known.

If wisdoms eyes blind Fortune had but seen,
Then had my Love, my Love for ever been:
Then, love, farewel, though Fortune favour thee,
No Fortune frail shall ever conquer me.

The Ladies comfortable and pleasant Answer.

AH, silly Soul! art thou so sore afraid?
Mourn not, my dear, nor be not so dismaid.
Fortune cannot, with all her power and skill,
Enforce my heart to think thee any ill.

Blame not thy chance, nor envy at thy choice,
No cause thou hast to curse, but to rejoyce,
Fortune shall not thy joy and love deprive,
If by my love it may remain alive.

Receive therefore thy life again to thee,
Thy life and love shall not be lost by me;
And while thy heart upon thy life do stay,
Fortune shall never steal the same away.

Live thou in bliss, and banish death to Hell,
All careful thoughts see thou from thee expel:
As thou doth wish, thy love agrees to be,
For proof whereof behold I come to thee.

In vain therefore do neither wail nor weep,
In vain therefore break not thy quiet sleep;
Waste not in vain thy time in sorrow so,
For why, thy love delights to ease thy woe.

Full well thy love thy privy pangs doth see,
And soon thy love will send to succour thee.
Tho well thou mayst false Fortunes deeds reprove,
Yet cannot Fortune keep thee from thy love.

Nor will thy love on Fortunes back abide, [*qu.* beck?]
Whose fickle wheel doth often slip aside,
And never think that Fortune beareth sway,
If Vertue watch, and will not her obey.

Pluck up thy heart, supprest with brinish tears;
Torment me not, but take away thy fears:
Thy Mistress mind brooks no unconstant bands,
Much less to live in ruling Fortunes hands.

Though mighty Kings by Fortune get the foil,[1]
Loosing thereby their travel and their toyl;
Though Fortune be to them a cruel foe,
Fortune shall not make me to serve thee so.

For Fortunes spight thou needst not care a pin,
For thou thereby shall never loose nor win;
If faithful love and favour I do find,
My recompense shall not remain behind.

Die not in fear, nor live in discontent,
Be thou not slain, where never blood was meant,
Revive again, to faint thou hast no need,
The less afraid, the better thou shalt speed.

[In Black-letter. No date or printer's name. Woodcuts vary.]

It was popular before 1595, and is frequently quoted in early dramatic literature. In *Cornvcopiæ*, 1612, we read an evident travesty: before the lover is capsized and nearly drowned, he exclaims, "Fortune my foe, why dost thou frowne this night? Ye lowring heavens, why doe yee looke so darke?" The music is given in Mr. Chappell's *Pop. Music*, p. 162.

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[1] This correction is from the Roxb. Coll., iii. 192, *foyl;* our Bagford copy, and Roxb. Coll., iii. 193, misprint *foil* and *foile*.

Page 335. "The Souldier's Return" could not have appeared before 1686, as it must have followed "The Soldier's Second Letter" of that year. See next two notes, and p. 961.

Page 353. The date of the Souldier's Departure must have been 1685, the first year of Robert Pocock's licensing. It certainly *preceded* "The Souldier's Second Letter."

Page 358. **The Souldier's Second Letter.**

"We have lived
Together ever since our little feet
Were guided on the path, and thence have shared
Habits and thoughts. Have I, in all that time,
That long companionship, e'er thwarted thee?"
Beddoes: *The Bride's Tragedy*, v. 9.

THE recovery of the ensuing ballad does more than add one to our already large group of ditties to the tune "The Soldier's Departure." It leads us much closer to a right perception of the date of them all. This ballad was certainly issued immediately after the taking of Buda from the Turks by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, in 1686. These ballads (compare pp. 339, 439) help to show the interest which was taken by the English populace in the struggle of the Imperialists and their allies against the Ottoman power. Readers can now see the intention of the time-server, Jonah Deacon, when he added that Crusade-like woodcut, with his own initials prominently displayed, to the ballad of "The Valiant Souldier's Misfortune" (our p. 350). It was, of course, to establish at a glance its connexion with the supposed Christian warfare then being waged near the Danube. There are still shameless people who feel ferocious joy at the slaughter and humiliation of Turkey. (The woodcut on p. 966 adorns a Douce ballad, i. 49 *verso*, "Round, Boys, a Bumper to *Lorrain*.")

While the Duke of Monmouth was lingering at the Hague, after the death of Charles II., in February, 168$\frac{4}{5}$, he is said to have been invited to join the forces of the Emperor, as an opening to distinction; one far safer and more glorious than any insurrectionary attempt to gain possession of the English throne. William of Orange no doubt feared the possibility of so handsome and popular a favourite becoming successful among English Protestants if such an attempt were made. He therefore, with a

pretence of disinterested affection for Monmouth, offered him the means of equipment, with a sufficient amount of expenditure to enable him to appear like an English nobleman when volunteering his services. But Monmouth better loved to pass the time in dalliance with Henrietta Wentworth, who had followed him abroad, and they dwelt together at Brussels. Even thus he might have been happy, but for vacillation, inconstancy, and the temptation offered by needy adventurers like Robert Ferguson and the dissolute Ford Lord Grey of Werk. He yielded to them, and went to his ruin, in 1685. Had he, instead, gone earlier to the theatre of war, winning the laurels of a Commander as Sobieski did at Vienna in 1683, or fought alongside of Lorraine, and then returned, flushed with conquest and renown, to try his fortunes for the English throne, a different fate from that of Sedgemoor-fight would probably have been told in history. Such is but one more event of the "What might have been."

Among the 180 *Loyal Songs*, of 1685 and 1694, so often mentioned, one is On the Siege of Buda, p. 331. It begins,

> Sound the Trumpet, Sound the Trumpet,
> *Tara*, *tara*, *tara*, *tara*, let the Drum beat,
> The Cannons thump it,
> Sound a Charge, the *Christian* our Valour calls;
> To the Trenches, to the Trenches,
> *Dub*, *a dub*; *a dub*, *a dub*, the Storm commences,
> In vain defence is;
> The *Pagan Turk*
> Shall never lurk
> In *Buda's* Walls.
> *Lorraine* that mighty Man,
> Whose force none can withstand,
> Regards not the *Ottoman* Band has rais'd the Siege in vain,
> Whilst we the Town which was our own,
> Will take it
> And make it
> Our own again.
> *Teckley's* routed, &c. [*Tekeli.*]

This, of course, appeared a year before Lorraine's final success in recapturing Buda, the event mentioned in the Douce ballad.

The *first* "Souldier's Letter," preceding this, is extant, and of the date 1685.[1] The popularity of the subject is proved by the number of ballads to the same tune of "The Souldier's Departure," = "The Doubting Virgin."

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[1] "News from *Ostend*; or, the Souldier's loving Letter to his Sweetheart in *London*, with her kind Answer to the same." It is in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 131, beginning, "My dearest, this Letter unto thee I send, Hoping that in health 'twill thee find, To let thee know I'm got safe to *Ostend*, And to tell thee a piece of my mind." (19 verses more.) The same woodcut as on our next page.

[Douce Coll., ii. fol. 193 *verso.*]

The Souldier's Second Letter To his Love:

Together with his Victorious Conquests in Foreign Parts.

Though now I range a Nation strange,
in time it shall appear,
With Diamonds fair, beyond compare,
I will adorn my Dear.

To the Tune of, The Souldiers Departure. *This may be Printed,* R. P.

[Two cuts here: the left-hand cut is on p. 969.]

NOw my Love and dearest Jewel,
I have sent to thee once more;
Do not think I can be cruel,
thou art she whom I adore:
All things shall be soon decided,
I am still to Love inclin'd,
Tho' we have been long divided,
thou art always in my mind.

Dearest, in my last Relation,
I a large account did give,
By a Letter of that station,
which indeed I then did live;
Now I am more great than ever,
Friendship e'ery where I find,
Tho' we for a time do sever
thou art always in my mind.

I have such a valiant spirit,
and most just in all my ways,
That wheree'er I fight I merit
more than private Soldier's praise:
When in Battle some lies wounded,
yet I scorn to lag behind;
Tho' I am with Foes surrounded,
thou art always in my mind.

On the *Turks*, Dame Fortune lowers,
as I hope for ever may;
We have storm'd both Towns and Towers,
Buda did become our Prey.
When the roaring Guns did rattle,
Providence to us was kind
In the greatest Heat of Battle,
thou wert always in my mind.

From our Cannons, Smoak like Vapours
seem to Cloud the spangl'd Skies,
By the dint of Swords and Rapiers,
Turks became a Sacrifice:[1]
To the valiant Christians glory
Providence was always kind.
Love, this is no feigned Story,
thou wert always in my mind.

Do but wait with time and leisure
and thou shalt enjoy thy own:
I have Jewels, Gold and Treasure,
Love, the like was never known.
Nothing I prefer before thee,
I am so to Love enclin'd,
That I ever must adore thee,
thou art always in my mind.

Stay but till the time's expir'd,
and I'll come to thee my Girl,
Thou in Silk shalt be attir'd,
deck'd with Jewels, Gold and Pearl.
If kind Fortune will admit me,
thou the truth of this shalt find,
Dearest, I cannot forget thee,
thou art always in my mind.

Nothing in the World shall move me,
in the least to prove untrue;
Tell my Friends, and those that love me,
what I have declar'd to you:
For it is no more than reason,
by the sequal you shall find,
E'ry hour, time and season,
thou art always in my mind.

[1] Line 28 exactly dates the ballad, the fall of Buda being in 1686. It was taken by storm from the Turks by the Imperialist army under command of the Duke of Lorraine. The Mahometans were massacred ruthlessly, and the Castle was speedily razed. Opposite to Pesth, and on the Western bank of the Danube, Buda, the capital of the lower division of Hungary, had remained in the hands of the Turks until the above date, from 1530. They had annexed it in 1541.

Wishing for that happy hour,
when with Comfort we shall meet,
Fortune will forbear to lowre,
she our Blessings will compleat.
Thou by me shall be delighted
as true Nature has combin'd,
Do not think that thou art slighted,
being always in my mind.

Nothing in the World is better,
then true Love and Loyalty;
Here I do salute the Letter
which, my Dear, I send to thee,
And have seal'd my Heart within it,
which in faithfull words you'll find,
'Twas thy Beauty once did win it,
which art never out of mind.

Printed for *J. Back* at the *black Boy* on *London-bridge* near the *Draw-bridge.*

[In Black-letter, except the concluding line of each verse. Date 1686.]

Page 369, first line of text. Another copy of "The Reading Skirmish" is in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 113, marked by him in MS. (as purchased in) "Decemb.," confirming our guess, of p. 376.

Page 382. *St. Hugh's Bones*: a nickname for the tools used by cobblers in smoothing their work. (See *Introduction*, p. LVIII.) In *The Shoemaker's Holiday; or, the Gentle Craft*, 1600, Act i., Firke says, when Lacie is disguised as a Dutch shoemaker,—"Maister, for my life yonder's a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he beare not *Saint Hughes bones*, I'll forfeit my bones. He's some outlandish workeman," &c. "If Roger remoue, Firke followes, if *Saint Hughes bones* shall not be set a worke, I may pricke mine awle in the wals, and goe play." And he points this more sharply by saying, "Hearke you, Shoomaker! haue you all your tooles?—a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your foure sorts of Aules, and your two balles of waxe, your paring knife, your hand and thumb-leathers, and good *Saint Hughes bones* to smooth vp your worke?" Near the end we are told, "All Shoomakers, all Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Troyans, couragious Cordwainers, they all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint *Hugh*." Our cut is from Roxb. Coll., i. 214. This is a "worky-day" arrangement: four pots between two, and a pipe alternately. On St. Crispin's Day no work was ever done.

Page 389, to bottom line of note, add: For "The Praise of Hull Ale," see *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vi. 224, beginning, "Let's wet the Whistle of the Muse." It gives a mention of Lambeth Ale, Mum, Stitch-Back, Cyder, College Ale, Northdown, Pharaoh, China Ale, Epsom, Radish Ale, Darby, ending with "a Pot of Purl for Harrison." "That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor," to content a Caliban, let alone Harrison.

Page 401. *Michaelmas Term* is to be sung to the tune of "The Rambling Clerke." These titles belong to the same tune as Ben Jonson's "Cooke Laurell" (itself the same as "An Old man is

a bed full of bones"), which is in Mr. Wm. Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 161. To Martin Parker's ballad, "A Bill of Fare," Roxb. Coll., i. 18, with its burden of "Supper on Saturday Night," "Cooke Laurell, or Michaelmas Terme," are given as names of the tune. Thus our ballad was earlier than Parker's, which is in Roxb. Coll., i. 18. The date of Michaelmas-Term must have been *before* 1655, at the latest. The mention of "three-penny Ordinaries," on p. 405, and first note, is supported by a fragment of a broadside street ballad, at the end of Douce Coll., ii.—"*Jone Clenlie's* new Ordinary for three pence a meal, in Kent Street." The street was noted: in Roxb. Coll., ii. 198; iv. 49, is "The Good Fellows Frollick; or, Kent Street Club," beginning, "Here is a Crew of jovial blades." Reprinted in Evans' Bds., i. 162. We think it likely that MARTIN PARKER wrote Michaelmas-Terme, besides "Be merry, my hearts," and "A Bill of Fare." Both have the same woodcut (as on p. 779).

An impression of Michaelmas Term, with a different woodcut, from same printers, is in the Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 200.

Page 413, end of Fair Maid of Islington. An impression, of about 1690-1712, is in Douce Coll., i. 82, printed by and for T. Norris, at the Looking Glass on London Bridge, and sold by J. Walter at the Hand and Pen, in High Holborn.

Page 426. We understand that a public statue (appropriately, of bronze) represents Walker at Londonderry. There may possibly be some people who think he has not got justice in our introductory pages, but they cannot have examined the matter beyond his own Relation. In Lieut.-Col. Charles Townshend Wilson's interesting and massive volume, *James the Second and the Duke of Berwick*, 1876, they will find the confutation of the exaggerated statements which suited the Derry men and Walkerites. He honestly declares, as to the relief of Derry, "The victory was due to Protestant tenacity of purpose, and to Catholic poverty of shot. The feats of Walker, a brave but somewhat egotistical old gentleman, seem to be overrated, while the intrepidity and good sense of Colonel Murray and Captain Noble, who really directed the sallies, are well-nigh forgotten. *The British public rather likes to hear a man blowing his own trumpet*" (p. 185). Again, "It is singular that, in his notice of the siege, Bishop Burnet should make no mention of the Rev. Colonel Walker. Was the amiable prelate jealous of a brother whose weapon was a sword, not an acrid pen?" Yet again, from the same page, "Walker affirms 'the enemy lost between

8,000 and 9,000 men before our walls, and 100 of their best officers. Most of these fell by the sword, the rest by fevers and flux.'—*Siege of Londonderry*. These figures seem random. The Irish could hardly have lost more men than they ever paraded at any one time before the place; and that the sword killed more of them than did disease is even less likely than that the Derryite obituary of the slain amounted to only '80 soldiers.'" Walker's fussy obtrusiveness, distasteful even to the object of his not disinterested admiration, William, is unforgotten by the biographer (p. 233). His death was certainly not lamented by the phlegmatic Orange. Story's *Impartial History* relates that Walker, who had "insisted upon wading with Mitchelbourne's Derryites," was shot in the belly, and "stripped immediately, for the Scots-Irish that followed our camp were got through already and took most of the plunder." When he "heard that Dr. Walker had been killed at Oldbridge, William inquired with cold good sense, 'What brought him there?'"

Page 429. **Poor Robin's Dream.**

"In erth there ys a lityll thyng,
That reynes as a grete kyng,
There he is knowen in londe;
Sir *Peny* is hys name callyde,
Ffor he makyth both yong and olde
To bowe unto hys hande.—*Syr Peny.*"

As to the subject of Bagford Ballad: In Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 105, is another ballad entitled "The Clippers Execution; or, Treason justly Rewarded:" printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke. It begins "Lament, lament, good Christians all, Who now draw near unto this place." Tune, In Summer time (the favourite tune for early Robin-Hood ballads). It tells of two women, tried at the Old-Bailey, and condemned to be burnt "this present April, 1678," for "Clipping and Defacing His Majesty's Coyn:" One of them was executed. Another note, on p. 522, shows the deterioration of coin, through clipping. As to the tune, "O Folly, desperate Folly!" and other words to it, see *antè* p. 923. Dr. James Smith's Ballet, "Will Women's Vanities," etc., is in the King's Pamphlets, xiii. 56, dated May, 1657.

We here give another important ballad belonging to the group, entitled Poor Robin's Dream, commonly called Poor Charity. In Roxb. Coll. it does not come before iii. 70, 472. As it belongs to our Bagford series, we add it now. Its tune belonged to Laurence Price's "Win at First, Lose at Last," (catalogued as No. 31, on our p. 265).

[Bagford Collection, I. 46.]

Poor Robin's Dream;

Commonly called, Poor Charity.

I know no Reason, but this harmless Riddle
May as well be Printed, as Sung to a Fiddle.

To a compleat Tune, well known by Musitians, and many others; Or, [A] Game at Cards.

[The cuts are intentionally transposed. Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3: "Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back, Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."]

HOw now, good fellow, what, all amort?
I pray thee, tell me what is the News?—
Trading is dead, and I am sorry for't,
which makes me look worse then I use.
If a man hath no imployment, whereby to get a penny,
He hath no enjoyment if that he wanteth money;
And Charity is not used by any.

I have nothing to spend, nor I've nothing to lend,
i've nothing to do, I tarry at home.
Sitting in my Chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell into a sleep, like an idle drone;
And as I slept I fell into a dream:
I see a play acted without e're a Theam,
But I could not tell what the Play did mean. 14

But afterwards I did perceive,
and something more I did understand;

The Stage was the World wherein we live,
the Actors they were all mankind. [As You Like It, ii. 7.]
And when the Play's ended, the Stage down they fling,
Then there will be no difference in this thing,
Between a Beggar and a King.

The first that Acted, I protest,
was Time, with a Glass and Sithe in his hand,
With the Globe of the World upon his breast,
to shew that he could the same command:
There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a time to call us all away. [*Eccles.* iii.]

CONscience in order takes his place,
and very gallantly plays his part;
He fears not to flie in a Rulers face,
although it cuts him to the heart:
He tells him that all this is the latter Age,
Which put the Actors into such a rage,
That they kick'd poor Conscience off the stage.

Plainly Dealing presently appears,
in habit like a simple man:
The Actors at him mocks and jears,
pointing their fingers as they ran:

How came this fellow into our company ?
Away with him, many a Gallant did cry,
For Plain-Dealing will a Beggar dye. 42

Dissimulation mounted the Stage,
but he was cloathed in Gallant attire ;
He was acquainted with Youth and Age ;
many his company did desire ;
They entertain'd him in their very breast ;
There he could have harbor, and quietly rest,
For Dissemblers and Turn-coats fare the best. 49

Then cometh in poor Charity,
methinks she looked wondrous old ;
She quiver'd and she quak'd most piteously,
it griev'd me to think she was grown so cold :
She had been i' th' City, and in the Country,
Amongst the Lawyers and Nobility,
But there was no room for poor Charity. 56

Then comes in Truth, well cloathed in Wool,
but like unto Youth in his white Laun sleeves,
And says, the Land it is full, full, full,
too full of Rebels, worse than Thieves.
The City's full of Poverty, the *French* are full of pride,
Fanaticks full of Envy, which order can't abide ;
And the Usurers bags are full beside. 63

Hark, how *Bellona's* Drums they do beat,
methinks they go rattling[1] through the Town,
Hark, how they thunder through the street,
as though they would shake the Chimneys *down.*
Then comes in *Mars*, the great God of War,
And bids us face about, and be as we were ;
But when I awak'd, I sat in my Chair. 70

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

[In Black-letter. Date of print about 1670 ; ballad much older. A copy, "Printed by *J. Lock* for *J. Clark* at the Harp and Bible in West-Smithfield. With Allowance," Ouvry Coll., i. 67 ; Roxb. Coll., iii. 70. The other Roxb. copy, iii. 472, is a modern Bow Church-yard reprint, with three different woodcuts : to left, a figure of Old Time ; to right, a skeleton-Death ; in centre, a female Good-Genius, draped.]

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[1] Roxb. Coll., iii. 70, reads "it goes ratling."

Page 439. The tune named is "When Covetousness out of England will run." This line is the burden of a ballad in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 81 (where, on fol. 117, is a copy of our Protestant's Prophesie, marked as purchased "in Jan. or Feb. 1688"). It is entitled, "The Ploughman's Prophecie; or, the Countryman's Calculation." It was licensed by Roger L'Estrange, therefore is of date before (or early in) 1685. Printed for J. Hose, over against the King's Arms on Holbourne-Bridge. It begins,

> Come listen all you that to mirth are inclined,
> And freely I'll tell you a piece of my mind;
> You'll find it as true, and as clear as the Sun,
> *When Covetousness out of* England *will run.*

Many impossibilities are first to happen. Four cuts (ours on p. 431, and 401 R). We gain a certainty as to the tune: viz. "of *Cook Laurel* or *the Country Miss.*" See our p. 970, 3rd note.

Page 439. The centre cut, reduced in size on our page, originally belonged to an edition of the old poem "The Friar and the Boy"; where Jack pipes and makes the Friar dance amid the briars. See Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 35. It is also in the *Percy Folio MS.*, Extra Part of *Loose Songs*, p. 9.

Page 442, 444. The heraldic title of the black tear-drops is *Gutte de Poix.* There are also *Gutte d'Or, Gutte de Sang* (*gules*), *Gutte de Larmes* (*argent*), &c.

Pages 449, 450. "A Job for a Journeyman Shoemaker" is in Douce Coll., ii. 170, entitled, "The Old Maid Mad for a Husband; or, The Journeyman Shooemakers favours turn'd to Misfortunes." Tune, Touch of the Times. Licensed by Robt. Pocock, 1685–88. Printed for J. Blare, on London-Bridge. It begins, "All you that are willing right merry to be, I pray you come hither and listen to me." One burden is, "A Husband is better than Money to me;" the other, "Because like a Rascal he did kiss and tell." He is punished for blabbing by her dismissing him, and giving herself to a Stonemason. Also in the same Collection, i. 106, is "A Job for a Journeyman Joyner," beginning, "Did you not hear of a Bricklayer of late." It was printed for J. Deacon, licensed by R. Pocock. Another "A Job for a Joyner; or, a good workman well imployed," begins, "Come and attend, young Virgins all." It goes to the tune "Over the Water fain would I pass," or (its own, named from the burden), Jig a Jog-goo. Printed for F. Coles, Vere, and Wright. Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 34.

Page 458. "Butter-boxes curse the day" we have long sought. It must have been a satirical ballad upon the Dutch, written and popular during the time of the first Dutch war, if not so early as the Commonwealth sea-fights. *Butter-boxes*, like *Hoegan-Mogans*, was a cant term for a Dutchman or Low-Country German. Thus in "Sack for my Money," Roxb. Coll., ii. 408, fourth verse, of sack it is declared,

> It is more fine then *Brandewine*,
> the *Butterboxes* potion,
> Who drinking dares in *Neptunes* wars
> reign master of the ocean.

Hoegan Mogans (High and Mighty) is of more frequent occurrence. We have it in line 65 of the Poem "England's Plague from Holland," Van Helmont, on our page 40; "this *Hoegan Mogan* Lord." Thus in Luttrell Collection, iii. 98, Mrs. E. P.'s Verses begin,

> Proud *Hogen Mogens*, we will make you bow.
> Have at your greasy *Butter-boxes* now!

Again, in our Bagford Collection, ii. 39, a long poem dated 1672, printed for Robert Clavill in Cross-key Court in Little Britain, begins

> Low-Countrey Provinces, *United Bogs*,
> Once *Distress'd States*, now *Hogen Mogen Frogs*, &c.

It is by J. O., and is entitled "The Holland Nightingale: or, the Sweet Singers of Amsterdam; being a Paraphrase upon the fable of the Frogs hearing that the Sun would marry." Possibly "Then Butter-boxes all lament!" may be (misquoted) what we seek. It is the burden of Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 56. To the tune, A Fig for France and Holland too; or, Round about the Hollow Tree. It begins, "Rejoyce, Rejoyce, brave English boys." J. O. = John Ogilby?

"A Fig for France" belonged to "England's Royal Conquest," also to "England's Triumph, and Holland's Downfall:" both dated 1666.

Page 471. Another copy of "The Two Faithful Lovers" is in Douce Coll., ii. 223 *verso*.

Page 475. In 4to. Rawl. Coll., 566, fol. 170, is another copy of The Two Constant Lovers. We here add the woodcut mentioned as belonging to this ballad. It is rough in execution, but has character of its own. In other woodcuts we see the employment of these weapons. One is on the title-page of Richard Peeke's "Three to One," 1625.

Page 479. Another ballad signed by I. P. is entitled Daphne's Complaint, beginning, "When I bear a trumpet sound." It is in 4to. Rawlinson Coll., 566, fol. 33. Also, signed I. P., is A Lecture for all Sects, "What ayles the *Anabaptists*?" Wood's Coll., 401, fol. 154.

Page 505, last line but two: the misprint "F. Jordan" for "J. Jordan." Bagford "Billy and his Mistress" is a recasting, with many variations, from "John and his Mistress" of Roxb. Coll., ii. 12, soon to be reprinted and laid open for comparison.

Page 506. The Unconstant Shepherd.

"A Lover forsaken, a new one may get,
But a neck that's once broken can never be set."—*Welsh.*

Having promised to give, if possible, the first verse, at any rate the first line, of the original ballad on Phaon and Cynthia, entitled "The Unconstant Shepherd; or, The Forsaken Lass's Lamentation," we venture to foresee the delight of Ballad-Society members in now finding that we have done our best (with the assistance of kind friends in the Land of Cakes—"Let Glasgow flourish!") to complete our Bagford "Answer" by here adding the whole of the earlier ditty. It was the last of our special wants for the Appendix, and the death of Mr. Euing had made the task increasingly difficult. He left his library chiefly to the University of Glasgow, and to the Andersonian Museum. Our ballad was fortunately among the treasures bequeathed to the former place. We record our thanks. (With different cuts, a later copy is in Douce Coll., ii. 233 *verso*.)

On p. 506 we had acknowledged our dissatisfaction with the portraits of Phaon used in the Answer. We must have had a prophetic insight, telling us of the much more satisfactory representations originally published. The pastoral couple (already seen on our p. 148) had originally been some book illustration. The other two pictures are fresh and interesting. In the originals, they possess a light framework, of Carnations. They are also in Douce, i. 108.

There is a little history connected with this recovered and reprinted ballad which we indicate: it will repay examination.

In James Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, iv. No. 317, 1792, is a pretty four-verse song signed X, and entitled "The bonnie lad that's far awa." The music is given, the tune being "Over the

hills and far away." The second half of each verse is repeated. Here are the words :—

O How can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa.[1]
A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa,
And I will wear them for his sake
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But there is ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
O weary winter soon will pass
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa.

In the truly beautiful and satisfactory *Library Edition of Robert Burns*, now in course of publication by William Paterson of Edinburgh, and edited with exemplary care and skill by William Scott Douglas, we find the song given to a date of 1788, February or March, when the Scottish poet was thirty years of age; and with convincing proof of the references being made to Jean Armour's condition (her second trouble on his account): see vol. ii. p. 149. But there is no word on the poetic original from which Burns borrowed. Elsewhere (in Nimmo's *Burns*, p. 146, 1867 edition), one clue is given: "The poet having found the germ of this song in *Herd's Collection* is thought to have wrought into it some allusion to an incident in his own personal history. 'This little lamentation of a desolate damsel,' says Jeffrey, 'is tender and pretty.'" Nimmo prints it under the date 1792, and includes the Cromek-*Reliques*' verse. None of the editions of Burns known to us refers to our early English black-letter ballad original. The song in *Herd's Collection of Ancient and Modern Scots Songs* is not in the first 1769 single volume, but forms the commencement, to "its own tune," of the second volume in the 1776 edition. It is of five verses, and begins "How can I be blythe or glad." Honour be to the memory of honest David Herd. He was the prince of trustworthy collectors, almost totally free from that perilous sin of "improving" what he found. Our ballad is nearly a hundred

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[1] Here comes in, if admitted at all, an extra verse :—

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

This verse is not in the *Scots M. Museum*, but first appeared in Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808. Of course, we all know that Cromek can be trusted no further than Pinkerton, or Peter Cunningham, or Buchan. It is improbable that Burns could write "driving drift." Sheridan speaks of "the umbrageous shadow of a shade," but intentionally in burlesque.

years earlier than his printed version, which closely agrees with it, as may be seen in the excellent *fac-simile* reprint published by Messrs. Kerr and Richardson, Glasgow, in 1869. There is no vestige therein of our second part, with one exception; only the early verses, Scottified "How can I," "Though he is banish'd," "I dare nae come," "Kissing is but," and (instead of "As I was,")

> "My true love is straight and tall,
> I had nae will to say him nay,
> For with his false, but sweet deluding tongue,
> He stole my very heart away."

(Here the words "but sweet" appear an interpolation). And it is a suggestive fact that this verse is little but a variation of our lines 29 to 32 inclusive. We believe we may claim the honour of being the first to show the antiquity of the song. But much remains to be done similarly for many other Scottish (or apocryphally Scottish ditties), of which we have been collecting the originals so far as they are attainable.

To some it may appear probable, regarding the Euing ballad, that *the early verses are an English reproduction of a genuine Scottish song* of date 1685, and the incongruous second part is solely the London addition.

But the transformation of our lines 29–32 (which seem to belong to the place where they appear) must make this doubtful.[1] Other considerations weigh against it.

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[1] Verse 1st. Omitting the commencing word "Oh," Herd's version reads, "Is banished *from* my company," Line 5. Herd reads "*is* banished for;" omitting *it was*; and next line runs "I his true love will still remain." Then, instead of our lines 7 and 8, he gives our 19th and 20th, slightly varied,

> "O that I was, and I wish I was,
> In the chamber where my true love is in."

(which he repeats, as we shall see, for his 16th line). Verse 3 reads "I dare nae come to my true love, I dare nae either sport or play, For their evil evil [*sic*, as in ours] tongues are *going so gell*, That I must kiss and go my way." Verse 4 begins the same as ours, but reads "*foolish*" for "silly," and tamely substitutes "*two* lovers" for "true lovers." With "*was*" for "were" (*bis*), and omitting "that," it next repeats "In the chamber where my love is in." a better rhyme, instead of our "for to see my true Love once again." Our fifth verse is omitted, except in the modification of final couplet. We confess, the verse has a suspicious look; but we think the balance of evidence inclines towards an English origin, and an early Scottish adaptation. Our English "are so glib" corrects the blunder in Herd of "going so gell," We believe there is no such word.

To our tune, "[Oh,] How can I be merry or glad," is The Undutiful Daughter of *Devonshire* (Douce Coll., i. 58 *verso*), beginning "Behold, I am an Aged man." Printed for P. Brooksby, Deacon, Blare, and Back.

[Euing Collection, Glasgow, 365.]

The Unconstant Shepherd:

Or, The Forsaken Lass's Lamentation.

To an Excellent new Tune. *Licens'd according to Order.*

OH, how can I be merry or glad,
or in my mind contented be;
When the bonny bonny Lad whom I love best,
is banish'd out of my Company?

Tho' he was banish'd it was for my sake,
and his true Love I still remain;
He has caus'd me many a night for to wake,
and adieu to my true Love once again.

I dare not come where my Love is,
I dare not for to sport nor play,
For their evil Tongues they are so glib,
I must take a Kiss and go my Way.

Kissing is but a silly fancy,
it brings true Lovers into sin;
O that I were, and I wish that I were,
for to see my true Love once again.

As I was a walking through the Hall,
I spy'd the twinkling of my Love's eyes;
O that I were, and I wish that I were,
in the Chamber w[h]ere my True Love lies.

AWay, fond Fool, call home thy Heart,
and in thy mind contented be;
For thou spend'st thy time, and gett'st no gain,
by loving a Lover that loves not thee.

If I do spend my Time in vain,
oh, it is no loss to none but me;
I'll set it as light as the wavering wind,
that daily blows from Tree to Tree.

My Lover so lively, tall and young,
I had not the power to say him nay;
The words of his false deluding tongue,
did suddenly steal my heart away.

In Desarts I'll wander for his sake,
for here I no peace nor joy can find;
My innocent heart I fear it will break,
because he has proved so unkind.

I cannot forget the pleasing Charms,
which every day he did renew;
When as I lay clasped in his arms;
but now I must bid them all adieu.

I did the delights of Love allow,
and stroaked his locks of curled hair;
Then is he not most ungrateful now,
to leave [me] in grief and deep despair?

Some other young Nymph enjoys my Swain,
the which does indeed my glory blast;
Yet tho' he should kill me with Disdain,
I'll love him as long as life shall last.

I languish, and have not long to breathe,
therefore I'll write my last Farewel:
To *Phaon* I here my heart bequeath;
with whom I did once in Pleasure dwell.

Unto the *Elizium* Shades I'll go,
where hovering Spirits do remain;
Repeating their killing griefs and woe,
who by their hard-hearted Lovers were slain.

Of my little Lambs I take my leave,
and every Creature in the Grove;
Young *Phaon* he won't my Life reprieve,
therefore, alas! I die for love.

London: Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Pye corner.

[In Black-letter. Euing woodcuts as above. Date, certainly before 1690. The Second Part, in original, shows no division betwixt stanzas, owing to the cuts cramping it for space. Douce copy later (S. Bates), in white-letter. Four different cuts, inferior. As the reader can see, on p. 508, all comes right at last: *Phaon* returning to *Cynthia*, with discretion.]

Page 513, note. Perhaps the reading "And little Cupid at with his Bow" is correct. There was a peculiar usage of *at*. Mr. F. T. Elworthy, in his "Grammar of the Dialect of West Somerset," says: "*Than*, after the comparative, is expressed by one form only, viz. by the addition of *n*, changeable after a labial to *m*, as *Aay doa· noa, nu moo·ŭr-n dhu dai·d*, 'I don't know, no more than the dead,'—a very common asseveration." To which Dr. J. A. H. Murray adds the following note: "This contraction of *than* into *an, en, 'n*, like the kindred *ŭt* for *that*, is common in the English dialects. Though similar forms are found in Danish (en, at), we cannot suppose Danish influence in the Wessex *'n* and *ŭt;* and, similarly, we *need* not call it in for the Northern *at*. See also *uz yuurs* for *these years*, as another instance of the dropping of initial *th*."—See *Philolog. Trans.*, 1877–8–9, p. 166.

Page 514, note. The ballad of "Tom Brown's Delight; or, the Good Fellow's Frolick," is in 4to. Rawl. Coll., 566, fol. 116, and Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 66. The burden is, "To thee, *Tom Brown!*" and it begins "It was my chance to be amongst a jovial crew." Printed for F. Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke, like most of Rawlinson's. It is No. 235 in Thackeray's list.

Page 516. A different impression is in Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 39; printed for F. Coles, Vere, Gilbertson and Wright. The woodcut on next page, 517, was originally furnished with a pair of fluttering wings, and intended for a portrait of Finch. In Civil-War ballads the jest is often repeated, alluding to his bird-like name. So our woodcut, if unmutilated, would have more forcibly illustrated our 40th line, of the uncaged bird fleeing from a cruel mistress.

Page 523. A different impression, printed for *M.* Coles, Vere, and Wright, 1655–80, is in Douce Coll., ii. 227 *verso*. The tune first named, "If you love me, tell me so," belongs to a ballad which is preserved at Oxford, in the 4to. Rawlinson Coll., 566, fol. 53. It begins, "A fierce dispute of late there was, between a young Man and a Lass." The full title is "If you Love me, tell me so; or, Love's fierce Dispute." It was printed, in black-letter, for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke. The tune is, "Love's Tide"; which is cited as second name of tune for our ballad, and also for others; but we have not yet found the original of "Love's Tide." It is probably extant.

Page 529, last line. "Poor Robin's Dream" will be found on p. 973. Another unfortunate miller appears in Douce Coll., ii. 167, "The North-Country Miller outwitted." It begins, "You Millers and Taylors and Weavers each one." Printed for John Foster, whose date was about 1697 and earlier. No tune named. But an earlier and differently entitled copy (*West-Country*), by John Wade, is in Wood's Collection: see notice on our p. 921.

Page 534. A black-letter copy also is in 4to. Rawl. Coll., 566, fol. 20. We do not like to give vague references, so now append a further list of some ditties alluded to in the text. An old ballad entitled (1) "A Marvellous Medicine to cure a great Pain: If a Maiden-head be lost to get it again," begins, "Once busie in study betwixt night and day." It is in 4to. Rawlinson Collection, 566, fol. 196. Another (2) is "The Skilfull Doctor; or, the Compleat Mountebank." It begins, "Come here, you brave Gallants, of fame and renown." Dated 1689, and printed for G. Conyers at the Golden Ring. It was written by R. Pilkington. The tune is "Over the Mountains," and it is preserved in Douce Coll., ii. 101 *verso*. Another (3) is "The Doctor's Medicines and Counsel, which he gave to a Maid," beginning, "Draw near, young Lasses, that in the street passes." Tune of, "This will restore my Maiden-head again." Printed for I. Clarke, at the Harp and Bible. In Wood's Coll., E 25, fol. 43.

Page 538, line 5, should not be *J*[*onah*], but *J*[*osiah*].

Page 547. The tune mentioned, "But I fancy lovely *Nancy*," is the burden of a ballad in the Bodleian Library, 4to. Rawlinson, 566, fol. 45. It is entitled "The Batchelor's Choice; or, a Young Man's Resolution to have his Love and Sweet-heart *Nancy*." It begins "Fye upon this paultry *Cupid*, he hath shot me with his shaft." To the tune of *Chess-nut;* or, *Cat after kinde* [two earlier names and ballads]. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. The woodcut mentioned in note 3, p. 548, is given later, p. 887. Similarly illustrative is one on p. 908.

Page 551, line 20, read "J. Wright," not "T. Wright."

Page 613. The woodcut is there reproduced in *fac-simile* from the Bagford exemplar of the same size. But the original, much larger, is to be found in the Luttrell Coll., iii. 144, where it illustrates a different ballad, one entitled "The Court of *England*;

or, the preparation for the Happy Coronation of King *William* and Queen *Mary*." It is printed by A. M. for R. Hayhurst in Little Britain, 1689, and begins,

Come, Gallants, let's tender These Hearts we surrender, &c.

"'Courage,' he said, and pointed toward the Strand."[1]—Tennyson: *Lotus-Eaters.*

Pages 660, note 1; 709. We have thought it useful to give in this place a copy of a contemporary engraving issued by the adverse faction, representing Elizabeth "Mrs. Cellier, sitting in state, in the Pillory, near the Maypole in the Strand, with her famous wooden shield to defend her from the fury of the people." She is mantled, hooded, and gloved in black, has a chair to sit upon, instead of standing enlocked in the "wooden Ruff"

[1] Misprinted "land," since 1832, inclusive. This cannot be correct, as it rhymes with "land" of third line. Our version suits Mrs. Cellier's appearance.

(p. 660, note 1); and she is permitted to guard herself from any dangerous missiles flung by the ultra-Protestant mob. "Her famous wooden screen" resembles the broad end of a baker's shovel, for putting loaves into the oven. The original is in the Strawberry Hill Collection on the Popish Plot, No. 42. We have already shewn Dangerfield (or Oates) in the same sort of pillory as used for John Ockam, on p. 706, and the turning pillory of 1567, on p. 944. See later note, referring to p. 880.

Page 647, line 16. Dr. Walter Pope's Sequel to his "Catholic Ballad" is less known. It begins, "From Infallible *Rome* once more I am come"; and it is dated 1674. To a new tune called *The Powder-Plot;* printed for Benj. Harris (on whom see our p. 928, &c.) at the Stationers Arms in Swithing-alley, near the Royal Exchange. The full title is "Room for a Ballad; or, a Ballad for Rome." It is in Wood's Coll., 416, fol. 127. An opponent's Answer to the Catholic Ballad is in Luttrell Coll., iii. 107, entitled "Reflections upon the Catholick Ballad; 1675." It begins, "Since Drolling is grown such a Trade in the Town."

Page 674, note 2. A ballad on Viscount Stafford is in Luttrell Coll., iii. 136, beginning, "Shall every *Jack* and every *Jill*."

Page 675, note 1. Lord Arundel's poems, here mentioned, were printed as a broadside, dated 1679. A copy is in the British Museum, *Poet. Broadsides*, fol. 94.

Page 682, note 3. The Murder of Archbishop Sharp is in the Luttrell Coll., iii. 119. We hope to copy it in *Civil-War Series.*

Page 683, note 1. See the admirable new edition of *Pepys Diary*, edited by the Rev. Mynors Bright, and now almost complete, vol. iv. p. 226, for an excellent portrait of Rochester.

Page 683, note 1. Algernon Sydney's religious opinions were those of a thoughtful self-reliant man, wholly devoid of hypocrisy and selfishness. Whether Shaftesbury believed in anything, except in Anthony Ashley Cooper, may be questioned. Sydney held higher and more spiritual views. None of the schismatic persuasions could boast of him as its convert. The following account seems to be accurate:—

"Unlike Lord William Russell. Algernon Sydney did not belong to any particular Church or Sect. He objected to the slavery of a Creed, and to any

organized system of public worship. His religion was a matter only between himself and his God, and he required neither the aid of ritual to express the devout feelings of his mind, nor the intercession of a priest to implore pardon from the Most High. He disliked all external ceremonies, and his love of liberty made him detest everything approaching to the arbitrary government of a priesthood. All Creeds, he held, detracted from the breadth and purity of that religion which Christ had come to establish upon earth . . . *Sects make men care more for the maintenance of their petty doctrinal views than for the dissemination of the grand truths of religion.* . . Where the other world was concerned, Sydney relied only on the Immortal and the Omnipotent. Man could not save him, but God could: he relied only on God. Priests could not absolve him, but Christ could: he relied only on his Redeemer. Church could not console him: the illapses of the Holy Spirit were his only comforter, and he sought no other. His religion was a mixture of the purity of the Puritan and the independence of the Quaker. As Burnet puts it, he was a Christian, but a Christian in his own way."—*Life and Times of the Hon. Algernon Sydney*, by Alex. Charles Ewald, ii. 314. Compare our later note 6 on p. 1003.

In strict agreement with his principles he declined all ministerial offices at the last, and was superior to the weakness of making any declamation to the mob around the scaffold. He had written his memorable statement of his political opinions, preserved for those who know how to value the nobility of his character. Almost his only words, after quitting his cell, were, "I have made my peace with God, and have nothing to say to men; but here is a paper of what I have to say." Few have died more heroically than Algernon Sydney.

Page 687, note 1. Pepys mentions sitting up till two in the morning, playing cards and drinking "Lamb's-wool" — "a vulgar beverage made of ale, mixed with sugar, nutmeg, and the pulp of roasted apples."—*Pepys Diary*, ed. 1877, iv. 153.

Page 690, note 5. Turberville's name was Edward.

Page 692. Narrative of the Popish Plot.

We here subjoin the additional "Second Part" to this ballad, which was issued by the Shaftesbury faction. It would have been out of place in the body of our work, as it disturbs the continuity and uniformity of the original ballad written by John Gadbury and the "Lady of Quality." We should like some day to investigate the literary capabilities of Lady Powys, if materials are still extant, for that *she* was the "Lady of Quality" is by no means improbable. Mrs. Cellier could scarcely rise to it. As to John Gadbury, see p. 1015.

[Luttrell Collection, iii. 101.]

[A Narrative of the Popish Plot:]

The Second Part to the Same Tune;

Or, An Answer to the Lady of Qualities

Popish Ballad of the Popish Plot.

Like you my Song, or like it not,
I sing the Down-fall of the PLOT;
The PLOTTERS Characters I shew,
The Devil by his Paw you'l know.
God bless the King, our Church Preserve,
Whilst TRAYTORS have what they deserve.

To the Tune of PACKINGTONS POUND.

1.

SInce Hell is broke loose, and the Press set a work,
By Jesuit, by Jew, by Christian, and Turk;
By Fools, and by Fops, by Rascals and Knaves,
By Counterfeit Ladies, and by Scribbling Slaves:
Each Mome, and each Sot,
Now talks of the Plot.
Some cry it is true, and some swear it is not:
New Fire-balls in Pamphlets and Ballads are hurl'd,
To cajole the People, and amuse the World.

2.

And among all the rest, there starts up for one,
A Priest under Petticoats, Jesuit *Joan* ;[1]
Who in a lewd Ballad, does sing a loud Lye,
And to o'erthrow the Plot by fooling would try:
And though very bold
The Plotters she told,
The trick is too stale, the design is too old;
For no honest man in whom Reason doth dwell,
But scents the Popes breath, and the foul stink of Hell.

3.

The people deceiv'd by Jesuitical Glasses,
No longer now will be ridden like Asses;
They won't be deceiv'd, by their old foolish Lyes,
But the Plot, and the Plotters, see with their own Eyes:
For it is too plain,
For all their false Train,
The Plot was first hatch'd in a Jesuitical Brain;
And you shall without *Romish* Spectacles see,
Who both the Contrivers and Actors still be.

4.

A Politick States-man[2] that doth all confound,
Who the Head of all true Religion does wound;
Who was the first Rebel, that e're did rebell,
And who still advances all Traytors in Hell;
The Father of Evil,
And named Don Devil,
A very Fanatick, though he can seem Civil,
Of this wicked Plot first laid the close Train,
And the Cockatrice hatch'd in a Jesuits Brain.

5.

The Politick States-man in Councel did sit,
With Legions, to find out some Instruments fit;
And picking and choosing, he form'd a whole Rabble,
Who stink at St. *Omers* like Goats in a Stable:
Their Fortunes were low,
The Devil did know,
The bate of Preferment he therefore did shew:
He adopted these Tools, to give the Train fire,
For which some receiv'd a Rope for their hire.

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[1] This eleventh line has been referred to in the twentieth line of our original *Third Part*, on p. 682. The present ballad is not improbably by Elkanah Settle, who had been personally attacked in the original series of "Narratives of the Popish Plot," to the tune of Packington's Pound. Pope Joan was fermenting in his head, and produced in 1670 (see our p. 695). He cannot resist the allusion.

[2] Neither James Duke of York, nor Danby: see p. 754, note 2. Evidently Satan is intended, "the first Rebel."

6.

The next he prepar'd was a proud prating Knave,[1]
Who long ply'd the Court, to Great ones a Slave;
He fed with great Hopes, kept up a great Table,
For Money from *France*, did make the Knave able:
He went and he ran,
Did many Trepan.
And for the Popes sake, a whole Nation did ban:
He lost his Reward if he gaped for Uburn,[2]
For he with an Halter was Sainted at *Tyburn*.

7.

Like Rat in a Chamber another he found,[3]
Who had from the Fathers got many a pound;
This Pick-lock of Law, to be the Book drudge,
Was made, with great hopes, at last to be Judge:
He loved Applause,
Perverted the Laws,
And filled with Zeal he grew stout for the Cause:
Lest Drawing and Hanging should not make him Martyr,
He lash'd his own Back like a terrible Carter.

8.

The next were five bloody and murtherous Fellows,[4]
Who tempted by Money, made haste to the Gallows;
By whose cruel hands a brave *Hero*[5] did fall,
Sufficiently prov'd, though deny'd by them all:
Give the Devil his due,
The Treasurer too,
He has Sins of his own, and needs none from you:
The Knight being slain, fled the Men of the Church,
And left the poor Lay-men to hang in the lurch.

9.

The next a grave Gown-man[6] in terrible form,
Who with a strong breath, doth blow up this Storm;

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[1] This is probably Coleman: see pp. 693–702.

[2] Thus in original, but some incomprehensible misprint. Perhaps we should read "gaped for a high bourne," or "for a high turn." Possibly, it is a manufactured word = Uberty = plentifulness.

[3] Stephen Langhorn: see his *Trial*. He was mentioned on p. 674, note 4.

[4] This refers to Hy. Berry, Lawrence Hill, Robert Green (who were executed, see pp. 671, 680), Gerald, and Kelly, accused by Miles Prance (p. 679). No allusion to the "Five Jesuits," who were executed on the 20th June, 1678.

[5] This Hero means the melancholy magistrate Sir Edmondbury Godfrey—on whose death we wrote freely in the general introduction to the fourfold ballad-narrative, pp. 667-9. He was, despite his Protestantism, believed to have been personally favourable to the accused Catholics; and thus may have been deemed worthy of slaughter by the Oates faction, *with full opportunity of charging his murder on the Jesuits, and others whom they accused.*

[6] The person here intended was some hot Romanist, no doubt: such as the Duke of York's Confessor. Not the mild and calumniated Thomas Pickering; whose portrait in Caulfield's Collection shows gentleness verging on weakness.

He thunders, he tears, he rants and he roars,
To turn all Heretical Kings out of doors:
He makes a great rout,
And hunts all about,
To turn all Religion and Sanctity out;
Both Bishop and Presbyter he'l turn to Grass,
To bring in his Idols, and set up the Mass.

10.

Thus both the Contrivers and Actors you see,
They are not meer shadows, but really be;
But 'twas their ill Fortune, and our good Lot,
Or rather God's Mercy confounded their Plot:
Whate're Ladies sing,
They Murther'd one King.[1]
And now to Confusion another would bring:
God bless our good King, and long may he Reign,
And Jesuits be Hanged if they Plot again.

FINIS.

[Date 1679. White-letter: double columns. No woodcuts. Ours we introduce.]

Page 722. **Another Careless Gallant.**

"Alas, how easily Drink goes wrong!
A sip too oft, or a pull too strong:
And there follow *Del. Tre.* to the fevered brain,
And five-shillings, or *quod*, from the Beak again."
Geo. Macdonald's *Phantastes:* Variorum edition.

Another "Careless Gallant" we reserve. We owe thanks to the Shade of old Polonius, who boasted that he could find "where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the centre." It could have been none other, of our many after-midnight visitors, who guided us to search that antique lumber-chest in the muniment room of Nirgends College, left undisturbed since they built the new wing which flew away with half the revenues. There we found the *Entr'Acte* ballad, printed on our p. 1022, given to an

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[1] Although this broadsheet is undated, we do not believe it to have been of so late a date as Feb. 168⅘, and thus to refer to the very suspicious circumstances attending the death of Charles II. The allusion here is probably to the French King Henry IV. and the murder by Ravaillac. If it had been to Charles II., there would have been other tokens of the time. But by 1685 many fresh topics engaged attention, and displaced the Narrative of the Popish Plot, by a "Lady of Quality." To our mind, the special reference (before noted) to this very poem in the *Third Part*, proves the present to have been published during 1679.

admiring world. It was written in very black-letter indeed, or it could not have resisted the damps of two hundred years. A few letters are undecipherable, and if people think we have misread the first vowel and the third consonant in the proper name of the title, let them bring their own magnifying-glasses and do better. This document is now, or was lately, lodged for inspection in the Library at Lambeth Palace; but since the room is desecrated by being given up from its serene quiet to serve as a legal bear-garden in ecclesiastical trials, which always end in a *fiasco*, some of the "aggrieved parishioners" may have purloined it. But what we insist on is the remarkable evidence it affords, if it has been written a couple of centuries, that there were, at that date prototypes of the learned Societies whereunto the present Editor belongs as an unworthy member. Readers may be sure that we have made no interpolations. One part is as genuine as the other. Still, as Weller Senior remarked, "What I look at is the werry remarkable coin*ci*dence," of matters thus prefigured to be similar two hundred years thence. It nevertheless affords a contrast to The Careless Gallant.

We give here (instead of on the later page 1022) a couple of notes.

* This can scarcely refer to the establishment of the *Royal Society*, the charter of which dates from 1662, probably fifteen years before the date of this ballad, for we can faintly discern MS. traces of "77." It *may* refer to a later Society.

† We are glad to see this two-centuries-old spelling of the poet's name, when phonetic experimenters are making it unrecognizable. One 1877 edition of *Shakspere*, p. vii. line 8 of text, gravely assures us that the true spelling is "Shakpere" *(sic)*. This may suit Dr. Delius and other Prussians, but we prefer to use "s" twice. Peter Cunningham, in the forgeries of Sir H. Herbert's list of Court "Revels," gives us "Shaxburd." They used to whip little boys who played such tricks. But now, it is called Spelling-reform! we scarcely whip garotters, and are only ruthless against the Turks.

But *The Lay of Sir Welbred* (if he really were Wel*b*red) is, for one sufficient and occult reason,[1] reserved to the after position of solitary grandeur. As is there said, "It is a naughty world;" suspicious, when even Detectives become corruptible.

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[1] It is necessary to be very cautious in these days, when authorities are misquoted, words mis-spelt or pronounced *unglossically*, and texts mutilated. Ballad-Society members are aware that Human-Nature, the Primate of All England, and *one other*, have a quality in common:—

> And this is the slowness in taking a jest,
> Should you happen to venture on one,
> They will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed;
> And they always look grave at a pun.

Our note is merely privately parenthetical, but it explains the "occult reason." *Verb sap.*

Page 736. The Chelmsford Murder, 166⅔.

"O *Abelard*, ill-fated Youth,
Thy tale will justify this Truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's song.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern, and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress:
And *Venus* shall the texture bless."
—Mat. Prior: *Alma*, Canto ii.

In Anthony à Wood's Collection, 401, art. 188, at the Bodleian Library, there is another ballad, of twelve verses, entitled "The Careless Curate and the Bloudy Butcher." In sober seriousness it gives a Narrative of "Sad News from *Chelmsford* in *Essex*, declaring an execrable Murther committed by a Barbarous Butcher, who coming home at midnight, and finding the Parson of the Parish in bed with his wife, in a revengeful passion with his knife cut off his privy m . . . . . , By which he dyed, and the Malefactor being immediately Apprehended, is committed to *Chelmsford* Gaol. A deplorable Example to dehort all sorts of Men and Women from Adultery and Murther." It goes "to the Tune of, *Oh Women, monstrous women;*" concerning which, see our pp. 429 and 923. It was printed for William Gilbertson. Anthony à Wood tells us, in Oxford MS., that it was "mense Feb: 1662," *i.e.* 166⅔. There are three woodcuts, the first special and gross; another of two men struggling, one stabbing the other. Of the third engraving we subjoin a sketch: except that it is from an earlier state of the original than Wood's, in which the border-lines, moon and cloud are cut away. We give another variation of it on p. 1016. The ballad thus begins:—

Black *Murther* and *Adultery*
Are two such sworn Brothers,
That whosoere their fathers be,
Hot passions are their Mothers,
As will appear in this *Narration*,
More full of woe and lamentation,
Then ever came into this Nation,
And by report 'tis true.

From *Chelmsford* Town in *Essex* this
Sad *Narrative* was sent,
I wish 'twas false, because there is
A *Clergy* person in't;
But when the Divel doth begin
With sly deceits to draw us in,
Princes and *Priests* are all but Men.
And prone to do amiss.

When the Butcher discovers them, we are told,

He star'd and look'd about him then,
And thought (when he y^e^ black Coat had seen)
Hugh Peters had been alive agen,
And fumbling with his wife.

[On Hugh Peters, see p. 736.] The Curate dies of the wound:—

The Butcher's wife shreek't and cry'd,
Which call'd the Neighbours in,
And there (in little time) they spyed
Two horrid Acts of *Sin*,
And then the Officers were call'd,
Who to a Justice had him hal'd,
And now he is (like an Oxe install'd)
Shut up in *Chelmsford Gaol.*

There he untill the Sizes come
Is close confin'd to lye,
From whence he may expect his doom:
For surely he shall dye.
His wife is full of sorrow fraught,
To think that she (by courses nought)
Hath such a sad confusion brought
Upon three Souls at once.

But now 'tis time I should conclude
This fatal sad report,
I hope there's none will be so rude
To judge the Clergy for't:
They are but Men as well as we,
And subject to infirmity:
God keep us from Adultery,
Malice, Revenge, and Bloud.

Pages 741–779. If readers are not quite tired of these Election-Ballads, we here give two others, additional, from different parts of the country, and belonging to the same troubled time. The first is on the Court-side :—

[Strawberry-Hill Collection, 5 ; Luttrell, ii. 59.]

The Devonshire Ballad.

To the Tune of 1642.

NOw all old Cavaliers now or ne'er stand to it ;
The Synod['s] dissolv'd, and the Ball's at your foot,
But if Faction prevail, you're destroy'd branch and root,
Branch and Root.

Jack Presbyters Agents are busie 'tis clear,
To advance dame *M.*[1] over the Shire,
For her K[nigh]t doth under Covert also appear,
appear.

Vous Avez Tom R. a Zealot of note,
Who for factious Meetings the Statute doth quote,
While's Conscience cryes, Dog you lie in your throat,
your Throat.

Enter impudent *D.* I do thee no wrong,
A very fit Priest to lead Knaves along,
For he'll sell his Mother Church for a Song,
A Song.

The Knights Steward M. *Chap.* comes next,
At whom the Tenants are damnably vext,
Because he handles them worse than his Text,
His Text.

In *querpo* he walks the streets of the Town,
Not so fit for a Priest, as a Cassock and Gown,
Yet the proper garb for the son of a Clown,
A Clown.

Vous Aves J. H. a very good Reason,
An old Rebel Knave, the critical season
For the safe plotting and acting of Treason,
of Treason.

D. D. U. L. the Loyalists guess
For the Devils palate an excellent Mess,
No Cook like the Hangman such Victuals can dress,
can Dress.

Sir *W. M.* comes next in the way,
If you dislike him take *Chidley* I pray ;
There must be a Fool as well as a Knave in the Play,
The Play.

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[1] The two members returned for Devonshire, to serve in the final Parliament of Charles II., at Oxford, in 1681, were (as in the previous Parliament of 1680) Sir William Courtney and Samuel Rolle. Courtney had held place in previous Parliament, 1678–9, with Edward Seymour.

It's beneath me to speak of the rest of the Cattle,
Who proudly do bid God's Anointed to Battle,
I hope *Charles* the Second will give them a Rattle,
A Rattle.
Amen.

[Second column is A Song,[1] to a different tune. Not indented in broadside.]

WHat the Priests Gospel Call
Doth not move us at all;
We Commons will have the Dominion,
What of old Saint *Paul* wrote
Of Subjection, we Vote
To be only one Doctors opinion.

Since *James* does not merit
After *Charles* to inherit,
But hates the new Saints Reformation;
We'l be rul'd by the Devil,
And do what is Evil,
That good may thence come to the Nation.

We are taught by old *Peter*
To submit, but 'tis sweeter
To rule as his Successors tell us,
Let *Charles* and State groan,
We'l give Laws to the Throne;
At least be his Majesties Fellows.

What's great *Charles* unto us,
If he let *James* undo us,
We owe him no longer subjection,
Than he doth afford
The use of his sword,[2]
And appears for our protection.

Let him lay *York* aside,
Let *Jack Presbyter* ride,
'Tis the only way for to please us;
Then to him we'l be true
As the treacherous Jew
To the innocent Sovereign Jesus.[3]

Then 'twill quickly appear,
That we value *Tangier*,[4]
And he need not to make any Motion
On that score agen;
For money or men,
All we have is at his Devotion.

London: Printed for the Assigns of *F. S.* 1681.
[In White-letter. No woodcut.]

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[1] Reprinted in *State Poems*, ii. 118, with variations.
[2] *Al. lect.*, "Then *Hugh* doth afford Us the use of the Word."
[3] *State Poems* reads, "To the Innocent Crucify'd *Jesus*."
[4] See p. 636.

We do not think it necessary to unravel the family history of the persons here alluded to, as in the case of the Election Ballads which belonged to our Bagford Collection. Every allusion could be rendered clear, if it were necessary. But in these two cases it is merely the general aspect of the Electioneering squabbles that claims our final attention. We add notes to show who were successful among the Candidates for the Representation.

[Strawberry Hill Collection, 6.]

The Worcestershire Ballad:[1]

OR,

A faithfull Relation
(*Worth your Observation*)
Of the Peregrination,
And Kind Acceptation
Of some Men in High Station,
Who travail'd from London *to* Worster *Citty.*
And what they came for, you will find in the Ditty.

To a pleasant new Tune.

COme honest Neighbours and listen a while,
I'le tell you a Tale shall make you all Smile,
A Tale that is simple and true,
Of Great ones come here
As big as a Bug-Beare,
Not Guilty and *Coventry Blew.*[2]

And how they were Routed,
How laugh'd at and Flouted,
And how we spoyled the Court-Plot;
And how when Defeated
They poorly Retreated,
Ne're appearing upon the Spot.

With Great Mighty Forces,
Hackney-Coach and Six Horses,
They came from *London* Town,
And all that long way,
Both by Night and by Day,
They sadly did run us down.

When they drew near the Citty,
Old *Crump* and young *Twitty*
Rid out to meet the Coach,
The Colledge Bell rung,
And the Beggars did throng,
To grace their Lordships approach.

[1] The ballad-writer is on the Anti-Court side, and inveighs against those who would sell themselves "For *Popery* and for *Pension.*"

[2] Nicknames of the two Court-Candidates.

'Tis not to be express'd,
How over-joy'd and Bless'd
They were at this appearing;
But the Maior hung a Tale,
Others would not leave their Ale
To give their Lordships a hearing.

Next day the Town was full
Of the Right Worshipfull,
But none of the lower Quarter
Were by these great Dons
And two or three Sir *Johns*,
Thought worthy the Whistling after.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

TO these a Preachment was made
In hopes to perswade,
But in vain, as appears by the Story;
For it was observ'd
He spake not a word
Of *Popery* or of *Tory*.

He mentioned not the *Gunpowder-Treason*,[1]
The *Irish* Massacre (nor as he had reason)
The late Beheaded Lord *Stafford*,[2]
Nor his countrey-man *Bonner*,
Nor *Not Guilty upon my Honour*[3]
No such Discourses could afford.

Nor spoke he of the Burning of *London* to *Embers*,[4]
But only of choosing hopeful *New Members*
To the *Oxford* Parliament;[5]
He Farts and he Flusters,
He Belches and Blusters,
You might follow him by the scent.

But finding his Oration
Had very little Perswasion,
He offered Two Hundred Pound
To *Gallant Old Sam*,[6]
Or any other Man,
That would run *Tom Foley* a-ground.[7]

But most men did think
He had not so much Chink,
Nor could pay for the Poll of the County,
And therefore did fear
It would cost them too dear
Should they accept of his Bounty.

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[1] See pp. 420, 700.
[2] See our pp. 674, note 2; 746.
[3] One of the unsuccessful Candidates.
[4] See p. 686, note.
[5] See pp. 817–843, especially note on p. 821.
[6] Samuel Sandys, formerly M.P.
[7] See second note on next page.

Besides our Free-holder
Is Braver and Bolder,
  Than so to be Bought and Sold;
    They'll never choose a Man,
    Do their Honours what they can,
  That will sell his Countrey for Gold. 72

Nor are their Heads so hollow
Or their Wits so shallow,
  But that they soon smoak't the Intention,
    'Twas to have such Men
    As would sell them agen
  For *Popery* and for *Pension*. 78

A Nanfan,[1] *A Foley*,[2] *A Nanfan, a Foley*.
Shall have our Votes so[le]ly,
  Two *English-men* Trusty and True,
    'Gainst all Court Designers
    And Countrey Underminers,
  Not Guilty and *Coventry Blew*. 84

FINIS.

Printed to be sent by the Post. 1681.

[In White-letter. No printer's name or woodcut.]

Page 751, note. As to the nickname *Tory*. In Narcissus Luttrell's Collection, on the Popish Plot, etc., iii. 104, is "A New Ballad, with the Definition of the word TORY." A manuscript note dates it "7 June, 1682." We read,

The word *Tory's* of *Irish* Extraction,
'Tis a Legacy they have left here,
They came here in their Brogues
And have acted like Rogues,
In endeavouring to learn us to Swear.
Those Papists, I may rather say Atheists,
Was sent with a Sham to the Town
To swear one Plot up and another Plot down,
With a thick *Irish* Air, like the same that they swear,
But this I conclude, their understanding's not good,
Their Reason's in *Ireland* behind.

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[1] Bridges Nanfan was returned as one of the two members for Worcestershire, in Charles the Second's fifth Parliament (his last), which met for one week at Oxford in March, 1681.

[2] Thomas Foley was one of the representatives of Worcestershire, in the third, fourth, and fifth Parliaments of Charles II., in 167$\frac{8}{9}$, 1680, and 1681. In the two former his colleague was Samuel Sandys. Both the anti-Court candidates, mentioned in the Worcestershire ballad, were returned for the Oxford Parliament. For Worcester City the members were Sir Francis Winnington (who had been previously the member, along with Thomas Street) and Henry Herbert. Thomas Foley died in February, 170$\frac{2}{3}$.

[By the way, the word "*Sham*" came into vogue about the same year with the word Tory; though they have no other connexion.] It has a woodcut caricature of "Towzer," meaning Roger L'Estrange, and another of Nathaniel Thompson, the publisher of *Loyal Songs*. The former is made to say, "I will write on, and Sham as I have begun." Thompson says, "And I will Lie in Print as you have done." The ballad begins, "See how the *Tories* drives their Trade, Clokes all with Fourty One;" to the tune of "Hey, boys, up go we." London: Printed for R. Kett, in the year 1682. In a more highly finished copper-plate engraving L'Estrange is misrepresented as a spotted dog, with a Label "Fourty One," and a Fiddle tied to his tail (in allusion to his being called "Oliver's Fiddler," from Civil-War time: see p. 1074, *L'Estrange*), in "The Time-servers"; Luttrell Coll., iii. 138; and Strawberry-Hill Coll., 24, 1681.

Page 768, line 17. *Chimney-money* was a tax raised on every chimney in a dwelling-house, like Pitt's "tax on light," the window-tax, in modern times. In Luttrell Coll., iii. 146, is "An Heroick Poem upon his Majesties Most Gratious releasing the Chimney Money," 1689. It begins, "Above the waves, so Neptune show'd his face," &c.

Page 806.

Russell's Farewell.

"Well, he won't find kings to jostle
Him on the way: but does he wear his head?
Because the last we saw here had a tustle,
And never would have got in heaven's good graces,
Had he not flung his head in all our faces."

The Vision of Judgment.

Of the men who, unless they be born great, are incapable by virtue, intellect, or valour, of achieving renown for themselves, yet "have greatness thrust upon them," owing to the happy accident of their attaining some cheap semblance of martyrdom, few have prospered better on a small capital than William Lord Russell. Sentimentalists remember the wife acting as his secretary at his trial in 1683. Other persons were not obstructed from filling the post, but it promised to be a "telling" incident to excite pity and admiration: "My wife is here, my Lord." Anti-Papists exult in the thought that he had pertinaciously speechified in the House, to gain the Exclusion of the man whom he detested, James Duke of York. Disaffected intriguers against Government, republicans, utopians, and prejudiced decriers of the

Stuart race, delight to foster the claims of one who was avowedly of their party; a thorn in the side of the King, a willing tool for the machinations of "Achitophel" Shaftesbury. Yet, with all their readiness to enlarge into heroic proportions the beheaded conspirator of the Rye-House Plot, the taint of mediocrity has utterly incapacitated him, throughout the ages, for filling any such niche as his partisans prepare. He had not the merit of purity in morals and conduct; for in his early life, if not afterwards, he had yielded to the licentiousness which was common to the younger sons of peers in his day. Already a widow before he married her, his wife Rachel, by her amiable disposition, good sense and high principles, effected a reformation of his character; so far as his weak, querulous, and "fussy" nature could admit. With the self-conceit that he was by position and qualities born to be a leader of men, he was in truth the mere puppet of unscrupulous plotters, who flattered his vanity, and used him as a stalking horse. Rumbolt, Rumsey, West, Keeling and the gang of assassins, needed not to take him fully into their counsel. It is such men as this overpraised Russell who always double the peril of every rash conspiracy, because they are supposed to be neither vicious nor insane. They give their countenance to specious plots of disaffection, because they are not sufficiently shrewd to foresee consequences, to read the character of their associates, or to detect their own insignificance. If the plot succeed, they are at once displaced by more vigorous leaders: if it fail, they scarcely deserve compassion.

We have needed so often to refer to the ballad and tune of "Russell's Farewell" (see our pp. 230, 556, and 806), that we gladly here give the never-hitherto reprinted verses. So far as we know, there is but one exemplar remaining, and that is at the Bodleian Library, from which we transcribed the following lines. They are entitled "The Lord Russel's last Farewel to the World," with music printed on the single-sheet, which is in A. Wood's Collection, 417, ii. art. 123. Printed for *J. Dean*, Bookseller in *Cranborn*-Street, in *Leicester-Fields*, near *Newport*-House, 1683.

FArewel, farewel to Mortal Powers,
and fond Ambitious Fools;
Now guiltless Blood requireth ours,
from Providence that Rules.
Farewell to *Monmouth*, Horned *Grey*,
who are from Justice fled;
And left me to this fatal Day,
to loose my Plotting Head.

Of all the Lords of our Caballs,
I am the first that dyes
By th' hand of Justice, which foretells
a Counter Sacrifice:
That Blazing-Star at *Stafford's* Death [1]
foretold a fatal Change;
Now I declare, with my last breath,
it is but just Revenge.

[1] See the extract from *Evelyn's Diary* on p. 98.

Farewel to our late Parliament
which made Three Kingdoms shake;
Our Lawless Votes (my Soul torments)
was for Rebellions sake:
Th' Exclusive Bill I did promote
with vigour, spleen, and power;
Thereby to cut a Monarchs Throat
that caus'd this Fatal Hour.

The best of Kings I sought to Kill,
and draw'd in Thousands more;
Who neither wanted Wealth nor Will,
and Traytors long before:
Besides the Peasants and the poor,
for Insurrection bent;
To lay the Kingdom all in gore,
to please a Parliament.

We neither feared Law nor Right,
Prerogative nor Fate;
Impeached Queen[1] and Duke for spight,
to make the King afraid:
We thought he durst not call to 'count
our great Conspiring Heads;
But now, like me, they all must mount,
and fall into the Shades.

If we had Hang'd *Tony* and *Tom*,[2]
when first the Plot begun:
Then I to this had never come,
nor *James*[3] from Justice run
Denying of the Plot's in vain,
since Essex cut's own Throat:[4]
Both *Rouse* and *Walcot* owns the same,
and all the rest must do't.

For my Confession I commit
to th' *Groaning*-Board's Divine;[5]
'Tis his desire to Word it fit,
I hope for no design.
If the *Whiggish* Cant, he puts upon 't,
with 'quivocating Shamms;
Then score him up, on our account,
his *Lybell* to the Flames.

FINIS.

Any number of Russells, "meddling and muddling" in hereditary conceit, could be better spared by England than the brave Algernon Sydney, whose unjustly-compassed death leaves so great a stain on the government of Charles.[6] It was like the slaughter

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[1] See our pp. 667 and 692, note 1.

[2] Shaftesbury and Sir Thomas Armstrong: see p. 799, note 1.

[3] James Scott, Duke of Monmouth; not the Duke of York.

[4] See p. 684, note 2.

[5] This refers to Gilbert Burnet, who was closely connected with the Elmboard's groaning (see our pp. 99, 925), in the time of Sheriffs Slingsby Bethel and Cornish.

[6] The weakest part of Algernon Sydney's defence was that touching the papers written long before by himself, *never published*, found in his house, and produced against him instead of another witness to substantiate the testimony of the infamous Lord Howard of Escrick. A more straightforward avowal would have been in conformity with the character of Sydney, and no quibbling could be advantageous, for his anti-monarchical sentiments were notorious. He was on firmer ground when he showed the absence of sufficient proof against him, the legal necessity of having two witnesses to the same fact: either the conspiracy against the King's life, or, the levying war. Howard alone testified that Sydney intended to raise an insurrection among the Scots. The distinct matter of the Rye-House Plot, for the assassination of Charles, had been brought in (having no connexion with Sydney, except hearsay evidence on the part of Keeling, that Goodenough had mentioned the Colonel's name), in order to prejudice the jury, by thus indicating that conspiracies were afoot against the King's life. There was absolutely *no* proof that Sydney ever entertained such a design. As he said himself, "There is no man that thinks that I would kill the King that knows me. I am not a man to have such a design; perhaps I may say I have saved his life

of the Duke d'Enghien by the first Napoleon. In neither case could a "fatal necessity" be pleaded. It was an impolitic act, in addition to being an immorality: "not only a crime, but a blunder." In the case of the enthusiastic Republican, it left the leadership of the disaffected to men of baser instincts than himself, more selfish, and less scrupulous. Visions of austere virtue and national freedom had often come to cheer his gloom during exile, and cause forgetfulness of personal wrongs endured of old from more grasping overthrowers of monarchy, whom their ambition, not affection, made his associates, during the Commonwealth troubles. Such visions were too high for the sympathy of the intriguers, whose practical sagacity and cunning helped onward the Revolution, five years after he had mounted the scaffold. The materials of our volume have in no case prominently brought Algernon Sydney before us. At most, there were indirect allusions to him, and we therefore lacked excuse for any lengthened notice. But he was too noble and important a figure of the time, in close connexion with the Plots, false or real, for us willingly to omit a brief tribute of respect to his memory. "This was the noblest Roman of them all."

Among the triumphant *Loyal Songs* of 1685 are few with which we feel less sympathy than that one (on p. 348, but issued a year earlier, no doubt) entitled "Collonel Sidney's Lamentation and Last Farewel to the World." To the tune, What name, &c. It was written in cruel exultation over his murder. It takes for granted his complicity in the Rye-House Plot of assassination, although no trustworthy evidence was brought to prove it against him. It couples his name with plotters every way his inferiors. It accuses him of misleading Monmouth, with intent (true enough in regard to Shaftesbury's share) of throwing him aside whenever he had served as a tool for the conspirators. Thus we read:

> With *Tony*, *Gray*, and *Russel*, I Conspir'd
> My Princes death, and many thousands hyr'd
> To arm themselves in ev'ry Town and Shire,
> To Murther this King and [his] Lawful Heir,

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once."—Sydney's *Defence*. That he was a dangerous, disaffected man is undoubted. But this is a very different affair from having been satisfactorily proved guilty of overt acts of treason. He was incapable of meanness or treachery of any kind. He was no factious demagogue, like Russell; no wily spinner of the meshes of intrigue, like Shaftesbury; no vacillator and vainglorious trifler, like Monmouth; and beyond all comparison above such men as Armstrong and Grey. He was a Republican, pure and simple, because he distrusted and hated monarchy. His death took place on Tower Hill, December 7th, 1683. "Are you ready, Sir? Will you rise again?" said the greedy headsman, Ketch. The reply came promptly: "*Not till the general resurrection—strike on!*"

And lay it all upon the *Papists* backs,
Which with the weight of our own *Treason* cracks;
And for our Crimes too murther them allow,
Poor Traytors, where's our Ignoramus *now?*

We draw'd in *M*[*onmout*]*h* to advance the *Cause,*
And made him Popular by Fools Applause;
We made his Soul swell to be a King,
When we, alas! intended no such thing. &c.

The first verse begins, "Now, now too weak, alas! I find our Cause;" viz. that "Good Old Cause" of the Republicans, which Harrison died avowing. The second verse is against Sydney:

These forty years I've reigned in Roguery,
With kind success 'gainst Lawful Monarchy;
And now must my gray Head be over-reacht,
And my stiff Neck by strength of *halter* strecht.

Another ballad to the tune of "Ignoramus" (="Lay by your Reason") entitled "The Newcastle Associators; or, the Trimmers Loyalty;" written and published in August, 1684, thus recalled Shaftesbury's plan of the Whig Association:

Russel did try for 't,
Sidney did die for 't,
While *Rumbold*, *Gray*, and *Tom* with the rest did flie for 't;
For all their Teaching,
Ferguson's Preaching,
His *Head's* upon a Pole, and his Quarters bleaching.[1]
The Starter's a Martyr,
The *Squire* gives no Quarter,
For now the *Bully Knight* is by the head cut shorter.
They *Plotted*, and *Lotted*, and *Sotted*, and *Voted*,
And never will have done till their quarters are promoted.

Page 821, note. **Stephen College.**

Anthony à Wood gives us a contemporary record of the execution of this man, who, like Polonius, thrust himself forward into situations of peril without necessity, and paid the forfeit:—

"Wednesday at 11. Stephen College, born at *Watford* in

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[1] This does not refer to Robert Ferguson, who survived till 1714. His many escapes from punishment leave a suspicion on his memory that he saved himself by treachery and the betrayal of those whom he had continually encouraged in rebellion. The head and quarters here referred to are those of "Tom," "the Bully Knight," Sir Thomas Armstrong, who fled, it is true, but was tamely surrendered by the Dutch authorities to the officers sent from England to arrest him. He was summarily sentenced, without a formal trial, and beheaded on June 20th, 1684. His head was placed between Cromwell's and Bradshaw's at Whitehall. See *2nd Div.* xxii, the note on page 799; and, for verses on Algernon Sydney's death, p. 712.)

Hertfordshire, nephew to Edmund College of St. Peters in the Bayly, suffered death by hanging in the Castle yard, Oxon., and when he had hanged about half an hour was cut down by *Catch* or *Ketch*, and quartered under the gallows, his entrails were burnt in a fire made by the gallow. He spoke and prayed more than half an hour, his body was, after quartering, put into a coffin, and the same day was conveyed to *London*, and buried privately, the Thursday following at night, in St. *Gregory's* Church, near St. *Paul's*." Bliss gives in a footnote (p. 233, of the *Life*) the last letter written by "Stephen Colledge," thus signed, to his children, August 30, 1681. The man had some good qualities, although he was fanatical, obtrusive, and seditiously inclined. Too much exultation had been shown over his dismissal from trial by an "Ignoramus" jury in London, to afford him any chance of a second escape when tried at Oxford. His hatred against the Roman Catholics, especially against James Duke of York, and his influence over the crowd as a demagogue, undoubtedly secured his own condemnation.

> Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
> I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune,
> Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

Page 830.

John Tutchin.

After having read, or attempted to read, some of the poetical labours of John Tutchin, we are not inclined to deem the offer made in pleasantry by Judge Jeffreys an unwarrantable boast:—"I hear that you are a poet. I will cap verses with you!" It was not an offer suited to the supposed dignity of the Bench. Alas! we have seen the ermine far from stainless in recent days; and after-writers, free from contemporary servility of adulation, will mention some names with censure such as we apply to Scroggs and Jeffreys. As Emerson well said: "The reputations of the nineteenth century will hereafter be quoted to prove its barbarism." Jeffreys must have been a very poor versifier, if he could not equal Tutchin; for whom a whipping or two might have been useful, without overdoing the exercise. His "Poems on Several Occasions," including a Pastoral, were published in 1685. "The Foreigners, a Poem," by him, came out in 1700. The Companion poem, "The Natives," was by a different hand, but in reissue they appeared beside one another. Whether Defoe wrote "A Dialogue between a Dissenter and the *Observator* [J. Tutchin's writings], concerning [Defoe's] 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,'" we do not feel assured, but it is probable. Con-

nected with Tutchin is an "Answer to the Whigs' Black List," etc., in 4to. 1705, the date of our ballad. In controversy with Defoe, in the same year, and likewise in 4to., appeared Tutchin's "Daniel the Prophet no Conjurer." At that date, there was a squibbing with ballads, about "The Tackers," Marlborough, and other matters, one of which appears to have been written by Defoe, another by Tutchin, with a common burden of "One hundred and thirty-four" [see *2nd Index*]. The attack on Stubs lay more with Defoe than with Tutchin, who died 23rd Sept. 1704.

The Rev. Philip Stubs was Archdeacon of St. Albans, and in 1702 had published a sermon entitled "For God, or for Baal; or, No Neutrality in Religion." He took his text from 1 Kings xviii. 21. (Another 4to. edition of the sermon followed in 1704.) As this provoked much comment and scurrilous abuse, there appeared, in 1703, a twelve-paged threepenny 4to. pamphlet, entitled "A view of the Present *Controversy* about *Occasional Conformity:* As far as Religion's engaged in it: With a Vindication of Mr. *Stubs's Sermon* against *Neutrality in Religion*, Entituled, *For* GOD *or for* BAAL, from the Unchristian Usage of several Party-Pamphleteers. London, Printed for Henry Mortlock, and sold by John Nutt, near Stationers-Hall;" etc. It is scarcely necessary for us here to do more than indicate a few of the innumerable pamphlets to be examined by those who wish to go further into the subject. Daniel Foe (he is spoken of as "D. F."), his *Enquiry* into the Occasional Conformity of Dissenters, in Cases of Preferment, with a Preface to Mr. How. This being met by "Considerations," etc., called forth "A Letter to Mr. How, by way of Reply to his Consideration of the Preface to an Enquiry," etc. The writer of "A View," etc., acknowledges that, "As for Mr. *Stubs*, the Author I have undertaken to Vindicate, it must be allow'd he has had very *hard measure* from the *Church's* Adversaries, who, for publishing a *Reconciliation* Sermon, occasioned by the *half-Conformity* of some *Separatists*, and that too supported by no Authorities but those of *Dissenters* themselves, against them; . . . . is yet, contrary to his true Character, so *immoderately* traduced as a Hot Man," etc. The italics are his, not ours. We simply illustrate the passage in our ballad-text. John Tutchin, writer of the *Observator*, etc., is reputed (and declared in MS. to have been) the author of "The Whiskers Whisk'd; or, A Farewel Sermon Prepared to be Preach'd at Turner's-Hall in Phillpot Lane. By the Irreverend J—— J—— Doctor of Enthusiasm." 1703. This refers to Dr. Joseph Jacob. It is nothing but ribaldry. In *Poems on Affairs of State*, ii. p. 1, Tutchin's "Foreigners" is reprinted, but only bears his initial,

"by Mr. T." His "British Muse; or, Tyranny Expos'd: A Satyr," is in same vol., p. 387. A 4to. pamphlet, "*Rabshakeh Vapulans;* or, an Answer to the Tribe of Levi," 1691, is connected with Tutchin's attack on the Non-Jurors among the clergy.

Page 845. **The Welshmen's Glory.**

Lady Percy.—"Lie still, you thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh."
1st Part of *Henry IV.* iii. 1.

Unexpectedly, we have found another copy of this spirited ditty; not a duplicate, but a different impression, Black-letter, and, almost-certainly, earlier printed. It is in the 4to. Rawlinson, 566, folio 185. (It has three worm-eaten woodcuts, one being a half-length figure, resembling young Henry V.: ours had none.) It bears the diverse title, "Britain's Vallour," and was printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright (of the date 1655–80). Moreover, and this is great gain, it specifies that the ballad is sung "to the Tune of; '*O no, no, not yet!*'" This tune may be the same as "Drive the cold winter away," or, "All hail to the days that merit more praise;" which is given in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 194 (a book without which no lover of old ballads can possibly be happy). The words of "The Night-Encounter" are found in *Wit and Drollery*, p. 35, 1656; and in both editions of *Merry Drollery*, p. 69, 1661; p. 250, edition 1670. We give the first verse, to show the full burden:

When *Phœbus* had drest his course to the West
To take up his rest below,
And *Cynthia* agreed in her glittering weed
Her light in his stead to bestow:
I walking alone, attended by none,
I suddenly heard one cry,
O do not, do not kill me yet,
For I am not prepar'd to dye. &c.

It appears, also, as "When Phebus addrest himselfe to the west," in Percy Folio MS., p. 96: or vol. iv., p. 7.[1] The tune was popularly named thus, from the burden "O no, no, not yet," several years before the Restoration; indeed it is thus given so early as 1634, (we learn from Mr. Chappell's *Pop. Music*, p. 193 note,) in J. Starter's *Boertigheden*.

By collating the Rawlinson exemplar we find a few corrections of our Bagford ballad. The 2nd line reads "I sing in *lofty* verse." Our guess as to line 10 being a misprint is confirmed: it reads,

> Of *Warwick's* valiant *Guy*,
> Nor England's Warlike Champion,
> Saint George's Chivalry.

Line 53, "them over*threw*." Line 57 had been misprinted: the earlier text reading (not "Lances," but)

> Next after that the *Danes* came in,
> That great usurping foe

(again confirming a conjectural emendation). Winchelsea and Llandaffe (*sic*) are here. Line 81, "Then doth not brave St.," etc. Line 89 corrects ours, as "Of *Jacques* let the *Spaniard* boast." Line 102, "Which never *shall* decay." N.B., our final verse does not appear; there was no room for it on the broadside. Perhaps, being specially added, in the abundant space of Thomas Dawks' reprint, it afterwards afforded the excuse for calling it a "new-made song." Let students compare with ours the inferior "Praise of Saint David's Day," beginning "Who list to reade the deeds by valiant Welshmen done" (Roxb. Coll., i. 324). It goes to the tune "When this Old Cap was new" (="Simon the King"); and the burden "*It is to wear a Leeke.*" With much similarity, one ballad must have suggested the other. Ours is, beyond comparison, the better. (A copy is in Ouvry Coll., ii. 11.)

We prefer to leave the settlement of derivation of Prince

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[1] Despite the high authority of Mr. Chappell, regarding this ascription of the burden, some doubt may still be entertained, and because the rhythm or metre differs a little. For of as early a date (or nearly so, allowing for interruptions in transcription of ballads between pp. 96 and 460), as "When *Phebus*," &c., and in the same "Percy Folio MS." (printed text, iv. 92), is a four-verse song *more exactly reproducing the required burden*. Imperfect there, lacking two verses: we found the whole song in the rare edition of *Merry Drollery*, 1661, p. 32, and reproduced it in *Choyce Drollery* (=*Drolleries of the Restoration*, vol. iii. p. 204, 1876). Here is the first verse:—

> A young man walking all alone,
> Abroad to take the air,
> It was his chance to meet a maid
> Of beauty passing fair:
> Desiring her of curtesie
> Down by him for to sit,
> She answered him most modestly,
> *O nay, O nay, not yet.*

The same burden continues throughout. The poetical origin of this procrastinating half-denial was the fair Dulcina's "Foregoe me now: come to me soon!"

Camber (p. 856) from "Cambria," or "Cymrii," etc., or *vice versa*, to the united Etymologists—whenever they are born. (Between them and the Phonetic-spelling men will be a bad half hour.) We shelter ourselves beside Hotspur: "A plague upon it! I have forgot the map," he said, when at Bangor. Otherwise "Guarthenion" could have been speedily found by us.

Page 867, final verse. The Custard at the Lord Mayors' Banquets was evidently in high repute. Thus we read in John Eliot's "Jack of Lent's Ballat," on the bringing home of Queen Henrietta Maria, in 1625, by Buckingham,

> The Maior and Aldermen being met,
> *And at a Custard closely set*
> Each in their rank and order,
> The Maior a question doth propound,
> And that unanswer'd must go round,
> Till it comes to the Recorder.

It is in *Choyce Drollery*, 1656, p. 25, reprinted by us in 1876.

"Come, Lasses and Lads, take leave of your Dads, and away to the Maypole hie!"
Westminster Drollery, 1672.

Page 880, note 2. **The Pillory.**

"Prithee adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats."—*Eliana.*

"The May-pole in the Strand," close to the Pillory whereon Mrs. Cellier sat (her residence had been in Arundel Street, near St. Clement's Church, as we see by p. 709), was celebrated for height and floral wreaths. *Pasquil's Palinodia*, 1619, reads,

> Fairely we marched on, till our approach
> Within the spacious passage of the Strand
> Objected to our sight a *Summer*-broach,
> Ycleap'd a *May-pole*, which in all the Land
> No City, Towne, nor streete can parralell,
> Nor can the lofty spire of Clarken-well,
> Although he have the vantage of a Rocke,
> Pearch vp more high his turning weather-cock.
>
> Stay, quoth my Muse, and here behold a signe
> Of harmelesse mirth and honest neighbourhood,
> Where all the Parish did in one combine,
> To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood:
> Where no *capritious Constables* disturbe them,
> Nor Iustice of the peace did seeke to curbe them,
> Nor peevish Puritan in rayling sort,
> Nor over-wise Church-warden spoyl'd the sport.

In a black-letter ballad preserved at the Bodleian is this little woodcut of dancers around a May-pole.[1] Our general introduction gives some further references to May-pole sports.

Even as the unjustly-decried John Wilson Croker produced in Dec. 1843, an elaborate and illustrated essay on the Guillotine (first published in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 145, reprinted in 1857), so had Francis Douce, in 1807, turned his attention to the subject of Pillories, and, in connexion with "Measure for Measure," v. 1, given six woodcuts of them[2] (*Illustrations of Shakespeare*, i. 144–151). Incidentally he records his plea for the abolition

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[1] At the end of our *General Introduction* we give Thackeray's List of Ballads. We believe that No. 192, "The Merry Milkmaid's Delight," may yet be recovered, although Mr. Wm. Chappell fears that it has perished. We found "The Plow-man's Reply to the Merry Milk-maid's Delight" in the Douce Coll., ii. 177 *verso*. It begins, "I am a Ploughman brisk and young, And well I like the Milkmaid's Song." Tune of, "I am a Weaver to my Trade;" printed for Wm. Thackeray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood. With two cuts, one representing a girl meeting a ploughman; the other, of a May-pole in the street, we copy on the opposite page. Nell Gwynn saw it thus (pp. 598, 604).

[2] We reproduce five of them (avoiding the errors and vagueness of Douce's draughtsman), corrected from the original illuminations.

of physical torture, in what some people consider to be a "capital punishment." (We have no doubt that before long criminals will be put to death by some galvanic discharge, instead of by the brutal method of throttling still in favour with the Home Office.)

The following illustration, from a British Museum MS. (*Les Chroniques de St. Denis*, tom. i. fol. lxij) Bibl. Reg. 16, G. vi, is of the thirteenth century. It shows four women, half-suspended by head and hands, in a circular pillory, surmounting a found-

ation of masonwork. Probably the executioner kept his implements of torture (for branding and mutilating criminals) inside the building, of which we see the door. There is no trap, so a ladder must have been used.

The second cut shows a pillory of bird-cage form, hexagonal, to accommodate twelve culprits. The cage turns on a pivot, and is in a lighthouse-shaped framework of half-timbered and whitened mortar-work. It is taken (inaccurately in Douce) direct from another valuable British Museum MS. (fol. 64 of *Les Chroniques de Froissart*, tom. iv. Part 1re, Harl. MS. 4379).

Another of the *Carcan*, shows a woman confined to a pillar, by an iron collar: she stands on a circular table midway up the post or pillar, which is fixed in the ground. It is from Joh. Amos Commenius's *Orbis sensualium pictus*, the London edition of 1659, p. 524. It is a very small figure in this and the Noriberga editions, 1678; little more than a third of the present woodcut. She holds a palm branch. We suppose it to be in token of submission to her judicial sentence. Women seem to have been frequently exposed thus to the public view, the pillory being generally employed for libellers, perjurers, and persons of notoriously immoral life. Not many were befriended like Mrs. Cellier, with a chair and a screen (see our p. 986). About 1732, Mother Needham, a procuress, got such hurts from the mob as caused her death. The pillory was abolished in 1837.

Somewhat similar, except that the head is locked into an opening of the post, and the criminal stands on the ground, is the punishment of a forestaller of corn, or regrator, in the time of Henry the Seventh. It is from a table of the standard of ancient weights and measures in the Exchequer. (We have written a few words on the unpopularity of *Engrossers* and *Regrators* or forestallers of corn, on pp. 221, 491, 953, 1071, and 1087. Spenser writes, "By such engrossing and regrating, the dearth, that commonly reigneth in England, is caused.")

From Fox's *Book of Martyrs* is a cut taken by Douce, representing Robert Ockam in the pillory for perjury; time of Henry VIII. He stands on a movable pedestal of small elevation, with his name written above him. The erection closely resembles that used for Oates and Dangerfield (our p. 706).

Lastly, we see an ancient pillory that formerly stood in the market-place of the village of Paulmy in Touraine.[1] It is copied from a view of the Castle of Paulmy in Belle-forest's *Cosmographie Universelle*,[2] 1575. It is a prominent circular building, the basement of stone, with steps within leading up to an open shed supported on timber posts, and, apparently, crowned by a steeple and market-cross. Under the pent-house roof of the shed are two concentric circles of wood or iron, with holes for the hands and necks of many victims simultaneously exposed. The number of persons pilloried, mutilated, and put to death (particularly by hanging), in the olden time, was atrociously large. The gibbet at Montfaucon (see Paul Lacroix's beautiful work on "Manners, Customs, and Dress during the Middle Ages," p. 423) accommodated twenty-four corpses simultaneously, without crowding two on one beam, which could be done if required. Douce also refers to (but does not copy) an engraving of a Parisian structure, formerly at the Section des Halles; shown in Millin's *Antiquités Nationales*, tom. iii. no. 34. (See *Penny Magazine*, 1842, xi. 108.) It is a three-story hexagonal Gothic stone tower with spire, in the upper part of which is the *carcan* or pillory. The Saxon name for it was *halefang* (literally *catch-neck*). A better copy from Millin is among the illustrations of "Punishment" in Lacroix's Middle Ages, p. 426.

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[1] Le Pourtraict du Chasteau de Paulmy is a large and handsome copper-plate, giving an excellent view of the feudal mansion, one circular tower already in ruins, the extensive gardens and deer-park, with, on the opposite side, and nestling under the castle walls, the little village and its market-place, in the centre of which stands the permanent pillory, to repress any independent *vilain* who presumed to murmur. Douce enlarges this one building, omitting the other objects. We give it of the same size as the original. There is a close connexion between the Pillory, and the Plot-discoverers or Plot-witnesses, many of whom were punished in this way for their perjuries.

[2] The original woodcut, on our p. 83, representing an Astronomer, belonged to Belle-forest's *Cosmographie Universelle*, 1575, i. 38. We reproduce it here, in compliment to John Gadbury, and in contrast to the Old London figures on p. 1016. They seem to possess an anti-papal significance, for on board of the vessel is seen the Pope himself. This, with many other blocks, perished in the Great Fire of London, 1666, after which date we find few of the worn French and German woodcuts used to adorn ballad-broadsides.

Page 880, note 2. **John Gadbury.**

Here is the full title of the book mentioned on our p. 666, note: "*Nebulo Anglicanus:* or, The First Part of the *Black Life of John Gadbury.* It is the same John Gadbury that was in the Popish Plot to murther Charles II., in the year 1678. It is the same John Gadbury that was accused of being in another Plot, to dethrone and destroy King William, in the year 1690. It is the same John Gadbury that at this time is so strait-laced in Conscience that he cannot take the oaths to their present Majesties, &c. By J[ohn] Partridge. 'I have fought with Beasts after the manner of Men,' &c. [*sic*] London, 1691." It has a portrait of John Gadbury, "*Merlinus Verax,*" not ill-executed, representing him as a Romanist Pilgrim, with Rosary of beads and Cross, and a label from his mouth, inscribed "Special Protestant." Underneath are the lines which follow:—

GOod People pitty me, for I'm half mad,
Both Fool and Knave, and every thing that's bad:
Begot by Chance, my Stars with Loves soft arm
(No Priest concern'd) gave Figure to this Sperm.
My Furious Form thus lost, her sullen Womb,
Preserv'd the wonder of the Age to come;
I've liv'd in Vice and Tricking all my days,
And I'll be anything to live in Ease;
I'll be a Heathen, Protestant, or Jew,
A Turk, a Papist, any thing that's new;
Let but the Priests of my Religion say it,
Go Swear, or Kill, I'll certainly obey it;
My Crimes (Pox take my Fate) I can't disown,
There's nothing vexeth me, but that they're known;
Nay, many Vices more infect my Will:
But my Discretion keeps them secret still;
Well, pray for me (Romes Saints) 'tis that I crave,
A poor fall'n Brother, but all over Slave;
And in my good old Shape too, I'll appear,
Your *Thimble*[1] *Prophet*, and your Bodkin Seer.

As connected with Prophetical Astrology, by the figure with a speaking-trumpet or a telescope, we here add the view of Old

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[1] The term refers to some danger incurred from the Oliverian "Thimble" Dispensation, from which Lilly rescued John Gadbury. See p. 756, note 3.

In our p. 666, note, we wrote, mistakenly, "He, being a Roman Catholic, gave offence," &c. This should be: "He, although not avowedly a Roman Catholic, gave offence," &c. When summoned as a witness at Mrs. Cellier's trial, Gadbury expressly declared himself to be a Protestant. He was taunted by the lawyer, "You speak like a Papist."

"Madame *Cellier's* Lamentation, standing in the Pillory," begins, "Hark to my lamentable Ditty." 1680. Printed for D. M[allet]: a copy is at the Bodleian, in "Ashm. 1677;" another in British Museum, "1892. d. fol. 50."

London and the Thames, from an early exemplar of the "Wate man's Delight," at the Bodleian Library, mentioned on p. 955.

Page 887. Having given the full-length illustration of feminine costume of James the First's time, on p. 887, we are glad to here insert a more graceful and modest walking dress. It is a variation of the cut already shown, with Rose, Sun and Moon, on our p. 995.

To our interpretation the woodcut on p. 909 (which had earlier belonged to some one of the many little books satirizing feminine weaknesses) is intended to give four examples of then-contemporary costume. In centre we have the self-reliant strong-minded woman, *temp. Carol.* I., in walking attire, with masculine gauntlets, hat, and cane. Laughingly regarding her, in front is the saucy baggage, against whose fair and unveiled breast s many satirical darts fall pointless:

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware, beware!
Trust her not! she is fooling thee.

Her dainty little muff is of choicest fur; her costly lace is not hid, or to be hidden. Those dancing ringlets of borrowed hair lend perfume to the printer's ink; her jewellery might befit a Court-ball, and if there be the least *soupçon* of *rouge* in the indictment against her, that gay young face only looks the saucier, and we have not the heart to doom her to worse punishment than for it to be kissed off—and volunteer to be her executioner. No wonder the prim Prude behind feels scandalized, and lifts her capacious fan as if to hide the horrible object, but still gazes on it, as at Medusa's petrifying head. What a model of propriety she is herself! What a dragon of virtue, such as nobody desires to corrupt. How angular her vestments, how clumpy her *bandeaux*, how twiggy her *chignon* flowers, and respectably forbidding her everything. We leave her, gladly, for the pretty slattern, who sits in noonday *déshabille*, admiring her own face in the glass, wishing for a rich lover to take her from dull household duties, and listening not unwillingly to any lustful satyr, who chucks her under the chin and reads amorous sonnets in praise of her eyebrow. As Claude Melnotte says, "Do you like the picture?"

In the interesting but extremely rare volume by John Dickenson, entitled "GREENE IN CONCEIPT: new raised from his graue to write the Tragique Historie of Faire *Valeria* of *London*," 1598, he tells of the extravagance in costume, which is one token of her downward career:—

"She ware alwaies such ouersũptuous attyre, that many in desert and dignitie farre exceeding hir, were in this as farre behind hir. No common fashion could please hir fancie, but it must be strange and stately, drawing many eyes to gaze on hir, which aym'd wholly at singularitie, glorying to bee peerelesse in hir pompe. Neuer was any to hir power more lauish in variety of wastefull vanities: neuer any so peruerse in pride, and with such difficulty to be pleased: For were the least stitch in hir Attyre not as shee would haue it, though the garment most fayre and costly, the Tailor most rare and cunning, yet would shee furiously fling it from hir, with purpose neuer to weare it; so that the sillye workeman set at his *non plus*, lost both his custome and the creedit of his workmanshippe" (p. 24). Evidently, Petruchio knew the expensive habits of ladies in regard to their dressmakers, and by his captious objections to the hat and the "sleeves curiously cut," reads Katharina a lesson.

As to "*Placket*." Mr. Wm. Chappell thinks it is "the cross lacing which shows the petticoat beneath it. The opening which is now at the back of a petticoat is called the *placket-hole*, in contradistinction to the pocket-hole." As we wrote on p. 930, note 2, the placket being torn seems to convey an insinuation of immorality in the fair one. See "Joan's Placket is torn," in *Second Index*, p. 1082. Nares explains it as a petticoat, or under-petticoat, but we differ from him. It was evidently a slit in the dress, not unlike what Sterne mentions.

Pages 5, 6, 577. The Maid is the Best that lies Alone.

Diana.—"Marry that will, I live and die a maid."—*All's Well*, etc., iv. 1.

At the very outset of our labour (on pages 5 and 6) we met with an obstruction: the damsel who was determined to accept no partnership in Bedfordshire (Beds and Herts being connected), and also to indoctrinate her fellow-maids with her celibate opinion. At the very close of our labour we find our difficulty removed. The ballad had been shorn of its title, but we discovered it among the scraps and fragments collected by Francis Douce, and thus preserved at the end of a volume in the Bodleian Library. Badinage apart, there is so much wholesome feeling displayed, such an appearance of sincerity and persuasiveness in the lines, that we cheerfully add the ballad entire, as a corrective to one or two of doubtful character, such as "The Fair Maid of Islington," or "The Mournful Conquest." In general, these street-ballads were on the side of virtue, and gave their warnings to maids to be chaste, and to young men to be constant.

While searching for this ballad, we had guessed (see p. 577, note) it to resemble "A Song" in *Wit and Drollery*, 1661. Now, when the address to "Young Maids that would live chary" is recovered, readers may be glad (having, moreover, the expanded ballad, beginning "The blazing Torch is soon burnt out," in their *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 418) to possess the *Wit and Drollery* song also, for comparison. It gives the view taken by our own sex:—

[A Young Man's Plea for Celibacy.]

THe Blazing Star is soon burnt out,
The Diamond light abides:
The one in glory shines about,
The other yields light beside.
That spark, if any, should be mine
That else hath been unknown;
But if to every he she shine [every Eye]
I'le rather lye alone.

The glow-worme in the dark gives light,
And to the view of many;
The Moone she shews her self by night,
And yields her light to any.
But if my Love should seem to be
To every one so known,
Shee never more shall shine to me:
I'le rather lie alone.

I'le not consume nor pine nor grieve,
As other Lovers do,
But such as beare a constant mind
And will to me prove true;

I will set as little by any she,
As she by me hath done,
I will love where is constancy
Or else I will love none.

A Willow Garland on my head
I ever mean to wear;
I need no pillow to my bed,
I am clear void of care.
A single life is without strife,
And free from sighes and groanes:
Therefore I mean in longest night
Ever to lie alone.

Once I lov'd the fairest love
That e're my eyes did see,
But she to me unconstant prov'd
and set no love by me.
And ever since my mind so tost
Ile lend no love to none,
Because I have been thus much crost
I'le ever lie alone.

The music of this is in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, edit. 1700, and iv. 59, edit. 1719. The tune is entitled "A Woman once found out." The verses are similar in character to those above; like a Second Part. (The fourth is nearly identical, but inferior, except restoring "Eye for he," in line 31):—

A Woman once found out.

THo' bootless, I must needs Complain,
My Fate is so extream;
I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Yet all was but a Dream:
For as that Love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be she ne'er so Fair,
Shall any more beguile
My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
Nor tempt me with a Smile:
I'll never think Affection feign'd,
That is so fairly shewn;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should now the little God conspire
Again t' entrap my Mind
And strive to set my Heart on fire,
Alass, the Boy's too Blind:
For such I'll never venture Smiles,
Nor hazard Mirth for none;
Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is soon burnt out;
The Diamond's light abides;
The Fire her Glory hurls about,
The Woman her Virtue hides:
That Spark (if any should be mine)
That else shews like to none;
For if to every Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman shou'd deceive my Thought,
With Colours not in Grain;
Nor put a Love, so slightly wrought,
Into my Hands again.
I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
I'll live upon my own;
Nor shall affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll set my Heart at rest,
My loving Labour's lost;
I'll be no more so rarely Blest,
To be so strangely crost:
The Love-lost *Turtle* so doth die,
The *Phenix* is but One;[1]
They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

It seems probable that JOHN WADE may have been the author. It was a common practice to advertise one's own former writings by thus quoting the old title as name of the tune to a fresh production. If he were the author of the following ballad[2] (*as we believe him to have been of the "Waterman's Delight," both parts*), we begin and end our volume with JOHN WADE.

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[1] *The Phœnix and the Turtle* had been nearly "done to death by" poets' "tongues," so early as 1601, by Robert Chester, in *Love's Martyr*; with verses attached, bearing Shakespeare's name, "Let the bird of loudest lay," and "Beauty, truth, and rarity." (Now being reprinted for *New Shakspere Society*.)

[2] In Black-letter. Date, certainly before 1685: probably 1675. Four woodcuts, of which we give three. The other, unimportant, is of a Cavalier, to left, at beginning of *Second Part*. Instead of it, we give the chubby Cupid, mentioned already on p. 479. We like to keep all the illustrations.

[Douce Collection, ii. 269 *verso*.]

[The Maid is the best that lies alone.]

The Maid's Chastity that is troubled in mind,
Against Young Mens inconstancy who proveth unkind:
She gives warning to all Maidens that are in the Row,
To take heed of false young Men wheresoever they go.

YOu Young Maids that would live chary,
And live single and not marry,
Nor contract your selves to none,
For the Maid is the best that lies alone.

Cupid, Cupid, thou hast done me wrong,
I have been thy servant now too long;
My heart was never free from care,
Since I was intangled in thy snare.

In thy snare I have been fettered,
And often have my business letted, [*id est*, hindered]
In following after *Venus* train,
But the Maid is the best that lies alone.

Young men they will cog and lye,
Maidens they may weep and cry,
Truth and Conscience they use none,
But the Maid is the best that lies alone.

In this breast a heart I bear,
'Tis none of mine, I wish it were:
Once it was mine, if I could have kept it,
But now, where it is, 'tis not respected.

Now I hope to have my heart again,
And keep it fast from *Venus* chain,
Lock it in this Breast of my own,
But the Maid is the best that lies alone.[1]

When I have gain'd it safe agen,
Then I am free from all young men;
And never like to make this moan,
But live a single Maid alone.

Love is a torment, who can abide it,
Who better knows then them that has try'd [it?]
I count her but for a mad woman still,
That seeks to humor a young mans will.

YOung men they be [too] much blinded,
Only to know a maidens mind,
Maids, do not believe them if they swear,
Least after they leave you in a snare.

But try their hearts, if that you can,
Befor[e] that you love any man:
Love is fond & fickle still,
Then do not humor a young mans will.

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[1] A contrary sentiment is expressed in the ditty entitled "Lye Alone," on p. 200 of the Percy Folio MS. (=vol. iv. *Loose and Humourous Songs*, p. 55),

Can any one tell what I ayle?
[Tha]t I looke soe leane, soe wan, soe pale.
If I may be there Iudge, I thinke there is none
[Tha]t can any longer lye alone. &c.

If a Lover be humored in his condition,
Then he doth plead with a strong commission
To get his intention if he can,
The maid is the best that lies alone.

For in lying alone ther[e]'s no harm taken,
And being of an unconstant Love[r] forsaken,
Its better then Gold or Silver store,
If that she doth never see him more.

A maid that lives in an honest carriage
Must be careful in her marriage,
Young men are so deceitful grown,
The Maid is the best that lies alone.

True Lovers Knot may soon be ty'd,
And a maid too soon may be made a Bride,
That's not all in conclusion shown,
But the Maid is the best that lies alone.

There is many things for to consider,
If a man & a woman go together:
If Love be wanting between them twain,
She had better still to lye alone.

When they come to a maid a wooing,
They make no conscience of their doing,
But use all the deceit they can,
But the Maid is the best that lies alone.

There are false young men in my mind,
Some proves cross, & some proves kind,
I will not condemn them all for one,
The Maids are best that lye alone.

Therefore I advise you consider my Song,
I write to Maids, I'le do them no wrong,
And still I do tell you every one,
The Maid is the best that lies alone.

Printed for *R. H.* & *J. Williamson* in *Cannon street*, and a
the *Bible* on *London Bridge.*

The Lay of Sir Wilfrid.

(*Entr' Acte, quatrieme.*)

NAUGHTY *world it is, my friends,*
And naughty Drink men swim in;
An evil fate on those attends
Who turn to Wine or Women.
Such saintly crew as I and you
Much nobler bliss would seek up;
Like Cavaliers true we will not do,
But pass around the Tea-cup!

Our tender hearts it hurts, with shame,
To see each new Society *
Endowed with funds to spread the fame
Of Poets, not Sobriety.
We nothing care, we have no share
In Shakespeare† *or in* Chaucer;
No Early-Text *our large mind vext:*
So pass around the Saucer!

Our head it jars to rave on stars,
And matters scientifical;
All Exploration-schemes, or Wars,
To us are quite horrifical.
Learning we hate, and those who prate
Of "grip and word" of Mason:
Bœotian gloom to us gives room:
So pass the Sugar-bason!

Let's head a new slip-slop Crusade,
As Richard once 'gainst Saladin,
Denouncing each unrighteous blade
Who brings a flask or ballad in:
Let Brumm'gem laws uphold our cause,
Till civic honours we *earn;*
Peal self-applause to our wise saws:
So pass around the Tea-urn!

[Signed, unmistakeably, in old German text:]

Das ältliche Josephchen.§

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* † These two notes are given on p. 993, *q. vide.*

§ We do not find this name mentioned by Ritson, in his list of early poets.

ACCREDITED AUTHORS OF BAGFORD BALLADS:

CERTAIN, OR DOUBTFUL.

Blount, Charles, pp. 760—8. Perhaps also of Loyal P. Litany, 659.
Brome, Richard (probable), 209—18.
Butler, Samuel (doubtful), 646—52.
"Cavalier, an Old," 769—79.
Cavendish, William, Duke of Newcastle (doubtful), 514—9.
"Cibber, Colley" (falsely ascribed, in jest), 620—2.
Cooke, Mrs. Thomas (doubtful, but ascribed), 54—6.
D., I. (very doubtful), 514—9.
Davis, William, Highwayman, (very doubtful), 241—6.
Deacon, Jonah (doubtful if merely publisher), 590—5 ; (ditto) 609—14.
Dryden, John, 496—500 (interpolated) ; 638 (doubtful); 807—13.
D'Urfey, Thomas, 77—81 ; 86—91.
Duval, Claude, Highwayman (falsely ascribed to him), 10—16.
Gadbury, John (the Astrologer), 666—81 ; also, probably, 681—90.
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Index.

"An Index is a necessary implement, and no impediment of a book, except in the same sense wherein the carriages of an army are termed *Impedimenta*. Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the reader therein. I confess there is a lazy kind of learning which is *only Indical;* when scholars (like adders which only bite horses' heels) nibble but at the tables, which are *Calces librorum*, neglecting the body of the book. But though the idle deserve no crutches (let not a staff be used by them, but on them), pity it is the weary should be denied the benefits thereof, and industrious scholars prohibited the accommodation of an index, most used by those who most pretend to contemn it."—*Fuller*.

OUR Bagford Collection of Black-Letter Ballads is in an eminent degree of an historical character. It will be found useful to the student of earlier times, not only in matters of social custom and sportiveness, but also as showing many a popular belief or prejudice in regard to public events, whether in time of war or of peace. For convenience of reference, amid the multitude of subjects that pass before the reader's view, we have added a threefold Index.

The first portion (similar to what is added by Mr. Wm. Chappell to his "Roxburghe Ballads") is limited to *the alphabetical list of* (1) *First Lines*, (2) *Titles*, (3) *Tunes, and* (4) *Burdens, or refrains*, of the ballads which are given entire: including a few prefixed in the several introductory notices. Even here, we have ventured to make some typographical arrangements, so that the eye may at once distinguish the *burdens* (*in Italics*) and the first-lines (in double quotational commas).

The second portion is added at request of several influential members, in addition to the wish of our Director (which alone would have been a sufficient inducement to compliance). It claims to be little more than *a hand-list of the subjects introduced in the editorial notes and introductions.* To avoid inordinate bulk, it has been limited to such names as may be fairly considered likely to be sought, because of some information connected with them being given. Thus many a passing mention of persons, or places, and things, has been intentionally omitted from the Second Index.

The Third Index is devoted to ballads only partially quoted.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written of late concerning Indexes and Index-making. No doubt every truly historical work, and many others, ought to have its own index attached. The recent issue of such imperfect volumes is to the discredit of the publishers, whose stinginess caused the deficiency. But we feel a doubt as to the wisdom of any special Society volunteering to supply such indexes; insomuch that the chance of getting this necessary work executed gratuitously and extraneously will only encourage publishers and book-makers in parsimony and indolence. *Every industrious and skilful author habitually makes a hand-index for himself to the books he needs to consult frequently.* We have seen examples of the practice in the library of the late Alexander Dyce, at South-Kensington Museum. Such passages as were likely to be of after-use to him, in his own field of labour, were mentioned briefly, with the page number, at the end of each volume. He did not waste his time in compiling a full catalogue, or in alphabetical order arrange all the noteworthy items. His list was intended for his own service alone, and would save valuable time from being wasted thereafter in searching for such passages as seemed likely to be required for quotation. Some of us possess the happy gift of remembering exactly where we have seen any statement that we require, and after long years have intervened can turn to it at once without difficulty. To such men an index is of small importance. We carry our own Catalogue Raisonée in our mind, for all the libraries we are privileged to enter. But since not everybody can do this, and the few *fortunati pueri* who can are at the mercy of sickness or a railway collision, let us have an *Index Verborum*, so long as the Ballad Society is willing to include the additional pages.

"Here is an Item for you," readers all! says the old Roxburghe Ballad. Our two woodcuts, one here, another on p. 1053, are symbolical. We have accumulated for your service these goodly bales of merchandize and provisions. Take a bite of history, or quaff from the social runlet of merriment, if you will. Surely, in our orchard, there are some fruit-bearing trees; in our vineyard, thickly-clustering bunches of grapes; in our cornfield, grain ripe for the sickle. Who can be sulky and morose, amid such store of food and drink, except Mawworm, Tartuffe, Splaymouth, Aristarchus Academicus, Malvolio, and Smellfungus? Heed them not! they are Irreconcileables.

> Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
> Mules will be mules by the law of their mulishness;
> Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,
> What from an ass can be got but a bray?

First Index.

First Lines, *Burdens* or *Refrains*, Titles, and Tunes.

[In this Part First of the Index we confine attention to the ballad-texts (and a few that are incidentally given, *complete*, in the several introductions). The "First-Lines" are inclosed within double quotational commas *The burdens or refrains are marked by Italic type.* The tune is named as such, when specially distinguished. We leave the Chief Title without any separate advertisement.]

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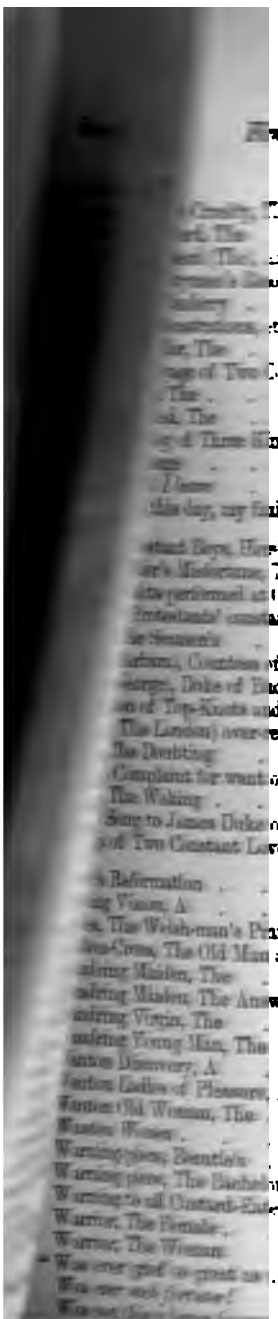

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Second Index.

"'It seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books.' Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly started from his reverie, wheeled about and answered, 'Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries.'"—1775. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ii. 224, Nat. Illust. Libr. edition.

AS already explained (p. 1025), this *Second Index* claims to be nothing beyond a hand-list, for the convenience of readers who are also students, and who may desire occasionally to return to some particular page, without a long and wearisome search. If we chance to give sufficient pleasure to excite any such thirst for a second draught, we are bound, in common gratitude, to afford the assistance of an index. We are glad to thus complete our labour for brother-members of the Ballad Society.

Otherwise, out of sheer contempt for the ricketty pedantry of the professional compilers and literary hod-men of our day, we might have been tempted to leave this book without any index to our own notes and illustrations, or anything beyond the List of First Lines. For, in sooth, we are not ambitious of being read or ransacked, now or hereafter, by that large tribe of soul-less and heart-less *Chiffonniers* (of the third sex), who swarm so superabundantly in these days of competitive-examinations. With a few noble exceptions (the real authors, who will *live*, and who deserve to live), our manufacturers of books are divided into two

classes: neither of them entitled to respect. One holds the shallow and indolent concoctors of "amusing" magazine articles, for which the material is gathered or stolen from any book that offers a thought or a fancy to be pilfered. The bulk of the offenders claim to be considered as women, although some doubt may generally be felt regarding their position as ladies. They are, however, companioned by men who are incapable of labour. The other class seems to be composed of persons who are being crammed themselves, or are paid for cramming others, in order to secure a certain number of "marks" for storing the memory with cut-and-dry answers to formal questions. All literature, to this lack-lustre multitude of place-hunters (examiners, "coaches" and "cubs"), is weighed in the scale of profit for "Cram." They prepare special editions of the poets, vulgarized and degraded to suit the meanest capacity; with such annotations as are warranted "to fit the candidate for passing a competitive examination in the Civil Service," the Army, or the Navy. The dry bones of Poetry, History, and Science, without flesh and blood, warmth or colour, they offer for study. It makes one shudder to think of any book, or any author, that is entitled to our love, falling into the hands of such resurrection-men. We need not name them individually. The one class slaughter, for the sake of cooking, the victim, and make profit of the ragoût; the other, incapable of even this much enjoyment from the juicy flesh, destroys everything except the skeleton. May the gods of Olympus preserve from such ghouls and body-snatchers our Bagford Ballads!

John Bagford was the fisher who brought to land these Tyrian shells, that enclose the purple dye. The neutral-world may despise them, while they are in their primitive state: but our Ballad Society sees in them not alone the "live whelks, each lip's beard dripping fresh,"—"mere conchs! not fit for warp or woof," but good material for intelligent study, when the liquor is scientifically drawn out:

> "And here's the extract, flask'd and fine,
> And priced and saleable at last!
> And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes and Nokes combine
> *To paint the Future from the Past*,
> Put blue into their line.
>
> Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats:
> Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup:
> Nokes out-dares Stokes in azure feats,—
> Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?"
> Who thanks **John Bagford's** sheets?

The Editor's Apology.

"I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well!"
Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 5.

WHO *chooses, may dip in our Lucky-bag:*
Take either Index in preference:
Nail up this Union-Jack, plucky rag!
Here is your chief list for reference.

If you're gen'rous, we'll give you some inches:
(*An you quarrel, we wear not a coward sword:*)
Lef's own, we felt flutter'd with Finches,
And once mix'd a Tom *with* Will Howard, Lord.

Danes, Picts, and Scots got entangled;
Webster *changed places with* Decker, *too;*
(T. D. *alive often wrangled:*)
Our pen slipt: these feathers, you'll peck, are few.

Convulsions oft dislocate strata;
Accidents happen in families:
But one hates a long list of Errata,
With as many grim corpses as Ramillies.

Works that are thorough, precise, live:
Ballad-men seek such, not finical.
Still, we one word of Advice give:
Be kind to our dogg'rel, not cynical!

"And here's the extract, flask'd and fine,
And priced and saleable at last."

Second Index.

(Chiefly to the Editorial Notes, and to a few of the subjects touched in the Introductions. We also use it for some *corrections* and *additions*.)

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Sutterkin, Hogen, Herring van Dunk,
That they intend to play us a Prank,
Sutterkin, Hogen, Herring van Dunk,
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Hogen Mogen, etc.]

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Ireland, William, a Jesuit, falsely accused by Oates, tried, and executed, 677, 678, 681, 688, 696; Oates afterwards convicted of perjury (it being proved that Ireland was far from London, in Staffordshire, when said to be at the White-Horse meeting), and whipt, 667, 704.
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Laud, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, his injudicious coercion of ecclesiastics, *Introd.* XXXIV, XXXV.
Lawrence, Lusty, 530; particulars of an earlier ballad on him, *Introd.* XXXVI. [Possibly there were two gentlemen of amatory tendencies, who rejoiced in the name of "lusty Lawrence." Certainly one was celebrated in an early chap-book, "The History of The Witch of the Woodlands." Of a merry cobbler it is there stated that "he would caper like Jack Pudding, *and was not inferior to Lusty Lawrence,* who got eighteen wenches with child in

one year." This useful recruitor of the population in war-time may have been the Miller's man, nevertheless. His character became proverbial. In a twelve-leaved 4to. pamphlet, entitled "A Brown Dozen of Drunkards," etc., printed by Robert Austin on Adlin-hill, 1648, the seventh is named Drunken Lawrence, *alias* Lusty-guts—"When he puts off his Considering Cap and puts on his Barly Cap, as he begins to be a friend to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, he shewes himselfe no foe to *Venus*. —This late *Lusty Laurence* that *Lancashire* lad, who had 17 bastards in one year, if we believe his ballad, after his ale-mash and hot provender, is a stallion that neighs after every female filly."]

Lee, Nat., some of the songs in his Theodosius quoted, 542, 784.

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L'Estrange, Sir Roger, licenser of the press (signing R. L. S.), 1660 to 1685, *2nd Div.* xv, 976, and throughout the volumes; satirized as Oliver's Fiddler (from having thus played while Cromwell was in the room), 1001; as Crackfart (in allusion to some discordant notes in his music), 661; as Heraclitus Ridens, *2nd Division*, xv, 712; as Towzer, a spotted-dog, 1001; as Hodge and Clodpate's Fiddler, 695 (see *Clodpate*); his Observator, 690, 691, 712; his name punned on, 660; disliked by Charles Blount, 762.

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Lisle, Alice, widow of one of Cromwell's "lords," shelters Hicks and Nelthorp, and is executed, 806.

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Lloyd, Dr. William (Bishop of St. Asaph, of Lichfield, and of Worcester, one of "The Seven Bishops"), Admiral E. Russell's answer to him, 277; on the Jesuits, 672.

Lob's-Pound = a quandary, or "in a hole," 296, 298, 961.

Locke, John, Shaftesbury's Secretary, Newton's brief distrust of him, 653.

London Lasse's Folly, Answered, a ballad, 449. [This is the sequel of

a ballad in the Pepysian Collection, iii. 236, No. 234, entitled The London Lasse's Folly, or The Maiden Beguil'd to loose her Maiden-Head, And when that he had got his will, away from her he fled. Licensed by R. L'Estrange, and to the same tune as the answer, The Journey-man Shooe-maker: see our p. 976. It begins, "Not long ago it chanced so." Printed for C. Dennison.]

London Lyckpenny (Lydgate's), quoted, 397.

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Lory = Lawrence Hyde (Clarendon's second son), Earl Rochester, one of "the chits" ("Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory, These will appear such *chits* in story," 1680, *State Poems*, i. 163), 772.

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Nelson, Horatio, his convenient blindness, 117.
Nelthorp, Richard, a lawyer, adherent of Monmouth, arrested and executed, 806.
Nevill, Harry, unsuccessfully opposes the Restoration, 717. [One of the Rump ditties, ii. 33, to the tune of *Hey ho, my honey*—for which see our p. 3—gives a verse to Harry Nevill:

He that shall next come in,
Was long of the Council of State;
Though hardly a hair on his chin,
When first in the Council he sate:
He was sometime in *Italy*,
And learned their fashions prettily;
Then came back to 's own Nation,
To help up Reformation.
Sing hi ho Harry Nevil,
I prethee be not too rash,
With Atheism to court the Devil:
You're too bold to be his Bardash.

What is said of his travels and return would apply to Milton no less.]
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Northampton in Flames, in 1675; a Bagford poem (iii. 79), not here reprinted, 814.
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Oliphant, Thomas, formerly music-cataloguer at the British Museum, his Musa Madrigalesca (of which Dr. Rimbault, in his own excellent *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*, p. xii, charitably declares, "The remarks and annotations contain *some* valuable matter; but are too frequently disfigured by frivolity unworthy of

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"I think I shall never despair,
Tho' beaten at *Hochstet* full sore,
Since I have gotten somewhere
One hundred and thirty and four."]

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Church Bells," Dean Aldrich's, begins thus :—

Oh, the Plot Discoverers!
Oates, Bedloe, Dugdale, Prance,
They swear so wondrous deep,
So woundy deep,
That the Plot sounds horridly, horridly.
Hark! the *Doctor* first comes in,
Makes Oath at 7, 8, 9, or 10,
No matter how, nor where, nor when,
Which the *Plotters* nothing think, nor dream, etc.
They are such Perjur'd Rogues,
That none but *Scroggs*
Can feague them cunningly, cunningly.]

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Listen a while, and I'll tell you a tale
Of a new device of a *Protestant Flayl*.
With a thump, thump, thump, a thump.

This *Flayl* it was made of the finest wood,
Well lin'd with Lead, and notable good
For splitting of Brains, and shedding of blood
Of all that withstood,
With a thump, thump, etc.

We meet the same burden in an earlier Civil War ballad, which will enter into our forthcoming series. It begins "There happened of late a terrible fray." It is "On a famous German Prince," to the tune of Monsieur Ragon, or, The Dancing Hobby-horse. Printed in 1666. Burden, *With a thump, thump, thump*. Bagford Coll., i. 77.] See *Protestant*, in *First Index*.

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Radcliffe's Ramble, mentioned, 633. [This ditty, to the same tune as our Essex Ballad, and Wiltshire Ballad, pp. 752, 773, is reprinted in the second part of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, edit. 1716, p. 108. It is entitled, "The Ramble," by Captain Alexander Radcliffe, whose "News from Hell" and "A Call to the Guard by a Drum" immediately precede it. The Ramble begins "While Duns were knocking at my Door."]

Raleigh, Sir Walter, his song, "If all the world," etc., in answer to Marlow's shepherd's invitation, "Come, live with me, and be my love!" 759; the ballad of Dulcina attributed to him, *Introd.* XVI, 147, 759, 1009 note.

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Rowley, William, his comedy of "A Match at Midnight," quoted, 845.
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Roxburghe Ballads (the Ballad-Society reprints always so designated), and the original Roxburghe Collection (so-called, for convenience, according to custom), *Introd.* II, V to VIII, 247, 918, 919, and throughout the work.
Roxburghe, John, Duke of, *Introd.* VI. [Walter Scott writes of him, to Southey, 1807, "He was a curious and unwearied reader of romance, and made many observations in writing; whether they are now accessible or no I am doubtful."]
Royal Garland of Protestant Delight, 371; one entire song quoted, 547.
Royal Sun, Tourville's ship, destroyed, 118, 119 (line 18th), 298.
Royal Voyage, acted in 1689, quoted, 335.
Rudyard, Thomas, his defence of "the people called Quakers," against misrepresentations and slanders of Thomas Hicks and Jeremy Ives, etc., 731.
Rule Britannia, probably the combined work of James Thomson, chiefly, and David Mallet, 140.
Rumbold, Richard, a maltster, and leading conspirator in the Rye-House Plot, for the assassination of Charles II. and a rebellion, 1002, 1003, 1005.
Rumley, William, an accused Lay-brother, arrested, tried, and acquitted, 696, 701.
Rump-Parliament songs, *Introd.* XXXVI, 657, 658, 736, 756, etc. [The edition of 1662, in two vols., is always referred to, unless the single volume of 1660 be expressly mentioned.]
Rumsey, Colonel John, a Cromwellian, implicated in the Rye-House Plot, 782, 1002.
Russell, Admiral Edward, a Jacobite by conviction and affection, distrusted and harassed by Nottingham and others of the William and Mary government, but firmly holding his fleet against the French, 117, 277, 293, 298; with William, 361.
Russell, Lord William, 609; overrated, through respect felt for his wife Rachel, sentimental considerations, and family pretensions, 1001; real danger to the country increased

by such men in revolutionary times like his, 1002; three ballads of his Last Farewell, to different tunes, 230, 556, 806, 1002; his vindictiveness against the Duke of York and other Catholic peers, 672, 678, 683, 775; his exertions to secure the disgrace and death of William Howard, Viscount Stafford, 674, 683; the grim irony of fate which brought retribution round full circle, 674; attended by Gilbert Burnet, 926; the race, as statesmen, their claims and failures at Vienna and elsewhere, 669, 1003, etc.

Rye-House Plot for the assassination of Charles II., and his brother, on the road from Newmarket, 684, 795, 806; its conspirators count on his love for horse-racing detaining him there beyond the actual time of his stay, 716, 1002 to 1005; Time's revenges on them, 674.

SACHEVERELL, Dr. Henry, his trial, 831.

Sack-Posset, at wedding feasts, 468.

St. Aloy, or Aloysius (1568-1591), 800.

St. Colman, bishop and confessor (but see *Coleman, Edward*, who is here mockingly intended), 375.

St. David's Day, 844, 846-851, 1009.

St George, his victory over the dragon (ballad), 848, 1009; Chevalier, 384.

St. Giles's bowl, from which criminals took their last drink, or stirrup-cup, on the journey to Tyburn, 12.

St. Helen's, where the British fleet lay anchored, 279.

St. Hugh's Bones, the name given to cobblers' tools, *Introd.* LVIII, 382, 970.

St. James (=Jaques in earlier printed Oxford broadsheet), 851, 1009.

St. Loy, mentioned by Chaucer, in the Canterbury Tales, 800.

St. Omers, the Jesuit seminary at, 673, 688, 701.

St. Patrick for Ireland, 67, 851.

St. Taffie's, and Tavy's, (=David's) Day, 844.

Salamanca Doctor=Titus Oates, with his "invisible degree," 663, 667. See *Oates*. [In a *Loyal Song*, beginning, "Listen if you please a while," it is mentioned—

For though he boasts of *Church* and *Schools*,
St. *Omers*, *Paris*, and the *Vale*,
And *Salamanca* gave him *Rules*,
Degree he never took, but in *Jail*.

Another *Loyal Song*, entitled "Truth Triumphant," May, 1685, begins, "There was a *Doctor* of Antient Fame, with a *Sa-la-manca la*," describes Oates in the fourth verse,

His Nose was made of shining Brass,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
With a Mouth in the middle of his Face,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*,
When all the Pack was on the scent,
This *Blood-hound* he all the *Beagles* out-went,
With a *Sa-la-manca la*.]

Salisbury, William of Orange at, 362.

Salisbury Ballad, Dr. Walter Pope's, 647, 770; our Bagford one, 773.

Salisbury Court, in Fleet-street, as a sanctuary, 243.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus (the poem by Francis Beaumont), among Amanda's books, 400.

Salzburg, the grave and portrait of Paracelsus, at, 801.

Sam (Old), probably=Samuel Sandys, who had previously been M.P. for Worcestershire, 999, 1000.

Samuel the Prophet, appearing to Saul, 805.

Sancroft, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, crowns James and his queen, 591; but conscientiously refuses to crown William of Orange, 610; the consequences to himself, being deprived, by Act of Parliament, although he had been the leader of "the Seven Bishops," 610.

Sanctuary, the privileges of, and their abolition, 235, 243, 399.

Sandwich damsel, her determination to have none but a seaman, 286, 289.

Sandwich, Lord, the difficulty found by him in obtaining Queen Catharine's dowry from Portugal, 636.

Saragossa, Augustina, the Maid of, 322.

Sarsfield, Patrick, afterwards Earl of Lucan, *2nd Div.* XV; his brave defence of Limerick, and his heroic death in the hour of victory at Landen, 303; his portrait, *ibid.*

Sarum, Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of, his "History of his Own Times" mentioned and quoted, 303, 672, etc.; the bad opinion held by Macaulay

of him (although biassed in his favour by Whig partizanship), 611; by Walter Scott, 713; by Lieut.-Col. T. Wilson, 971; a contemporary epitaph on him, intended for his monument, worth repeating here, since it slipt out of our text:—

Here *Sarum* lies, of late so wise
And learned as *Tom Aquinas;*
Lawn sleeves he wore, but was no more
A *Christian* than *Socinus.*
Oaths, *pro* and *con*, he swallowed down;
Lov'd gold like any layman;
Wrote, preach'd, and pray'd; and yet betray'd
God's holy word for *Mammon.*
Of every vice he had a spice,
Although a rev'rend prelate;
And liv'd and died, if not belied,
A true dissenting zealot.
If such a soul to Heav'n should stroll,
And 'scape old *Satan's* clutches;
We then presume there may be room,
For *Marlborough* and his Duchess.

If objection be raised hypercritically (as in the case of Ben Jonson and Joshua Sylvester, both claiming to be lay-men in a different sense from lyric-writers), the same answer can be pleaded to "Why, that's not rhyme!" "No, but it's truth." In *State Poems*, 1704, iii. 372, is The Brawny Bishop's Complaint against Queen Mary's ladies, beginning "When Burnet perceiv'd the beautiful Dames:" to the tune of Packington's Pound. See, properly, *Burnet, Gilbert.*

Sarum, Old and New, the parliamentary representatives of, 774.

Satyr upon the Jesuits, 710; on the Licentiousness of the Age, 715; D'Urfey's True one, quoted, 150.

Savoy (The Duke of), defeated by M. Catinat in 1693, at Marsaglia, *2nd Div.* xxii.

Saxons, their invasion of England, 849; difficulty found of ridding the land of them, after they had been invited to assist against the Picts and Scots (not Danes, *lapsus*), 716.

Scævola, C. Mutius, his bold hand, 866.

Schiller (Theodore Martin's translation of), quoted, 413.

Schomberg (Charles), Duke of, killed at the battle of Marsaglia, in 1693, *2nd Div.* xxii.

Schomberg (Frederick), Duke of, his prudence and caution, 348; his career, and death at the Boyne-Water, 336, 342–352; his family, their unworthy disregard of what was due to his memory, after they had been enriched at the nation's expense solely on his account, 349; the connexion with Tom of Long-leat, "whose skull was thin," 776; the name properly Schönberg = the beautiful mount, 341.

School-board (London) phonetic-fanatics, unable to spell or to teach spelling, who desire to macadamize English literature for the convenience of intellectual cripples, 532.

Scot and Lot = Bag and Baggage, 437.

Scot (The Rebel) = Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyle, who may have been referred to in our Narrative of the Popish-Plot (not part iii. seventh verse, *which means Philip, Lord Wharton*), part iv. verse ninth, but the allusion is obscure, 691; he is more plainly indicated as "Argile the Rebel *Scot*, with all the Factious Crew, In bloody Arms are got, but see what did ensue, For all his hope he found a Rope did quickly end his reign, For the Plot's so rent and torn, 'twill never be mended again;" this being the sixth verse of a Loyal Song, The Plot Rent and Torn, quoted, 703. See *Plot rent.*

Scotch Lass deceived by her bonny lad Jockey, 929.

Scotch Rebellion, ballads on the, *Introduction*, II.

Scotch Songs, by London poetasters, in Tom D'Urfey's days, 17, 94, 510; one for the home market, as bad as though for London, in 1733, Halkettized, 103; the best still sung and admired, not neglected like our own old English songs, 89, XLVIII, etc.

Scotch War described, The, 330.

Scotch words, 212, 483, 738, etc.

Scots Musical Museum, an adaptation by Burns, 77; a song quoted, entire, from it, 979.

Scott, Lady Anne, Countess of Buccleugh, married to James, Duke of Monmouth, 682, 781, 795. [She is Dryden's "Annabel." Her character is drawn in the Introduction to Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."]

Scott, Sir Walter, quoted, his Antiquary, 67; his judgment of Bishop Burnet, 713; his Last Minstrel,

Introd. xxv, 778, 808; his lines on Dryden's interrupted Arthurian epic, 867; his Marmion, 807, 880; his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, delightful to read, but not unadulteratedly genuine, 18, 346, 391; his pleasantry at the expense of Ritson, 309; and of the Duchess Margaret of Newcastle, 883; his "postscript which should have been a preface," *Introd.* 1, 11; his retrieval of Mrs. Behn's works from the old Scotch lady who had borrowed them for a reperusal, 172; his review of Burns, the Jolly Beggars cantata, 210; his researches for old ballads, *Introd.* xxxix.

Scott, William Bell, poet, painter, engraver, critic, biographer, and friend, always admirable, 548.

Scroggs, Sir William, Chief-Justice of the King's-Bench, 1678, reviled or belauded according to faction, *2nd Div.* xiii. 696, 765; turns against Titus Oates, 765. [The libellous verses, "Justice in Masquerade; or, Scroggs upon Scroggs," beginning "A Butcher's Son's Judge capital, Poor Protestants for to enthral, And England to enslave, Sirs," were written by Stephen College, who also wrote another upon him (alluding to a calumnious charge against Samuel Pepys in connexion with Admiralty matters, 1679), beginning "Since Justice Scroggs Pepys and Dean did bail;" reprinted in *Poems on State Affairs*, iii. 183. Dean is Sir Anthony Deane. See Lord Braybrooke's Memoir of Pepys.]

Scrope, or Scroop, Sir Car, his song of Amoret and Phillis, quoted, 567.

Scuffle (The Church), mentioned, 633. [The poem entitled "The Church Scuffle; or, The Noble Labours of the Great Dean of Notre Dame in Paris." etc., by John Crowne, was published in 4to., 1692. It is reprinted in the posthumous edition of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, 1716, vol. iii. p. 353; and begins, "I sing of Angels, not the Heavenly Quire," etc.]

Scuffle (The Counter), one in a group of poems and ballads mentioned, 633. [It is to the same tune as Radcliffe's Ramble, our Essex Ballad and Wiltshire Ballad. It begins, "Let that Majestic Pen that writes Of brave King Arthur and his Knights," etc. Reprinted in Dryden's Miscellany Poems, edit. 1716, it is in vol. iii. p. 333. See *Scuffle* (*Church*), and *Radcliffe*.]

Sea-fights, 117 to 120, 277 to 285, 292 to 299.

Sea-songs, to cheer the hearts of sailors while afloat, and their distant families ashore, 108; their diminution and degeneracy since Dibdin's time, *ibid.*; a group of them on the Battle of La Hogue, 117, 277, 292; another on shipwrecks, the partings and reunions of lovers, 247, *et seqq.*, 954; another, on Sweet William and Betty, 577, etc.

Seasons, Thomson's; the connexion of his Summer with Bagford ballad, The Swimming Lady, 135 to 141.

Sedgemoor Fight and Monmouth's defeat, 426, 671, 806.

Seditious Dick, probably = Richard Chiswel, a publisher, *2nd Div.* xv, 680, 711, 787; the same as "limping Dick the zealous" of a Loyal Song in praise of the Loyal Company of Stationers, 1684, beginning "In London there was such a quarter:" to the tune of the Winchester Wedding.

Sedley, Sir Charles, his song of Phillis is my only joy, quoted as motto, 567; his love-songs, 567 note.

Selden, "the solid" John, 746; the original collector of many ballads that now form the Pepysian, *Introd.* xv.

Serini, in contemporary repute, 867. (Not improbably it may have been used in our ballad-text as a synonym for Tekeli: see *Teckly*. He had married the Princess Ragotski, the young widowed daughter of Count Serini. The imperial Court of Austria had opposed this union, but after Tekeli's victories, and union with the Ottoman power, the imperial consent was gained. The allusions in our ballad to "Falls of Empires and of States" become thus appropriate in reference to him, whose "Serini's Feats" were classed as mountebank extravagance.)

Sessions of the Poets, in 1696, before Apollo, 88.
Settle, Elkanah, among the ultra-Protestant pamphleteers and balladists, 662, 664, 682, 711; his "Pope Joan" (which is, like Lord John's Don Carlos, "a very serious play"), quoted, 694, 739, 740; possibly the author of the "Answer to the Lady of Qualitie's Popish Ballad," etc., 990.
Seven Champions of Christendom, Richard Johnson's chap-book, and the old ballad history, *Introd.* LVII, 851.
Seventh Commandment never absolutely forgotten by Restoration dramatists (the quotation is from Dryden's "An Evening's Love," i. 1, 1671), 497.
Seventh sons, contrasted with those who have claim to seven fathers (*i.e.* Monmouth), 785, 804.
Seymour, Edward, Devonshire M.P., 996.
Shadwell, Thomas, Dryden's "Og," 644; his St. Cecilia Ode, 809; his "Squire of Alsatia," 235.
Shaftesbury (Anthony Ashley Cooper), first Earl of, the reputed instigator of many libellers, miracle-mongers, pamphleteers, and Plot-discoverers, 98, 665, 678, 679; squibbed as "the Badger" in an [Oates's] Fox-trap, 785, 821, 870; as "my small Jehu," 839; as a "spigotted Roundhead," 687; as Tapski, Potapski, and "King of Poland," 687, 784, 790; as "Three-Names," 98; as "Tony," 153, 542, 839, 871; as the Wine Cooper, *2nd Div.* xv; a Cask, and a Butt, "with a Tap in his side" (in allusion both to his name, and to his sickly condition, an unclosed abscess, which his enemies said had been caused by dissipation, while others declared it to have been the result of an accident when at Breda), xiv, 687, etc.; as "our little Machiavel" (applied in 1679, by Mulgrave), and Achitophel, by others than Dryden (see *Achitophel*), in *Loyal Poems* and *Loyal Songs*, *e.g.* the important poem "Shaftesbury's Farewell," quoted, 783, 784; as Chancellor of the Exchequer, 689; the witnesses against him satirized in a broadside, 665; himself best described by Dryden and Butler, 783; not by Duke, in the Review, 687; his boast (at the meetings for organizing a rebellion with Monmouth, Essex, and William Russell) of followers in the City and Wapping, "ten thousand brisk boys ready to rise," *Introd.* XLIV, *2nd Div.* x, 687, 695; his threat, to expel the Duke of York, *ibid.*; killed at last by the bitterness of failure, 668, 669; the reported vision of his meeting Stephen College in hell, 784; his enemies had desired him a different sort of death from one in his bed, *ex. grat.*, in "Norwich Litany," *2nd Div.* xxi; his Association, 665, 758, 783, 784; the same declared to be everlasting, 784.
Shaftesbury (Anthony Ashley Cooper), seventh and present Earl of, 669.
Shakespeare, his love of ballads, *Introd.* XVII, 527; quoted, on the feast of St. Crispin, 61; on Henry V., and the wearing of leeks on St. David's day, 844, 846; on prurient satirists, 124; the twice-used line "Lilies, that fester, smell more foul than weeds," as to the authorship, a passing note, 905; illustration of "crants" in Hamlet, 152; and Time's "Wallet on his back," in Troilus and Cressida, 973; a hint borrowed from As You Like It, 974; his characters mentioned frequently, Justice Shallow at Clement's Inn, 399; Doll Tearsheet, 899, 930, 1115; Autolycus and his "Aunts," 802; Falstaff, 803, 899; his name spelt as Shakespeare, because thus familiarized to the world, we not adopting here Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin's "Shakpere" (*sic*), 973; quotations and mottoes, *passim*.
Sham, the word *said* to have been introduced in 1680; probably, then popularized, 931, 1001.
Sham Abraham men, or Sham Abrams, 886. [Thomas Decker, in his "Bell-man of London," 1608, gives a description of an Abraham-man, who calls himself "by the name of 'Poor Tom,' and coming near any body, cries out 'Poor Tom is a-cold.'" Cf. King

Lear, Act iii. sc. 3 and 4. But Decker had borrowed his account in this part from the first leaf of Awdelay's Fraternitye of Vacabondes, 156[?], 1565. See also Harman's Caueat, 1567, cap. ix., for an account of one Stradlynge, an Abraham man. E. E. T. Soc. reprint, p. 47.]

Sharp, James, Archbishop of St. Andrews, murdered in cold blood by the adherents of the Solemn League and Covenant, in presence of his daughter, Mary, 682, 987.

Sheldon, Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, dies November 9th, 1677, his bequest, 814.

Sheldon, Sir Joseph, his mayoralty, 721.

Sheldonian Theatre, poem on it, in the Bagford Collection, not reprinted, 814.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, his fragmentary Charles I., quoted, 658.

Shepherd, Fleetwood, his burlesque epitaph on Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, 324.

Shepherd Tonie, his "Beautie sate bathing," quoted, 133; his identity discovered but the proofs reserved, *pro temp., s.t.g.m*, 937.

Sheriffs of London, the importance of government wresting the nomination of them from the Whig party, because they had abused their position by packing the juries with men of like politics to their own, so that fair trials had become impossible, 747, 791, 817 (see *Charter* and *Quo Warranto*); the strength of faction tested in the election of them, and the trickeries used as "pious frauds" by sham-conforming dissenters, 487, 488, etc. (see *Conformity Bill*); payment of fines, for exemption from serving the office, 487; list of those mentioned in our pages, some of whom became Lord Mayors, see *Lord Mayors of London; Vyner*, Sir Robert; *Sheldon*, Sir Joseph; *Davies*, Sir Thomas; *Ward*, Sir Patience; *Clayton*, Sir Robert; *Moore*, Sir John; *Pritchard*, Sir William; and *Pilkington*, Sir Thomas (thrice elected). Of others, not attaining the position of Mayor, see *Bethel*, Slingsby (fined); *Cornish*, Henry (hanged); *Shute*, Samuel (fined); *North*, Sir Dudley; and *Rich*, Peter: separately indexed.

Shipwrecks, 250, 275, etc.

Shoemakers' Holiday (attributed to Barton Holyday, but probably Thomas Decker's, 1600), quoted, 970.

Shore (The Ghost of Jane): A Dialogue between the Duchess of Cleveland and the Duchess of Portsmouth, at their meeting in Paris; with, 605. [Cleveland begins it, "Art thou return'd, my Sister Concubine? For all those subtle cunning Arts of thine?" etc. It is in *State Poems*, iv. 388. Also, in broadsheet form, London, printed for J. Smith, no date, in Ouvry Coll., i. 42-45.]

Shrewsbury (Anna Maria Brudenell), Countess of, seduced by Buckingham, who fights a duel for her and kills her husband (report says, in her presence, she holding the horse of her paramour, and awaiting his embrace), 641, 645; her Memoirs written by G. Steinman-Steinman, F.S.A., *ibid.*

Shute (Samuel), Sheriff of London, in 1681, along with Thomas Pilkington, 487.

Sidney, Algernon, etc. See *Sydney*.

Sieges, Ballymore, and Galloway, 419; Charleroy, *2nd Div.* xxi; Cork, 323 to 325; Limerick, 303, 347; Londonderry, 421 to 428; Mons, 383; Namur, 339; Phillipsburgh, 426; Vienna, 126, 341, 965.

Sinner's Redemption, a ballad, 224.

Sir Eglamore, a ballad and tune, 603.

Skialethia, by E. Guilpin, quoted, 1115.

Skilfull Doctor, The, a ballad, 985.

Skimmington, a popular festival for the humiliation of a hen-pecked husband; shown in woodcut, 912.

Skinners, the Worshipful Company of, 485, 486, 488.

Small beer used medicinally after a debauch, 515.

Smectymnuus, a nickname for certain associated nonconformists, 638; the same analyzed shows their initials, 653; used by Cleveland and by Milton, *ibid.* See *Calamy*.

Smicket, conspicuous by its absence, 935; the sacred smock of Loretto,

372; Chaplain's smock = surplice, 333; white Holland smocks, denounced by Stephen Gosson, 124.
Smith, Captain Alexander, his "Compleat History of Highwaymen," cited, on Claude Duval, 13; on Gilderoy, 104; on Davis, the Golden Farmer, quoted, 242, 243; on Old Mobb, 242; habitually inaccurate in dates, 104, 242, *2nd Div.* xviii; on James Whitney, 556, 557.
Smith, Francis, or Frank, publisher, 98, *2nd Div.* xv, 711, 787, 821; gets into fresh disgrace by making a criminal assault on his maid-servant, 928; a ballad printed and circulated thereupon, *ibid.*; his newspaper, entitled "Protestant Intelligence, Domestick and Foreign," and his "Tom Ticklefoot," *ibid.*; for which a prosecution is instituted, 928; he is addressed, 929. [The King's Bench Salutation (a *Loyal Song*) mentions Smith and "Powning's wife," and how although "that Leacherous Saint lost his ears, she sav'd his life." Perhaps Powning's wife had been formerly Smith's maid-servant.]
Smith, Dr. James (friend of Sir John Mennis, or Menzies), his ballad on "Women's Vanities," 429, 430, 923, 972.
Smith, John, chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, 831.
Smith, John, the publisher of Current Intelligence, *2nd Div.* xvi; of a Dialogue, in 1686, 1094. See *Shore.*
Smithfield Show, 694. See *Bartholomew.*
Smollett, Tobias, his "History of England," quoted, on Walpole's imprisonment, 626.
Snark, The Hunting of the, quoted, *Introd.* xii, 993.
Sobieski of Poland, John, his relief of Vienna, 126, 341, 965.
Soho, district in London; the name probably taken from the game, certainly not from "Monmouth's watchword at Sedgemoor," 671.
Soldier's Return from the Wars, a "Pills" song, quoted, 337.
Somerset House, in connexion with the murder of Godfrey and the slander against Queen Catharine, whose chapel was there, 671, 679.
Somersetshire, ballads on West-country Wooing and Lovers, *Introd.* lxvii (No. 136 of Thackeray List); Wonders in, 63 to 66, 82.
Songs, Scotch. See *Scotch Songs.*
Songs of good-life and godly-songs, 158, and *Introd.* xxiii, xxiv.
Songs, Shakespeare's principle of individualizing them, suitable to the character of the singer, 497; neglect of such principle by the Restoration dramatists, and later, *ibid.*
Songster's Museum, The, 214.
Sons of thunder = Boanerges, a favourite appellation in Jonah Deacon's ballads, of Revolutionary date, 298, 368 *bis*, 383.
Sophia, Electress of Hanover; D'Urfey's song in ridicule of her pretensions, 385.
Sophia Dorothea, of Zell, her fate, 771.
Southerne, Thomas, his drama of "The Maid's Last Prayer," 46.
Southey, Dr. Robert, as a devourer of books, *Introd.* ix; as Poet Laureat, 621; his Battle of Blenheim, quoted, 178; his "Pilgrims of Compostella," quoted, 232.
South Sea Bubble, 622.
South Sea Whim, The, 615.
Sowens, a Scotch dish, described, 483.
Spain, "the little gingerbread king of," ridiculed, 62; the Invincible Armada from, 662, 701; the picaresque romances of, 239.
Spawling = branching, or divisional, 738.
Speaker of the House of Commons, wrangle at Oxford, in selecting a, 837; William Bromley chosen, 829; Robert Harley, 831; John Smith, *ibid.*
Spelling-Reform fandangoes, with musskeattoes and sollyschisms for regeneration of society, limited, 993.
Spenser, Edmund, on shirts of mail worn by the gallowglasses in Ireland (when shirts were worn there), 309.
Spies, informers and blood-money knights of the post, 714, etc. See *Bedlow, Dangerfield, Dugdale, Everard, Howard of Escrick, Keeling* (1002), *Oates, Turberville, West, etc.*
Spinning-wheel, Song of the, and woodcut, 17.

Plymouth, a nickname for some irreconcilable dissenting enemy of the Church of England, or for a Presbyterian, *Introd.* XXXII, 648, 649.
Sportive Wit = Lusty Drollery, quoted, 185.
Spots (Beauty), 123, 150, 548, 568. See woodcuts of the same, 227, 289, 499, 568, 606.
Sprat, Dr. Thomas, Buckingham's Chaplain, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and biographer of Cowley, 642.
Spruce with coat canonical, a nickname for the supposed author of the Geneva Ballad, an opposer of nonconformity, 653; contemporary fancy portrait of him, or of the Answerer himself, 657.
'Squire, the term applied to the hangman, Dun, 232, 466, 697; Ketch, 697, 702, 1005; and to any such functionary, *ex officio*, by Prior, 917.
Stafford (William Howard), Viscount, accused of treasonable intentions and practices by Oates and his abettors, tried, and executed, 97, 674, 688, 755, 999; a ballad, "Upon the execution of the late Viscount Stafford," beginning, "Shall every Jack and every Jill, that rides in state up Holborn hill," 674; the malignity of Russell against him, 674; the culpable weakness of Charles in permitting the judicial murder to be perpetrated, 746; meteor seen before his death (resembling the one seen before Strafford's), 98, 1002. His attainder was reversed, May, 1685.
Staggins, Nicholas, composer of music to Amoret and Phillis, 567.
Staley, William, 688, 702. See *Stayley*.
Stanford, a pro-parliament petitioner, 772.
Starkey, D. P., his ballad on the Death of Schomberg, quoted, 341.
Starter, J., his collection of tunes, "Boertigheden," 1009.
State-Affairs, Collection of Poems on, quoted: lines by Waller, 60; ballads on an Orange, 184, 185; on Rooke, 293; on the Duke of Grafton, 324; Marvell's insulting address to Mary of Modena, 417, 488; Rochester's Signior Dildoe, 551; Verses on the Duchess of Portsmouth's picture, 605; "On the Duke of Bucks, by Mr. D . . . . n," 638, 639; The D. of B.'s Litany, 645; another Litany, 662; on Dangerfield, 708; his Ghost, 709; Rochester's History of Insipids, 744; Royal Resolutions, 745, 795; Cullen with his flock of Court-Misses, 767; the Chancellor's Speech, 768; Tyburn awaiting Monmouth and Albemarle, 782; Song *ex tempore* (in 2nd part of vol. i. p. 229), quoted complete, 889. Also quoted in this *Second Index*, 1068, 1070, 1081, and under *Tutchin*, 1101.
State-Trials, mentioned, Cobbett's, 486; Howell's, 417, 684, 696, etc.
Statesman, a politic = the first rebel, *i.e.* Satan, 990.
Statue of William the Third at Dublin, 414; how adorned, in beauty not without paint from either camp, 415, 416; criminals intentionally turning their back on it, as thus avoiding the sight of a disagreeable object for final contemplation, when about to swing, 414. [Thus, of one hero we read, in the eloquent requiem by Dean Burroughs, that "he died with his face to the city;" and previously it had been acknowledged,

"On his travels we watched him next day,
O, the hangman, I thought I could kill him!
Not one word did our poor Larry say,
Nor change till he came to 'King William':
Och, my dear! then his colour turn'd white."

Even Miranda admits, under similar provocation, "It is a villain I do not love to look on;" and yet "the Missing Link" had his advantages over politic "Prince Naso," on whom see pp. 178, 377.]
Stayley, William, a goldsmith, executed, accused by Oates of uttering treasonable words and alleged participation in the Popish Plot, 688, 702.
Steele, Sir Richard, his friendly offices for Tom D'Urfey, 86; his "Conscious Lovers," 179, 180.
Steeple-house, the sectarian nickname for a church, 730.
Steinman-Steinman, George, the excellence of his Memoirs, of Lucy Walter, 785; of Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, 641; of the Duchess of Cleveland, 546.

Stevens, George Alexander, author of "Cease, rude Boreas" (of not later date than 1754, when we have it in print; but in 1772 it is among his "Songs Comic and Satyricall," p. 20. beginning "Now safe moor'd, with bowl before us," which verse has been continually misassigned to Dibdin, who used it in 1773, by the inaccurate G. Hogarth and others). 108, 247.
Stevenson, Matthew, his Norfolk Drollery, 731.
Stocks, the parish, for investment of many a capital circulating medium (woodcut from Harman's Caueat), 947.
Storm at the time of Cromwell's death, 60; a destructive one, accepted as a judgment, 82 to 85; a ballad so entitled, 108, 247.
Stout, William, of Lancaster, his Autobiograpy quoted, in reference to highwaymen and depreciated value of clipt coin, 522.
Strafford, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of, goes to quell the rebellion in Ireland, 73; a portent at his execution, recorded by Evelyn, 98; Maynard's exertions at the trial to secure his destruction, 838; the bitter hatred against him, ready to pervert all law and justice, 755.
Strange, Richard, a late Provincial of the Jesuits, accused, 675.
Strappado for the Deuill, 1115. See *Trinculo*.
Straw, Jack, his underhand sale of prohibited ballads, *Introd.* XLVIII.
Street ballad-singers, *Introd.* XVIII, XL to end; not deficient in Scotland, as some have misreported, XLVIII.
Strombolo = Stromboli, volcanic isle in the Mediterranean, well chosen for compulsorily expatriated light characters, 625.
Stuart, Prince Jas. Fred. Edw. = The Chevalier de St. George, 384-5, *et seq.*
Stubbes, Philip, author of the Anatomy of Abuses, *Introd.* XVI.
Stubbs, the "Popish incendiary," pardoned, 686.
Stubs, Rev. Philip, Archdeacon of St. Albans, his writings attacked by Tutchin and De Foe, 830, 1007.
Suckling, Sir John, his ballad on a wedding, mentioned, 133, 795.
Sue, Eugène, his Chourineur's description of the Harlequin-dish, at a Tapis-franc, 70; his Fleur-de-Marie, 106.
Suggested words by an omitted rhyme, 628, 841.
Sunderland, the fair Duchess of, 618.
Sunkets, a Scotch word, 212.
Swan of Avon, a title (now applied only to Shakespeare,) given to Michael Drayton by George Daniel of Beswick, 905.
Sweaty devil in his palm, 802.
Swift, Jonathan, Dean of St. Patrick's, quoted, on Fleet-ditch (from Description of a City-Shower), 57; his "nice man," one with nasty ideas, 407; his inventory of a woman's mind, 617; his verses to Ardelia, 619; on slanders against the clergy, his Directions for Servants and Mrs. Harris's Petition, 734; his reference to Colley Cibber, as fulfilling a double office of Court-laureate and Court-buffoon, 621; his verses on Sir Robert Walpole, 623; perhaps was the author of our "Statesman" ballad, 626; his Journal to Stella, *ibid.*
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, quoted, his Atalanta in Calydon, 887; his Chastelard, 897; his shorter poems, Ilicet, 460; Dolores, 597; A Ballad of Burdens, 603.
Sword-and-dagger duel, woodcut of one, mentioned, 475; given, in *facsimile*, 977.
Sydney, Algernon, arrested, for the Rye-House Plot, 683; his regret for having trusted his kinsman William, Lord Howard of Escrick, 782; his religious opinions, 683, 987; his unjustly-compassed condemnation, and heroic death, 712, 795, 988, 1003; the weakness of his defence, but impressive last words, 1004; ballads made on him, 784, 1004, 1005.
Sydney, Henry, brother of Algernon, at the Coronation of James II., 592.
Sydney, Colonel Robert (an elder brother of Henry Sydney), probably the actual father of Monmouth (a belief in which might palliate the remorseless severity of James in 1685, to one whom he accounted not his nephew, even illegitimately,) 787, 806. He died in 1674.

TAAF, or Taafe, Old, 805.
Tackers, a political term that came into use in 1704, its origin, 826, 827.
Tackers Vindicated (The); or, An Answer to the Whig's new Black List, with a word to Mr. John Tutchin about his scandalous ballad that goes to the tune of *One hundred and thirty four*, 1007, 1081.
Tag, or foot of ballads = burden or refrain, *Introd.* xx, 1114. See *1st* and *3rd Indices*, and *Burden*.
Talbot, Col. Richard, 370, 371; created Earl of Tyrconnel, and Lieutenant-General of the army in Ireland. See *Tyrconnel*.
Tallard, Marshall de, at Nottingham, after his defeat and capture, 388, 389.
Tangiers, part of Queen Catharine's dowry, 595, 636; afterwards dismantled, and the garrison recalled, through the parsimoniousness of the Commons, refusing subsidies for its support; they then became terrified at the presence of the army in England, and strove to get it disbanded, in 1683, 595 (doubtful allusion).
Tantivies (Loyal), hailed and toasted, 750; mentioned as a burden, 598.
Tatler, The, quoted, on Philander at Rosamond's Pond, 45.
Taubman, Matthew, song-writer, his pageant for the Skinners Company, 488.
Taudrie necklaces, from St. Audrie's Fair, *Introd.* xviii.
Taunton-Dean ballads, Somersetshire; one beginning "On New Year's day, as I heard say," in Marshall's Newcastle garland, *The Goldfinch*, 366.
Taunton (Somerset), troops to have been raised by Sir John Trenchard, 782. [It is a strange coincidence that at Taunton, where Monmouth was proclaimed King, and where the bloody Assize was soon after held, Perkin Warbeck had been at first successful, and speedily captured, in 1497. Thus Monmouth's nickname of "Perkin" was prophetic.]
Taylor, Sir Henry, LL.D., quoted, 300, 338, 453, 453, 542.
Taylor, John, the Waterman-poet, his Penniless Pilgrimage, 49; quoted, 255; his description of Cuckold's Haven, near awakening Greenwich, 924.
Teague, as an early representative of Paddy, 73, 191; a character thus named in Sir Robert Howard's comedy, The Committee, 74; addressed as a man and a brother in the Lilli-burlero ballad, 370.
Teagueland tunes not necessarily of Irish growth, any more than D'Urfey's Anglo-Scotch ditties were to be taken as truly Scottish, 73, 74.
Tearing of plackets, or of ruffs, a suggestive phrase for a "shindy" in a bordello or *mauvais-lieu*, 930, 931. Compare 1017.
Tearsheet, Doll, her pious and well-intended advice, 899; her scorn for Ancient Pistol, 930, 931, 1115.
Tea-Table Miscellany (Allan Ramsay's), 17, 139, 140.
Teckley. See *Tekeli*, and *Serini*.
Teige, or Tiege, probably = Teague, the *sobriquet* of an Irish bog-trotter, or Parnell of the Parable (not A Fairy Tale), 765. See *Teague*.
Teignmouth = Tinmouth, in ballad, 363.
Tekeli, Emeric, Count of, the Hungarian (who, being reinforced by Turks and Tartars, and in alliance with the Sultan, successfully waged war against the Austrians, until after Vienna had been relieved by John Sobieski), 634; probably also referred to, in a Bagford ballad, as Serini (see *Serini*, for explanation), 867. Compare *Buda*, *Sobieski*, and *Vienna*.
Temple, Sir Richard, at Buckingham, twitted as "Timber Temple," and wherefore, 766, 768.
Temple, Sir William, his wife Dorothy (Osborne), *Introd.* xvi.
Tennyson, Alfred, his mild characterization of the Celtic race, 73; his Miller's Daughter, *Introd.* 1; his lines on "every face, however full," paralleled with those by Dickens, 897; his Will Waterproof, 770; quoted often elsewhere, 806, etc.
Teresa de Ahumada, Sta. (Spanish Carmelite nun, *b.* 1515, *d.* 1582, *canonized*, 1621) = St. Theresa, mentioned, 634.
Teuxbury Mustard Pills, *i.e.* fire-balls, for incendiarism, 686.

Thackeray, William, his List of Ballads kept in stock, 146; transcript of it removed for convenience to *General Introduction*, LX to LXXVIII; its probable date being 1685 (before July), LIII; a few ballads mentioned therein not yet identified, though possibly still extant, XLV, XLVI.
Thames frozen and bearing booths of a fair (in 168$\frac{8}{9}$), 405; Norris's ballad on it, 256, 405.
Theatres popular after the Restoration, *Introd.* XL, XLI.
Theft, sermon preached extempore to Whitney and other robbers, on the text T. H. E. F. T., 557.
Thimble (Bodkin and), not thimble-rig avowedly, 756, 1015.
Thistlethwaite, Alexander, M.P. for Sarum, 774, 777.
Tholouse (Louis Alexandre de Bourbon), Count, his naval action off Malaga, 62; song on his engagement in 1704 with Rooke, 293.
Thomason, George, bookseller, collector of Civil War literature (now called the King's Pamphlets), *Introd.* XV.
Thompson, Anthony, M.P. for Cambridge town, 834.
Thompson, Nathanael, his publications, *2nd Div.* xvi, 818; a caricature woodcut of him, mentioned, 1001; the persecutions he endured, 1010; styled "Thompson Tell-Lyes," because he had mocked Oates as "Titus Tell-Truth," 664; takes jocose liberties with Alderman Wright, and is prosecuted, 818; his "London's Lamentation for the Loss of her Charter," 487. See *Loyal Poems* and *Loyal Songs*.
Thompson, William, his compilation of "Orpheus Caledonius," and its corrupt version of Gilderoy, 103.
Thomson, James, his Seasons poem of "Summer," with its Musidora episode, 135 to 141; his partnership with Mallet on the masque of "Alfred," 140.
Thornbury, Walter, his portion of Old and New London (since then, Edward Walford's), mentioned, 57.
Three-fold letter *e*, intentional, not accidental, 532.
Three-legged Mare, 375; =the tree with three corners, or branches, = Tyburn gibbet, *Introd.* XLVII. See *Tyburn*.
"Three-Names" = Shaftesbury, *i.e.* Anthony Ashley Cooper, 98.
Thurmond, John, his song (1724), in Harlequin Sheppard, 192.
Thyer, R., his Genuine Remains of Samuel Butler, 643, 646.
Thynne, Thomas, M.P. for Oxford University in 1673; styled "Tom of Ten Thousand" (in allusion to his income, not his excellence), 770, 776; assists to present the Duke of York as a Popish recusant, 777; assassinated in his coach (at the instigation of Count Königsmark, as it is believed), by Colonel Vratz, Stern, and Borotsky, 770; the actual perpetrators executed, 771; his ill-omened and enforced marriage with the widowed Lady Ogle ("only daughter and heiress to the Earl of Northumberland," Reresby), *ibid.*; the scandalous intrigue, by which, at Monmouth's bidding, he ruined Miss Trevor, 772.
Tichbourne, Sir Henry, one of the five Roman Catholic Lords committed to the tower, on Titus Oates's accusation, 674.
Tidcome, or Tidworth, Wiltshire, its drummer sent to Gloucester gaol, 922.
Time and tune used interchangeably in early poetry, 778.
"Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back," Shakespearian illustration, 973. [Originally in Dr. W. Pope's "From Infallible Rome."]
Time-servers, *2nd Div.* xix, xxiii, 836, 1001. See *Waller*, etc.
Time-server's Garland (The), containing The Country-man's Contrivance, etc., *2nd Div.* xx. See also *Trimmers* and *Turn-Coat*.
Times newspaper report of Professor Tyndall's lecture, 38.
Timothy Dash, or ——, a scrivener's apprentice, enamoured of Ruth Harris, before her pillory-exposure, 928.
Tindal, Nicholas, translator and continuer of De Thoyras, 296, etc. See *Rapin*.
Tiverton, Devonshire, 367.
Tixall Poetry (from MSS., 1813), 54.

Tom (Cruel, bloody) = The Bully Knight. See *Armstrong*.
Tom Brown's Delight, a ballad and name of tune, *Int.* LXXIII, 514, 984.
Tom of Bedlam's horn, 874; his position and claims, 886.
Tom of Ten Thousand = Tom Thynne, of Longleat. See *Thynne*.
Tonge (or Tongue), Dr. Ezrael, or Israel, the early excogitator of the Popish Plot discovery, 648, 668; his living at Pluckley, in Kent, 690; his death, and uncomfortable meeting afterwards with Bedlow, *arcades ambo*, 690, 784.
Tony, 153, 542, 839, 871, etc. See *Shaftesbury*.
Top-Knots (of ribbon, in large bows, worn on summit of the hair, like *chevaux de frise*), 121 to 124, 930 to 937. They are shown in woodcuts on pp. 68, 121, 934, and 982. See *1st Index*.
Torbay, the landing of William of Orange at, 360 to 362, 391, 420.
Tory, a nickname, introduced about 1680, its alleged origin, 751; poetic definition thereof, 1000.
Totness, with dissenting proclivities, 367.
Tottel's Miscellany (= Songes and Sonettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward late Earle of Surrey, and other, 1557), mentioned, 892.
Touch (Royal), for cure of the King's-Evil, *2nd Div.* xv, xvi, 794, 800 to 805, 927.
Tourville (Anne Hilarion de Costentin, Compte de), Admiral, 117; his squadron seen from Portland, 280; at Beechy Head, 281; near Harfleur, and Cherbourg, 281, 282, 293, 298, 363; another ballad on him (not hitherto met in print by the editor), 282; he cannonades Teignmouth, 363; at Fort Lisset, 292, 294.
Towzer, one of the nicknames applied by the Whigs to Roger L'Estrange, 1001. (Cf. *Popular Music*, 415.)
Trade, a damp and dullness on it, falsely charged against the Roman Catholics, 588.
Train, an early verse by Lewis Carrol (since amplified by him, and spoilt,) in the magazine so entitled, edited by R. B. Brough, 192.
Tramps, their social peculiarities studied, without prejudice, by an outsider, 193, 194, 215, etc.
Treasurer, 689 (line 53, and note). More probably this is ironical, and refers to Dr. Godden, *who was Treasurer of the Queen's Chapel, at Somerset House.*
Treby (*not* Troby), Sir George, Recorder of London, *2nd Div.* xiii, 487.
Trenchard, Sir John, a friend and abettor of Monmouth, 777, 819; appointed to raise men at Taunton, 782. [See the *Loyal Song* on Monmouth Degraded; or, James Scott the little King in Lyme, where, after mentioning Monmouth, "Such a Fop-King was ne'er before," it is stated that "First he'll call his Parliament, By *Ferguson* and *Gray's* consent, *Trenchard* and all the *Boars* in's tent, Fit for the King in *Lyme*, Boys."]
Trimmer (*i.e.* one who trims his sails to catch varying gales of favour), *2nd Div.* xix, xxiii, 836. [A song of The Trimmer, beginning, "Pray listen well, while I describe A *Trimmer* in the Church," to the tune "A Begging we will go," is in 180 *Loyal Songs*, 1685 and 1694, p. 264.]
Trimmer's Confession of Faith (A); or, The true principles of a Jack of Both-sides, *2nd Div.* xix to xxi.
Trinculo (probably *not* the Trinculo of Shakespeare's "Tempest," but) = Trincalo, in Richard Tomkin's "Albumazar," 804; mentioned, also, by Milton, *ibid.* Likewise by Richard Brathwaite, in his "A Strappado for the Deuill," 1615, p. 114, "Where our Isle's *Ardelio* Descants of *Tom Trincalo*:" 1115.
Triviall Ballades, by Patrick Carey, one of them given, complete, 547.
Trojan colony in Wales, 848. 849, 855.
Trunk-ballads, found by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, *Introd.* XXII, 480.
Tunes mentioned. 1st class, those belonging to our reprinted Bagford Ballads: for which see FIRST INDEX. 2nd class, those belonging to ballads mentioned, and only partly quoted. For the chief of them, including such as are *indicated by their first line*, see THIRD INDEX.

Turberville, Edward, Plot discoverer, witness, and narrator, 677, 690, 988; his declared opinion of the only good trade going, 690. See *Informers* and *Knights-of-the-Post*.

Turf-scandals of early date, 78 to 81.

Turk suppress, scot and lot (*q. vide*), 339; warfare against him popularly advocated among the envious and disaffected, like Defoe, 830, 964; at Vienna, 126, 830; at Buda, 964, 968; satisfactory results thereof, 350, 351; his ally, 687. [A London ballad, "printed for N. M., 1679," and licensed on January 16th, 167⅞, begins, "Hail, mighty Monarch! by whose aid I hope I shall subdue." etc. It is entitled "A Second Consultation between the *Pope* and the *Turk*, concerning the Propagation of the Catholick Faith." It shows how the enemies of the Papacy were no less bitter foes of the Turk; irrational at that date, in their bigotry, as they are two centuries later.]

Turnball or Turnbull-street, or Trunball, properly Turnmill-street, earlier called Trylmill: of evil repute for its light-heeled female tenants, 399, 406.

Turn-Coat (A Politic), *2nd Div.* xx; a Turn-Coat of the Times, xix; the Religious Turn-Coat, *ibid.* and note. See *Deacon*, the publisher, 590, 609, etc., and *Care, Henry*.

Turner, Anthony, an accused Jesuit, arrested (tried on June 13, 1679, with Whitebread, Harcourt, John Fenwick, and Gawen), and executed on the 20th, 688, 696.

Turner, Mrs., the yellow-starcher and poisoner, *Introd.* xxx.

Tutchin, John, poet, rebel, and controversialist, his trial and sentence at the western assize, for joining in Monmouth's rebellion, 830; his later enmity against Defoe ("two of a trade can never agree"), *ibid.*; his participation in the attack, chiefly Defoe's, on Philip Stubs, *ibid.*, 1007; his poems, "Observator," and satires, 1006 to 1008. [In the second vol. of *Poems on State Affairs*, 1703, pp. 387-395, are his bitter and vindictive lines beginning, "For Tyrants dead no statues we erect," and entitled, "The British Muses; or, Tyranny Expos'd: A satyr, occasioned by all the fulsom and lying poems and elegies, that have been written on the death of the late King James." A ballad, perhaps by Defoe, is entitled, "The Tackers Vindicated," etc., with a word to Mr. John Tutchin about his Scandalous ballad that goes to the tune of *One hundred and thirty four*, 1007, 1081. See *One hundred*, etc. Printed in 1705.]

Two English Travellers, a ballad, important for fixing the earliest possible date of Thackeray's List, *Introd.* LIII, LXIX, 146.

Two Happy Lovers, a Pepysian ballad, 492.

Tyburn, 12, 46, 316, 375; in Mourning for the Loss of a Saint, 514; Ode to the Triple Tree at, 376; Sir Thomas Armstrong, at (his head was afterward spiked between Cromwell's and Bradshaw's, and his quarters fixed above the City gates: see *2nd Div.* xxii, and *Armstrong*,) 785; it awaits the coming of Oates, 692; as it had earlier, for Albemarle and Monmouth, 782; for Frank Smith, *2nd Div.* xii; and, later, for Shaftesbury, xxii. In Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, first edition of the fifth part, 1704, p. 288, is reprinted another short address to Tyburn, here given in full:—

Oh *Tyburn!* could'st thou Reason and Dispute?
Could'st thou but Judge as well as Execute?
How often would'st thou change the Felon's Doom,
And truss some stern Chief-Justice in his room.
Then should thy sturdy Posts support the Laws,
No Promise, Frown, nor popular Applause
Should sway the Bench to favour a bad Cause:
Nor Scarlet Gown, swell'd with Poetick Fury,
Scare a false Verdict from a trembling Jury.
Justice, with steady Hand and even Scales,
Should stand upright, as if sustain'd by *Halts:*
Yet still, in Matters doubtful to decide,
A little bearing tow'rds the milder side.

Tyndall, Professor John, on the Germ Theory of disease, 38.

Tyrconnel (Colonel Richard Talbot), Earl of, made Lieutenant-General of the army in Ireland, December, 1685, and Lord-Lieutenant in January, 168⅝; mocked in the ballad squib Lilli-burlero (1688), 299, 371, 380.

Tyrrel, or Tyrel, Sir Peter, at Buckingham, 768.

Tysilio, a Welsh Priest, his "Brut," 848, 849.

UBURN, perhaps a misprint, perhaps = Uberty, 991.
Udall, Nicholas, his translation of the Apophthegmes of Erasmus, 802, 908.
Ulster, Schomberg's landing and sieges in, 348 ; unanimity of feeling, in regard to the g. p. and immor. memory of the Protestant De. not found, even in that part of the very Green Island, 413.
Underhill, Cave, the comedian, as Obadiah, 819.
Under the rose be it spoken, proverbial, 660.
Undutiful Daughter of Devonshire, a ballad, 980.
Uniformity, Act of 1662 for promoting, 725.
Union Poor-House, commonly called Bastille, relief, 588.
University Ballad, its object, to strengthen the hands of those who desired to uphold the Church of England against the open violence or the treacherous undermining of schismatics and sceptics, in 1704-5 ; the bishops at that time not yet being sufficiently enlightened to betray the Establishment to the political dissenters, 815 to 821.
Unlikely events to happen, 438, 534, 936, 976, 985.
Use, in sermons or lectures, 649.
Use of Exhortation to the London Apprentices, by J. E. (reserved for our thin text on the Apprentices, and Lightskirts, to be issued early in 1879), 649.

VALERIA, The faire (account of her, by John Dickenson), her extravagance in attire, 1017.
Vanbrugh, Sir John, 905 ; his "Relapse," quoted, 904.
Vandyck, Sir Anthony, mentioned as "Dike." 912.
Vane, Sir Henry (the younger), republican idealist and regicide, too interminably full of words for Oliver Cromwell's patience, 658.
Vaughan, Altham, Exclusionist and Monmouthite, 819.
Vauxhall, the house where Titus Oates and Ezrael Tonge used to meet, at, 690.
Vendôme (Louis Joseph, Duke de Penthièvre), Marshall, 384, 387.
Venus de' Medici, in the Florentine Tribune, remembered by Thomson, 137, 138.
Vicar of Bray, the popular version, its original and parodies, *2nd Division*, xviii, *et seqq.*
Vienna, siege of, 126, 341, 965.
Vile, T., publisher of anti-Royalist pamphlets, *2nd Division*, xiv, 711, 929.
Villiers, Barbara (afterwards Mrs. Palmer, Lady Castlemaine, and Duchess of Cleveland). See *Castlemaine.*
Villiers, George (father and son), Dukes of Buckingham, 638, 639. See *Buckingham.*
Vinegar and Mustard, or Wormwood Lectures, 5, 921. See *Wormwood.*
Vintner of Oxford, a ballad, referred to in Bagford ballad, 548.
Vintner (The London) and the Oxfordshire Damosel, 407, 410.
Vintner, The Wanton, quoted, 408, 409.
Visions of Hell (Poor Robin's Dream ; or), 690, 784. Compare p. 97.
Vocal Magazine, The (1781, but published as a monthly serial during 1778, 1779), 310.
Vocal Miscellany, The (1729, 1738), mentioned, 191, 694.
Vocal Music (three vols., 1772, and later, no date), mentioned, 567, 609, etc.
Voltaire, Marie François Arouet de, his (original, not translated) verses to Lady Hervey, 619.
Vowel, Peter, a schoolmaster of Islington, executed at Charing Cross for conspiring against Cromwell, 796.
Vratz (= Fratz, as Reresby gives the name), Colonel, kills Thomas Thynne, 770 ; goes courageously to execution, and wins praise from Reresby ("he bowed to me with a steady look, before he was turned off : in fine, his whole carriage from his first being apprehended till the last, relished more of gallantry than of religion") and Evelyn, 771 ; is embalmed by some new process, 771. (Evelyn says : "Vrats told a friend of mine,

who accompanied him to the gallows, and gave him some advice, that he did not value dying of a rush, and hop'd and believ'd God would deale with him like a gentleman. Never man went so unconcern'd for his sad fate." Yea, surely, many! "I think that very few have sighed when fate at last has found them, Though bitter foes were by their side, and barren moss around them:" see p. 763.)

WADE, John, ballad-writer, calling himself a loyal heart, but telling of a heavy one, 2, 248; addicted to giving caveats, or warnings, *ibid.*, 577; a list of his ballads, 1 to 5, 921, 922; his Vinegar and Mustard, or Wormwood Lectures, anticipative of the Caudle Lectures, *Introd.* LVI, 5, 921 (see *Wormwood*); probable that he wrote also the two parts of our "Waterman's Delight," and "The Maid is best" (for both of which see *1st Index*), 1019. Thus our work begins and ends with John Wade (see *Impromptu* to face p. 1), XLVIII.

Wadmore, J. F., his History of the Worshipful Company of Skinners, quoted, 486, 487.

Wakeman, Sir George, Queen Catharine's physician, accused of complicity in the pretended Popish Plot for assassinating King Charles II., 660, 662, 667, 679, 701, 765; acquitted, but departs to the Continent to avoid fresh prosecution, 660.

Walcot, Dr. John = Peter Pindar, his dainty divarication of fleas from lobsters (endorsed by T. L. Beddoes, in a letter to Thomas F. Kellsall, dated May, 1837), 876.

Walford, Cornelius, his Insurance Cyclopædia, quoted, 403; on the prices of corn, 753.

Walford, Edward, his (vols. iii. to vi.) "Old and New London," 46.

Walker, George, the "polititious Walker" of Londonderry, "fighting parson" and revolutionary adventurer (a people's edition of Bishop Compton, but one who really had smelt powder), *Introd.*, XIV, 349, 422; his clerical position, 424; after the siege is raised, hurries to London to be praised and paid, 425; his diary of the siege of Londonderry, 425, 427; quoted, 972; his death, 425, 972; his statue at Londonderrry appropriately cast in bronze, 971.

Walker, Obadiah, of Univ. College, Oxford, his bed not of roses, 819.

Walker, Robert, his portrait of Oliver Cromwell, 739.

Waller, Edmund, his Ode on the Death of Cromwell (whom in his "First Anniversary Ode" he had described as "Angelic Cromwell, who outwings the wind"), 60; sour-visaged and time-serving, while his lines were smooth and fanciful, 86.

Waller, Sir William, a busy-body, 360; during the Plot excitement, seeking for discoveries and arrests, 806; finds the manuscript of the Meal-Tub Plot, 703, 751; gains Withens's seat in parliament, without election, by the Commons unconstitutionally usurping authority, to fill as well as to empty, *ibid.*, 751; his Dialogue with Mrs. Cellier, in Newgate, 880.

Walpole, Horace, his "Royal and Noble Authors," 675; his Strawberry-Hill Collection of illustrated broadsides on the Popish Plot, 763, 868; quoted, on Tom Thynne, and Monmouth, 771, 772.

Walpole, Sir Robert, caricature of his coat of arms, in *fac-simile*, 615, 624; his amours, 622; is expelled from the House of Commons, imprisoned, and again elected M.P. for Lynn Regis, 626; satirized by Swift, 623; perhaps also by him again in the Bagford Ballad, 626.

Walsh, William, his "Despairing Lover" (1692), quoted, 978.

Walter (often improperly called Waters), Lucy, *alias* Barlow, mother of Monmouth, 785; and of Mary (afterwards Mrs. William Fanshawe), *2nd Div.* XV, XVI, 927; Monmouth's supporters assert that his mother had been married to Charles, 785; the King issues a solemn Declaration to the contrary, 786, 795; her early amours with Algernon Sydney and, more seriously, with Colonel Robert Sydney,

his elder brother, 787; Evelyn's account of her, *ibid.*; her Memoir, written with his usual exactitude, by George S. Steinman, 785.
Waltham Cross, the song of the contented old fellow at, given complete, from Richard Brome (1641), 369.
Walton Cross = Waltham, *q. vide*, 369.
Walton. Izaak, his "Compleat Angler" (1653), and love of the best songs, *Introd.* XVI, 159, 759.
Wanley, Humphrey, *Introd.* XL. For Nathan Wanley, see *Wilde.*
Wanton Vintner and subtile Damsel, a ballad, quoted, 408.
Wanton Women, a Description of them, in a ballad, 923.
Wapping, Pretty Betty the Seaman's Lass, living near, 274; Shaftesbury's ten thousand brisk boys of the city and from, *2nd Div.* XV, 687.
Warbeck, Perkin, *alias* Edward, D. of York, 781. See, also, *Taunton.*
Ward, Ned, his London Spy, describes the music-booths, 22.
Ward, Seth, Bishop of Salisbury, patron and "Miss"-despoiler of Dr. Walter Pope, 647.
Ward, Sir Patience, in 1681 Lord Mayor of London, 683, 839.
Wardlaw, Lady Elizabeth (*née* Halket, of Pitferran, born 1677, married 1696, died 1727), 827; her prudish tampering with the Gilderoy ballad, 102; her claim to the authorship of Hardyknute, part first, 103. See *Hardyknute*, and *Pinkerton.*
Wardlaw Heresy, The so-called; announced by Robert Chambers (in 1859, again in the "Edinburgh Papers," No. iv. 1861), combated by Norval Clyne and others, as to her presumed authorship of a score more of the best Scottish ballads, Sir Patrick Spens, Edom of Gordon, Johnie of Bradislee, Mary Hamilton, the Gay Gos-hawk, Fause Foodrage, the Lass of Loch-Ryan, etc., 102. [To avoid misunderstandings, let us at once declare that our objection is to the attribution of these to Lady Wardlaw, as their author; not to the assertion of their being modern. The subject of *The Scottish Ballads*, the genuine *versus* the fraudulent, some day we hope to take up. It deserves our best attention, 346.]
Wardour (Henry), Lord Arundel of, committed to the Tower as an accused Catholic (25th Oct. 1678), 674; his Poems (printed on a Brit. Mus. broadsheet, dated 1679), 675.
Warmestré, Miss, her marriage, 805.
Warming-pan calumny (as to the fraudulent introduction of a strange child as a sham Prince of Wales, in 1688), 185. William and the revolutionists pretended, as an excuse for believing the calumny, that the Queen of James II. was incapable of bearing a live child. This was rebutted, not only on the published evidence as to the Chevalier de Saint George, but even more conclusively by her having children afterwards.
Warton, Dr. Thomas, his "History of English Poetry," 849.
Warwick Champion (found to be, as suspected, Dawks's misprint for "Warlike Champion") = Guy, Earl of Warwick, 848, 1009.
Watermen, their privileges, their complaint of injuries and losses, their walk and conversation (a little free), 255, 256, 405; James Norris's ballad on the frozen Thames, 256, 404; Bartholomew Isaac's Catch or song on their language and pleasantries, given complete, 255, 256; Tom Brown's account of them, on the Thames, 405; their conspiring to petition, 821. For Waterman's Delight, both parts, see *Wade*, and *First Index.*
Watson, James, his three-fold "Collection of Scots Poems" (1706, 1707. 1711), 546.
Watts, John, his six vols. of "Musical Miscellany" (1729-1731), 567, 693.
Wawen (but probably A. Smith's printer's error, for Warren), lecturer at Greenwich, his *extempore* sermon on the text T. H. E. F. T., to Whitney, 557.
Webley = Weobley, Herefordshire, 857.
Webster, John (by a vexatious oversight, mis-written and printed "Thomas Decker," although both authors are our special favourites, and their styles are as dissimilar as Milman's and Fitzball's), his White

Devil, or Vittoria Corrombona, = Accoramboni, mentioned in ballad, 795, 801. For an account of her murder, without a trial, from the contemporary chronicles, see *Cornhill Magazine*, xix. 244, 1869.

Wedderbourn or Wedderburn, John (and perhaps also Robert assisting), The Boke of "Gude and Godlie Ballates" of 1578, attributed to him, with names of early tunes, *Introduction*, XXIII, XXXV. (See J. Sibbald's "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," 1802, iii. 238).

Wedderbourn, Robert, Vicar of Dundee (?), his "Complaynt of Scotland," mentioned, XXI. It may be noted that Dr. James A. H. Murray is against the assignment to Robert Wedderburn; and he is of remarkably sound judgment.

Wedderbourn's (Captain) Courtship, a ballad mentioned, with its solution of manifold riddles, as the price of the lady's hand, 534.

Weeked Parliament at Oxford: the explanation of it being so called, 821, 837, 843.

Weldon, John, composer of "That little patch upon your face," 548.

Welsh Fortune-teller, a ballad mentioned and deferred (for *Civil-War Series*), 844.

Welsh Harp, the use of it held to be a necessary part of a gentleman's education, 858.

Welsh Harper, a woodcut representing one, in 1561, from Boorde's Introduction to Knowledge, here given, 847.

Welsh Harper, Ellis, mentioned by Ben Jonson in the masque song here given, *Introd.* XLII, 857.

Welshmen, Group of Poems on, 844; poem upon their deeds, to the Honour of Welshmen, 844; Andrew Boorde's verses on their characteristic type, 845; additional notes, on an earlier imprint than the Bagford, and of the probable original (in the Roxburghe Collection), 1008 to 1010.

Welsh Traveller, by Humphrey Crouch (the note mark 3 misplaced, it should be *at foot of the* page). *Introd.* LVI.

Wentworth, Lady Henrietta Maria (only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Cleveland), passionately attached to the Duke of Monmouth, 781, 965; dies soon after his execution, broken hearted, 781.

Wentworth (Thomas), Earl of, *Introd.* II, 755; portentous meteor seen before his death, 98. See *Strafford.*

Werk, or Werke, sometimes written Wark. See *Grey* (he survived, favoured by William, until 1701: the giving public countenance and authority to so utterly degraded a man was itself disgraceful in the unscrupulous "Protestant Deliverer").

West ("an active man, supposed to have been an atheist"), implicated in the Rye-House Plot, a witness against Sir John Trenchard, and others, 782.

West-Country ballads on millers, 528, 921; on lovers' wooing, *Introd.* LXVII, No. 136 of Thackeray's List.

West-Country Delight, 400.

West-Country Dialogue, 528.

West-Country Miller Outwitted, ballad on a, 921 (but compare p. 985).

West-Country risings, in 1685 and 1688, ballads on the, 359.

Westminster Drollery, of 1671, 1672, and 1674, *Introd.* XVI, 101, 890, etc.; the earliest known printed version of "Gilderoy," given, complete, 101; Charles the Second's song of "I pass all my time in a shady old grove," first printed therein, 498; the May-pole Song, also first printed therein (to a dance tune, "played at Mr. Young's Ball," in 1671), 1010, 1117.

Westminster Frollick, a ballad, 527.

Westminster Hall, the Loyal Feast at, a ballad (*Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 343), 881; the head of Sir Thomas Armstrong exposed above the building, between those of Cromwell and Bradshaw (his "quarters" were over the City gates), 1005.

Westminster Quibbles in Verse, quoted, 767.

Weymouth, suppression of a street-ballad, in 1877, at, *Introd.* XIX, XX; news sent thence to London expressly, of the French fleet in sight, in 1692, 280.

Wharton, Mary, of Queen Street, London, an heiress, carried off by

Captain Campbell (and his friend Sir John Johnson, who was executed for the connivance), 46, 556.
Wharton (Philip), Lord, almost certainly referred to in seventh verse of our ballad-narrative of the Popish Plot, part third, 683; his previous committal to the Tower of London (along with Shaftesbury, Buckingham, and James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, in Feb., 1677), 684.
Wharton, Sir Thomas, Exclusionist, 777.
Wharton (Thomas), Lord, supposed author of the Lilli-burlero ballad, in 1686 (first part), 303.
When the Devil is blind, a proverb and tag, 77, 936.
Whig, or Whigg, and Tory, words introduced in 1680, as party nicknames (Burnet declares the former to have been derived from the word *Whiggam*, used by the western Scots in driving their horses), 751, 826, 827, etc.
Whimzies; or, a New Cast of Characters, 1631, by Richard Brathwaite, his account of a ballad-monger, quoted, 1113 to 1117.
While, still used as signifying *until* (not merely *during*), provincially, 463.
White, Thomas, his "Old English Drama," 1830 (always elsewhere cited as being of three vols. only, but the present editor has four), 310.
White, William, Constable of Aylesbury, defendant in the great Aylesbury Election law-case brought by Matthew Ashby, 833, 835. The prisoners were said to have been actively supported against the Commons by Lord Thomas Wharton.
Whitebread, Thomas, said to be Provincial of the Jesuits, accused by Titus Oates and Dugdale, 678, 680, 696, 701; acquitted when tried in December, 1678, but condemned in June, 1679, and executed on the 20th. 681, 688.
Whitefriars = Alsatia, near the Temple, a sanctuary for desperadoes, 235, 236, 243; loses its privileges, 235, 243.
Whitefriars Captain (Francis Winter), The, an insurrectionary rioter, not a highwayman, *2nd Div.* xviii, 230, 235, 236. [The prefatory notice to 2nd Division is to be taken as corrective to the short and imperfect account on p. 235, which was earlier written. Compare Macaulay's History (chapter xxii. p. 189 of the 1864 edition), for a graphic account of Alsatia, and of the very riot in 1691, for which Winter suffered in May 1093.]
Whitehall Evening Post, verses upon Colley Cibber, quoted, 620.
Whitehall Palace, *Introduction*, xlv; the execution of Charles I. at, 691; and to Sir E. Godfrey having been seen there, before being murdered, 689; Titus Oates sumptuously lodged and victualled there, 668, 707; but afterwards turned away in disgrace, 677; Evelyn's account of the revels, shortly before the death of Charles II., 596, 597; a weather-cock erected, specially to show whether the wind favoured or retarded the Dutch fleet (see *Popish Wind*), and watched by James II., 295; who departs thence in disguise, 362; his daughter Mary's delight at taking possession of the State-apartments on her arrival, 610, 611; office of the Revels there, 1115.
White-horse (pretended) "Consult" of Jesuits (April 24, 1678), 673, 678.
Whitelaw, Alexander, his "Book of Scottish Song" (Blackie and Sons, 1843), quoted, 102.
Whitlock, Sir William, M.P. for Oxford University, 829, 834; for Marlow Magna, 828; addresses the Speaker, 829.
Whitney's Farewell (the music of which is to be found in the 8th edition of Playford's "Dancing Master," 1698, to the 18th), 556, 806; sometimes called Russell's Farewell, 1002.
Whitney, James, a highwayman, an account of him, *2nd Division*, xvii, xviii, 556 to 561.
Wild House, the pretended meeting there, to arrange the murder of King Charles, 701.
Wilde, Dr. Robert (called Poor Robin), his poem entitled "The Loyal Nonconformist" mocked in a (not reprinted, but reserved for Apprentice and Light o' Love group), Bagford Collection poem

(iii. 31), 638; improbably author of the Geneva Ballad, 646; his "Combat of Cocks" (in *Merry Drollery*, 1661, ii. 57), 648. Compare *Randolph*. [We hope to give an account of Wilde, his "Plot on," "Iter Boreale" and "The Benefice" in the *Amanda* group. In *State Poems*, iv. 379, are his lines on Bow Church: in ii. 166 is a poem of "Dr. Wild's Ghost, on his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience," 1686. A group of four or more poems, supposed to be interchanged between the Rev. Nathan Wanley (author of "Wonders of the Little World,") and Dr. Wilde, are in MS. Wanley, who died in 1680, begins by inciting him to write poetry. Wilde died of apoplexy, 1679.]

Wilbred, Sir, *alias* Wilfred, or Wilfrid, 992, 993, 1023. (This cannot be, as some learned pundits are willing to suppose, the same as Sir Wilfred Lawson of Isell, in Cumberland, whom James II. created a baronet, on March 31st, 1688; unless the faintly discernible date of "77" be incorrect, or not attributable to 1677. It is a question for the family historians, who delight in what St. Paul stigmatizes as "endless genealogies." He classes them with "foolish questions and contentions," to be avoided both by Timothy and Titus, and by us other meek ecclesiastics. The poem itself is on p. 1023.)

William and Margaret, ballad, as several times recast by David Mallet, 139 to 141.

William and Mary, Conquerors, a *brochure* by Charles Blount, but wrongly attributed by contemporaries to Henry Bohun who innocently licensed it, 712, 713; their visit to the City, 488. See both names separately.

William III., his astuteness and selfish isolation, 278, 301; his jealousy of Monmouth's pretensions to the Crown, 716, 964; tries to persuade him to risk his life in battle against the Turks, 965; offers, when Monmouth begins a rebellion, to assist James II. by personally commanding troops in England for its suppression, 716; but is not trusted, *ibid.*; overrules the plans and advice of Schomberg, 349; fights at the Boyne, his dislike of Walker's intrusiveness, and pardonable indifference at the man's death, 972; his preference of the Dutch to the English, 178, 377; his courage and perseverance under military reverses, 178; his anger and disgust at not being instantly supported, 361; holds very limited views of toleration (much narrower than John Locke, and even he would not have extended it to the Catholics), 728; his character, and ambitious aims of being the unrivalled Dictator of a Protestant League in Europe, 317, 377, 378; the remembrance, not unmingled with remorse (although she had received as much consideration as her nature deserved), of his wife Mary, 378; his funeral, 316. See *Statue*.

Wilson, Andrew, author of "The Ever Victorious Army" and "The Abode of Snow," his "Infanti Perduti" essay, on Autolycus, 802.

Wilson, James, his Dictionary of Astrology, 62.

Wilson, Lieut.-Col. Townshend, his Memoir of "James the Second and the Duke of Berwick," quoted, as to Walker and Burnet, 971.

Winchcomb, John = Jack of Newberrie, or Newbury, the famous Clothier, his history, written by Thomas Deloney, *Introd.* XLIV, 64, 863; mentioned among the "Histories" in Thackeray's List, LVII.

Winchelsea, in Sussex, 850.

Winchelsea (Anne Finch), Countess of, a daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, Hants, she died August 5, 1720. It is of her whom Gay writes as "still meditating song," in his poetical address to Pope, "Welcome from Greece," on completing Homer, in 1720. [Compare *Finch*, in this 2nd Index, to supplement imperfect note, crowded for space, on p. 619, which might seem to commingle her with another and later Anne Finch, of the same Winchelsea and Eastwell family, alive in 1730.]

Robert Carruthers names her father Sir Richard Kingsmill, and perhaps not incorrectly. She had been Maid of Honour to Mary of Modena. Her husband, Heneage Finch, was the fourth Earl of Winchelsea. We mention two predecessors of *this* Heneage Finch.

Winchester, Bishop of, his proprietorship of many houses of ill fame in the suburbs, Southwark (whence the term, a Winchester Goose, for any one whose health had suffered from the soiled doves of the metropolis), *Introd.* xxx.

Winchester Christening, and Winchester Wedding, to which it is the sequel, two ballads written by Tom D'Urfey, 249, 465, 763; the woodcut mentioned on our p. 249, as belonging to the Winchester Wedding, is given on p. xxxii of *2nd Div. Pref. Notice*, to face p. 469.

Winchester song, sung before the King there (it begins, "A Tory came late through Westminster-Hall," and to the tune of Cook Lawrel), 684.

Windsor Drollery (1670 and 1671), 191, 546.

Windsor Plot (to assassinate King Charles there), as deposed by Oates, regarding four Irish ruffians, 678, 701.

Winnington, Sir Francis, M.P. for Worcester, 1000.

Winter, Francis, the Whitefriars Captain, not a highwayman, as had been doubtfully imagined, but a political-rioter and Jacobite, 230, 235, 236, and *Prefatory Notice to the 2nd Division*, xviii; ballad on his execution, 236 to 238. See *Whitefriars.*

Wise, Michael, the composer, and organist at Salisbury Cathedral, his character, oddities, and conviviality, 776; his alleged inability to write anything except music, 777.

Wish, The Old Man's (by Dr. Walter Pope, 1683), "If I live to grow old," etc., 11, 24, 647.

Wish, The Old Woman's, a ballad, first verse of it, 24. Two other "Old Woman's Wish" ballads begin respectively "If I live to be Old, which I never will own," and "When my hairs they grow hoary, and my cheeks they look pale;" in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iii. 18, 19.

Wit, when admirable and when offensive, 615.

Wit and Drollery (editions 1656, 1661, 1682), songs in, 404, 480, 542, 578, 1008, 1018.

Wit and Mirth (Playford's, 1684), 210, etc. See *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ed. 1719–20.

Wit Restored, 429, 514, 893.

Witch, a dangerous term to apply to a woman, at certain times of old, 67.

Witch-finders and Lancashire Witches of Pendle Forest, 67.

Withens, Sir Francis, arrogantly expelled by the Commons, 751.

Wits' Academy, mentioned, 567.

Wits' Recreations, 159, 858, 859.

Woad, with which the early Britons were accustomed to dye daily, 651.

Woman-drummer, The, *Int.* xlvii; ballad by Laurence Price, 308, 323.

Woman Warrior, The, 324, 325; other female warriors, such as Mary Ambree, 311; Couragious Betty of Chick-lane, 323; Tom D'Urfey's song, The Scotch Virago (in Pills to P. M., ii. 229), 308, 362. [Also, "A young man lately lov'd a Lass:" Wood's Coll. E. 25, fol. 69.]

Woman's Work is never Done, a ballad, and its tag or burden, 354.

Women, Group of Poems on, 880; seldom appearing in the poems or ballads of the original third vol. of the Bagford Collection, *ibid.*

Women, introduced to act female characters, after the Restoration, instead of their parts being filled by boys (Edward Kynaston remaining a favourite in both costumes, "as Mars and as Venus"), *Introd.* xli, 641. See *Kynaston, Edward.*

Wood, Anthony à, his collection of ballads at Oxford, noticed, *Introd.* xv, 666, 676, 693, and throughout; his remarks on Duval's "Miss." and Dr. Walter Pope, 11; on Seth Ward also taking one (not probably the same lady) from the same deserted physician, 647; on Stephen College, 1005; habitually biassed ill-naturedly in his judgment, while he quietly took note of all that he could see and hear for his Athenæ Oxonienses, 642, 885, 994, etc.

Woodcuts used for ballad-broadsides, *Introd.* xiv; their reproduction here, l; often inappropriate to the individual ballads, 335; many earlier employed to illustrate books, as noted in *Introduction* and pp. 720, 722, 752, 949, 973, 976, 1016. Of the very large number of them specially re-engraved to illustrate these pages, nearly all have been cut by Mr. W. H. Hooper (except a few by the Editor, including the initial letters at beginning of Introduction and Appendix, I, 917; the May-pole and pillory cuts of Appendix, the Musidora group at beginning of 2nd vol., 132, 136, 141, and the numerous ballad-singers of the Introduction, etc.). Briefly may be mentioned as interesting, among others, the portrait of Charles II., at head of the Introduction, in *fac-simile* of a broadsheet cut, originally a book-illustration; Charles I. and his Queen on p. 594, and James II. with his, on p. 593. The editor has had the orginal ornaments reproduced, as on pp. 133, 157, 249, 251, 258, 274, 351, 435, 444, 467 (which, although blotted as in the fragmentary original, is of graceful scroll-work character), etc., because they lend value to the reprints and are in harmony with what he has desired above all things to secure, viz. perfect accuracy of reprint. The soldiers, in marching order, shown on pp. 326 and 327, or 313 (evidently originally combined, and part of a still longer series); the Protestant Commander, near a semi-Turkish town such as Buda, on p. 338 or 966, issued in 1686, and afterwards mutilated, as on p. 283, and re-issued about 1690, or the confused group, on p. 365, are as interesting records of military costume as are the shipwrecks and sea-fights on pp. 250, 275, 284, 289, 297, of naval architecture. In the latter we see (although the entire cut is sorely reduced to fit our pages, like the Audenarde battle on pp. 386, 393) how the combined fleet of p. 297 *left*, becomes cut into a corner-piece duello of p. 283. Although it resembles an illustration of Roxb. Coll., i. 282, our woodcut of William the Third's funeral, on p. 319, is quite distinct. As to the Crusade-like cut on p. 350, see pp. 341, 964, and Index *sub voce Turks*. The chief part of the pieced-together woodcut on p. 670 has originally been of German design, and probably used to represent characters or types of the various creeds of religious faith. Thus we see the Christian bishop, in front of the Jewish high-priest, the Parsee, the Soldan, the semi-barbaric Emperor, with various class-representatives of inferior rank, so individualized that they almost appear to be portraits. Beside this, but of much inferior and later workmanship, had been placed the two small "Dr. Do-Good" figures, originally representing Luther, with a sedate Melancthonish supporter. Thus combined (with the Pope and the Turk on one side, not for the only time in history) the picture symbolizes Protestantism and its foes! And they are again represented with Apocalyptic attributes, on pp. 659, 989; and in Hell's-mouth on p. 661.

As to the importance belonging to such a contemporary representation of an execution for high-treason, with hurdle and the veritable Jack Ketch of hateful infamy, as we give on p. 699, there cannot be two opinions. The Coronation of William and Mary, the representation of the Pillorying and Cart's-tail whipping of (originally) Oates or Dangerfield, are also important, pp. 613, 706, 707. There is grim humour in the Barber shaving an Owl (764, cf. 767), in numerous pictures of feminine spottedness and bedizenment, top-knots, commodes, and inflated dresses, 68, 289, 499, 509, 568, 606, 908, 934; with here or there a really graceful fashion and pleasing figure (*e.g.* 454, 516, 554, 563, 602, 940, 956, 981, 982, and *2nd Division*, xxxii). To those who choose to search for them, others, like the early printing-press, p. 715, the morris-dancers and musicians of

our *Introduction*, and the Harman *Caueat* cuts, 943, etc., are interesting.
As portraits, old woodcuts are seldom trustworthy, but he of the "tall stature, like the Son of Kish," our swarthy Charles the Second, who backed himself to "saunter" against any man, is characteristically shown on p. 692, and in the small variation, 535 The attitude was his own, no doubt. Probably the Duke of Monmouth is represented, from another broadside, 788. A remarkable ecclesiastical type appears, after slumbering for two centuries, to haunt the dreams of prosy Penzance, 657. Another ghost, a female in her shroud, holds a consecrated wax candle, 786; suggesting that Romanistic superstition and Low-church credulity in regard to spectral impostures and "rappings" are not irreconcileable: the "Maid of Hatfield" being a shameless Protestant fraud. Judicial astrology is satirized, 793; and the Heralds' College may claim one "very gentle beast" (mild as Snug), 813. Nobody can assert they make neither head nor tail of the Dragon, in *Prefatory Notice to 2nd Division*, p. ix, a relic of Sir Eglamore's combat. Obstructive M.P.s are reproduced, 752. Other book-frontispieces are on xxxi, 250, and 722 (from *Pasquil's Palinodia*). The Welsh swashbuckler, in time of James the First, is alive again, 855. He casts his Line of Beauty (not Hogarth's), 857. The fair Welsh-woman is genuine, not a modern Millaisian or Milesian. 860. Her walking attire better suits our climate than the feminine *toilette* of 887 or 908, which too much resemble that of Tom a Bedlam, 874; not to mention 136, or the "handful of rags," 876.
Two illustrations were originally intended for St. John at Patmos, 811, 916. Unmutilated impressions of the latter (in Andrew Boorde's *Dyetary of Helth*, 1542, etc.), show the Eagle as ink-bottle-holder. It was a favourite ornament with the printers, Robert Wyer and Thomas Colwell.
To ultra-Protestants, who sigh over our benighted avoidance of
opportunities for railing
"the Paip, that Pagan, ful
pride," there may be satisfactio
beholding His Holiness delinea
after their own heart, as the
of Sin, 989; also in seeing
Scarlet Woman herself identi
659; and even the Whalleian
of Hell's-Mouth, 661, with
jubilant goblin-imps giving a
come house-warming to a Pope
a Cardinal. The Puritan S.S
alone remains unpropitiated,
would pruriently detect a Ph
orgie in the Map-pole dance,
We give a total of more than t
hundred and forty distinct wood
(not counting duplicate impressi
in the present *Bagford Ballads*.
Wooden-Ruff, Mrs. Cellier's, a n
name for the Pillory, 660, 986.
Pillory.
Woodhouse, Peter, his poem on
Flea, "Democritus his Dream,"
Woollen (burial in), an Act passe
1678 to enforce this practice,
persons who directed the interm
otherwise were to forfeit £5.
29th Charles II. (of course equa
thrice the present value of mon
this was for the encouragement
the woollen manufacture, Eng
and Irish woollens being prohibi
in France in 1677), 650, 651. C
pare Pope's Narcissa: "Odious
woollen," etc.
Worcester (the noble Marquess
abhorred by the fanatics, 691.
Worcestershire Election ballad, 8
given complete, on further c
sideration of its importance,
to 1000.
Wormwood Lectures, 1673, by J
Wade, 4, 921. [Still earlier, Richa
Brathwaite had published an 8
volume, of 330 pp., entitled "A
asleepe, Husband? A Boul
Lecture; stored with all variety
witty jeasts, merry tales, and ot
pleasant passages, etc. By P
logenes Panedonius, 1640." Ha
wood proved the authorship to
Brathwaite's.] See also *Introd*
Wren, Sir Christopher, builds
Monument (1671–77), 439; his
Paul's Cathedral, 704.

Wrexham Organ, 858.
Wrigglesworth, Anne, her declaration, when summoned before the Archdeacon's Court in 1584, as to a ballad rhyme, which she had been erroneously accused of having "made," but which she confessedly had helped to circulate, *Introd.* XVIII, XIX.
Wright, Thomas, his "Early Songs and Carols" from an Ashmolean MS. (reprinted for the Percy Society, No. 73, in Oct. 1847, vol. xxiii.), 922.
Wright, William, the "factious Alderman" of Oxford, his Speech to the Duke of Monmouth, 797; styled "foolish Wright" in a Loyal-Poem, 817; affects to feel shocked by the familiarity of Nell Gwynn with King Charles, and is indignant at being neglected by him, hooted by the Link-boys, and mocked by a Brazennose freshman, 818.
Wycherley, William, his comedies, 718.

YORK (James), Duke of, brings over to England his brother's Queen, 634; his annoyances from the Exclusionists, 665, 687, etc.; returns from Scotland, to the terror of Sir Thomas Player, and other phrenzied Protestants, *2nd Div.* xiv; resides at Brussels, in virtual exile, 716; is jestingly warned by his brother of the suspicions circulated against him, 666, 745; is at enmity with Monmouth, 716, 795; is recalled by Charles, when he sees plainly that the Exclusionists are not pacified but irreconcilable, 842, etc.; is slandered by Pilkington, 486; by Player, *2nd Div.* xiv; by Lawrence Braddon and Hugh Speke (they seeking for evidence against him and the King, to indicate that they had personally murdered Lord Essex, who committed suicide, 685; for this Braddon and Speke are fined £2000 and £1000, as Pilkington and Barnardiston are, respectively), 486; is hated by Russell, 1001; but loved by the sailors, 277; his visit to Oxford with Mary of Modena, in 1683, but without leaving in him such a feeling of gratitude as to keep him afterwards from tyrannically attempting to force Papists on the University, 819. See *James II.*
Yorkshireman (The Poor), turning out to be only an Essex man, under false colours, 941.
Young, Dr. Edward, on Settle's befitting conclusion to a turncoat's career, by impersonating a dragon and vomiting fire at Bartholomew Fair, Finis coronat opus, 695.
Young, or Yonge, Sir William (?), conjoined with Edw. Roome, author of the operetta "Jovial Crew," founded on Richard Brome's comedy, 529, 615.

ZADKIEL, the astrologer, mentioned, 62.
Zeuxis' art (in despite of), can draw a wrinkle or a wart = evidently alluding to the true principles of selection for ideal beauty, in opposition to the realism of the Naturalistic school, which Cromwell favoured, if the anecdote be trustworthy (p. 739), of his charge to Walker not to omit a wart, or no pay should be given, 894.
Zephyrus, "she breath'd like Zephyrus when he creeps O're beds of violets," cf. Twelfth Night, i. 1, "came o'er my ear like the sweet sough [South] that breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odour," 894.
Zimri (Dryden's) = the Second George Villiers, 95. See *Buckingham.*

Nightingale.—"Spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

Mrs. Overdo.—Has it a fine picture, brother?

Cokes.—O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home o' my own pasting up? there be brave pictures."

Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, iii. 1, 1614.

*** "In Jonson's time scarcely any ballad was printed without a wooden cut, illustrative of its subject. If it was a ballad of 'pure love' or of 'good life,' which afforded no scope for the graphic talents of the Grub-street Apelles, the portrait of 'good Queen Elizabeth,' magnificently adorned with the globe and sceptre [our *Introduction*, p. xxiii], formed no unwelcome substitute for her loving subjects: the houses of the common people, especially those of the distant counties, seem to have had little other ornamental tapestry than was supplied by these fugitive pieces, which came out every term, and were rapidly dispersed over the kingdom by shoals of itinerant syrens."—*William Gifford.* But the Syrens belonged more to Hogarth's time, as shown in our *General Introduction.* Before the Civil War the street ballad-singers were chiefly men. Inigo Jones drew the original of this sketch.

A Last Word on Ballad-singers.

IN our General Introduction we give a few woodcut sketches of ballad-singers. It may not be without value that we here add the "Character" of one belonging to the craft, which appeared in 1631, as the second of twenty-four portraitures bearing the title of "Whimzies: Or, A new Cast of Characters." Clitvs Alexandrinvs, the author of these 117 leaves, was identified by Joseph Haslewood, in 1820, as Richard Brathwaite. Dr. P. Bliss, in 1811, and Sir Egerton Brydges, in 1816, had directed attention to the Whimzies. Haslewood[1] is at his best when editing Brathwaite, whose works are again taking a position among students of olden manners. His Character of Nick Ballader, in 1631, illustrates many points in the Bagford Ballads of a few later years :—

"*A Ballad-monger* is the ignominious *nickname* of a penurious poet, of whom he partakes in nothing but in povertie. His straine (in my opinion) would sort best with a funerall Elegie, for hee writes most pittifully. Hee has a singular gift of imagination, for *hee can descant on a man's execution long before his confession.*[2] Nor comes his Invention farre short of his Imagination; for want of truer relations, for a neede he can finde you out a *Sussex Dragon*, some Sea or Inland monster, drawne out by some *Shoe-lane* man in a *Gorgon-like* feature, to enforce more horror in the beholder.[3] Hee has an excellent facultie

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[1] Unfortunately, we can never depend on his reproducing any text with sufficient exactitude: a fault he shares with with Brydges, Uttersen, Park, and many others. We go to the fountain-head.

[2] Thus, in the closing scene of Tom Idle's progress towards Tyburn, we see a ballad-singer chaunting his "Last Farewell" before he reaches the gibbet. Compare *Introduction*, p. XLVII, where we give a woodcut sketch of it.

[3] See an example in our Bagford broadsheet, the "Account of a Very Large Sea-Monster [porpoise] found in Fleet Ditch," p. 59. Compare pp. 60 and 82.

in this. Hee has one tune in store that will indifferently serve for any ditty. Hee is your onely man in request for *Christmas Carols. His workes are lasting-pasted monuments upon the insides of Country Ale-houses,*[1] where they may sojourne without expence of a farthing: which makes their thirstie Author crie out in this manner, if he have so much Latin:

Quò licuit chartis, nõ licet ire mihi.

"He stands much upon *Stanzas*, which halt and hobble as lamely as that one legg'd *Cantor* that sings them: It would doe a man's heart good to see how twinne-like hee and his *songmas* couple. Wits of equal size, though more holding *vailes* befall the *voyce*. Now you shall see them (if both their stockes aspire to that strength) droppe into some blinde ale-house, where these two naked *Virginians* will call for a great potte, a toast, and a pipe. Where you may imagine the *first* and *last* to be only called for out of an humour; but the *midst* out of meere necessitie, to allay hunger. Yet to see how they will hug, hooke, and shrugge over these *materials* in a Chimney corner (*O Polyhymnia*) it would make the *Muses* wonder! But now they are parted: and *Stentor* has fitted his *Batillus* with a Subject: whereon he vowes to bestow better Lines than ever stucke in the *Garland of good will*.[2] By this time with botches and old ends,[3]

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[1] Thus pasted up on walls, like the *Cottage Almanack* and *British Workman* of our own day, they were conned awhile, then covered by fresh sheets, and lost for ever. Compare p. xxi of our *General Introduction*, and motto on p. 1112.

[2] Thomas Deloney's "Garland of Good Will" is believed to have been printed so early as 1596. Even of the 1604 edition an entire copy is not known. One, imperfect, of 1631, is at the Bodleian, as also are editions of 1678, 1685, 1688. There are elsewhere some of 1659, *circa* 1700, and 1760. It was reprinted in 1851 for the Percy Society, edited by James Henry Dixon, from late editions. The book is mentioned by John Ford, in his Broken Heart, and by W. Rowley in A Match at Midnight, both belonging to 1633.

[3] These "old ends" are doubtless what were termed "the foote of Songes," in William Wager's "The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art" (*circa* 1568). There, after the prologue, Moros enters, "counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, Synging the foote of many Songes as fooles were wont." Fortunately for all of us, and as may be seen in the Ballad Society's reprint of "Robert Laneham's Letter, with Captain Cox, his Ballads and Books," edited by the Director, F. J. Furnivall, 1871, a dozen examples of these are therein recorded. We see by them not alone the *tag* or *refrain*, the recurring burden which was borne by the man who sang a basso accompaniment, but also the beginning of the song itself. Indeed, to this day, many of the popular old Scottish songs show the same construction (as do several of the Processional Hymns), where the chorus-verse not only follows each stanza, but is sung earliest of all, to lead off with spirit. Thus first line and *burden* or *tag* or *refrain* virtually agree. *We have ourselves for convenience used the word BURDEN throughout* (without reference to it being the bass accompaniment).

this *Ballad Bard* has expressed the Quintessence of his *Genius*, extracted from the muddie spirit of Bottle-Ale and froth. But all is one for that; his *Trinkilo*[1] must have it, if he will come to his *price*, yet before hee have it, it must suffer the *Presse*. By this, *Nick Ballad* has got him a Quarterne of this new Impression; with which hee mounts *Holborne* as merry as a *Carter;* and takes his *stand* against some eminent *Bay-window;* where he vents his stuffe. Hee needs not dance attendance; for in a trice you shall see him guarded with a *Ianizairie* of *Costermongers*, and *Countrey Gooselings:* while his Nipps, Ints, Bungs and Prinado's of whom he holds in *fee*, oft times prevent the *Lawyer*, by diving too deepe into his *Clients* pocket; while hee gives too deepe attention to this wonderfull Ballad.[2] But stale Ballad-newes, like stale fish, when it beginnes to smell of the Panyer, are not for queasie stomacks. You must therefore imagine, that by this time they are cashier'd the Citie, and must now ride *poast* for the Countrey: where they are no lesse admir'd than a Gyant in a pageant: till at last they grow so common there too, as every poore Milk-maid can chant and chirpe it under

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[1] That this name was generally used to designate a tippler without any particular application to Shakespeare's *Trinculo* of "The Tempest" seems demonstrable. It was, however, often employed with a side-reference to the *Trincalo* of Richard Tomkins's "Albumazar;" as it was by Milton, and by Richard Brathwaite himself in his "Strappado for the Deuill." 1615. This, incidentally, is an additional indication of the correctness of the Whimzies being assigned to him. Compare our pp. 804 and 1081 (*Trinculo* in *Second Index*).

[2] Varieties of sharpers. A nip = a thief, cut-purse or pickpocket. In Brathwaite's "Honest Ghost," p. 231, is a passage with three of these words—

> "Flankt were my troupe, with bolts, bauds, punks, and panders,
> Pimps, *nips*, and *ints*, *prinados*, highway standers,
> All of which were my familiars."

"Filthy *Bung*" is used by that chaste virgin Doll Tearsheet, as one of the names expressive of aversion for Pistol: "Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away!" She also marks him as a "damned cheater." In Edward Guilpin's "Skialetheia," 1598, pp. 55, 56, is a similar hint to our text, of the thieves being busy in a crowd gathered by any of the ballad-singers:

> rotten-throated slaues
> Engarlanded with coney-catching knaues,
> Whores Bedles, bawdes, and Sergeants filthily
> Chaunt *Kemps* ligge, or the *Burgonians* tragedy:
> But in good time there's one hath *nipt a bong*,
> Farewell, my harts, for he hath marrd the song.

Bung was used for the purse or pocket, beside the thief; but we remember no instance of "nipt a bung" meaning captured a pick-pocket. In those days cut-purses were dreaded by men, "a knife and a throng, you rogue!" owing to the openly-worn girdle-wallet. See Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew-Fair," 1614, Act iii. scene 1, where Nightingale is in league with the cut-purse Edgworth, and receives the plunder from him, after having drawn a crowd by pretending to warn them against rogueries, to the tune of Packington's Pound.

her Cow; which she useth as an harmlesse charme to make her let downe her milke.[1] Now therefore you must suppose our facetious *Ballad-monger*, as one nectar-infused with some poetical Liquor, re-ascending the horse-hoof'd mount, and with a cuppe of sixe (for his *token-pledge* will bee taken for no more) hee presum's to represent unto the world a new conceite, intitled; *A proper new Ballad, to the tune of Bragadeery round.*[2] Which his *Chantecleere* sings with varietie of ayres[3] (having, as you may suppose, an instrumẽtall *Polyphon* in the cranie of his nose). Now he counterfeits a natural *Base*, then a perpetuall *Treble*, and ends with a *Counter-tenure*. You shall heare him feigne an artfull straine through the Nose, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the purer *brother-hood*.[4] But all in vaine; They blush at the *abomination* of this knave, and demurely passing by him, call him the *lost childe*. Now, for his Author, you must not take him for one of those pregnant criticke Suburbane wits, who make worke for the fidlers of the Citie. For those are more *knaves*, than *fooles*, but these quite contrary. In those you shall finde salt, sense, and verse; but in these none of all three. What then is to bee expected from so sterile a *Pernassian*, where *impudence* is his best *conductor*, *Ignorance* his best *Instructor*, and *Indigence* his best *Pro[te]ctor?* Shall we then close with him thus? Hee is constant in nothing but in his *Clothes*. He never casts his *slough* but against *Bartholomew Faire:* where hee may casually endanger the purchase of a cast suite: Else, trust me, hee is no *shifter*.[5] In a word, get his poore corpes a sheete to shrowd them in at his dying, they get more than his *Muse* could ever make him worth while hee was living."

There had been general disparagement of the professional ballad-makers and ballad-singers among the fine gentlemen who wrote verses for private circulation, and wished not to be in favour with the mob. Musicians caught this infection of super-

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[1] Milk-maidens were known to be the chief purchasers of ballads (and a penny ballad was in those days as expensive a luxury as a shilling book in ours), see *Introduction*, xvi, and woodcut on p. 759. Brathwaite here gives us a good explanation of their motives for purchase. Queen Elizabeth's envy of the blithe-singing milkmaid (while herself an imprisoned princess) is well known, and has not been left unemployed in Tennyson's Queen Mary.

[2] We have had occasion to notice this very tune, sometimes called "Bragandary down." See pp. 923, 972, and *Second Index*, 1057.

[3] Ayres not meaning tunes here, but simply intonations, different keys or octaves, to suit dialogues, with contrasted voices.

[4] The Puritanical "Saints" indulged stealthily in these forbidden pleasures.

[5] Even so was it with Falstaff's followers, backbiters, but "no worse than they are backbitten, for they have marvellous foul linen." "Well conceited, Davy!"

ciliousness, and feared to have their *Choyce Ayres* profaned by such wandering minstrels as Nightshade and Crowdero, who haunted wakes or fairs. Probably Brathwaite's sneer at the poverty of ballad-mongers was justified by their improvidence, not by their inability to get money.[1]

On the whole, Ballad-singers made a fair profit. When persecution from the Puritans had slackened, there were still dues to pay for licences, and bribes to constables. Before 1675 began, the Master of the Revels, Charles Killegrew (son of hearty old Thomas, who survived until 1684), rented to a London bookseller, John Clarke, "the Licensing of all Ballad Singers for five years." The *London Gazette*, April 13th, 1682, referring to this, continues:—

"These are, therefore, to give notice to all Ballad Singers that they take out Licences at the Office of the revels at *Whitehall*, for Singing and Selling of Ballads, and small Books, according to an ancient custom. And all persons concerned are hereby desired to take notice of, and to suppress all Mountebanks, Rope-Dancers, Prize-Players, Ballad-Singers, and such as make shew of Motions and strange Sights, that have not a Licence in Red and Black Letters, under the Hand and Seal of the said Charles Killegrew, Esq., Master of the Revels to his Majesty; and, in particular, to suppress one Mr. Irish, Mr. Thomas Varley, and Mr. Thomas Yates, Mountebank, who have no Licence, that they may be proceeded against, according to Law."

John Clarke was himself a publisher of ballads, who is often named throughout our pages: a successor to Richard Harper, at the sign of the Bible and Harp in West Smithfield, from 1650 to 1682 inclusive. He had no distance to travel when looking after his purchased rights, at beginning of each September, while ballad-singing was rife at Bartholomew Fair.

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[1] People who minister to the amusement of others seldom pass without fee or reward. Cash can always be found for junketting, when it is beyond reach for payment of debts, food, or lodging. One May-pole fiddler (in our *Westminster Drollery*, 1671–1672,) uttered a complaint, but even he was at eventide requited for his pleasant toil:—

Yet there they sate, until it was late,
And tyr'd the Fidler quite,
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning untill night.
They told the Fidler then, they'd pay him for his play,
And each a two-pence, two-pence, two-pence gave him, and went away.

Third Index.

"Give me mine *Index;* we'll to the Hertford press:
My music playing not far off, I will allure
My brother-members; my tempered hook shall pierce
Their hungry jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one a *Bagfordite*,
And say, 'Ah, ha! you're caught!'"

Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5, 10–15 (Variorum edition).

[First lines, tunes, and *burdens* (*tags* or *refrains*, which are printed in *italic* type) of the chief ballads or songs mentioned in the Introductions or notes, but (with a few exceptions) not given complete. One or two of these had strayed into First Index; others, there left out, are admitted. See, particularly, *Love's Tide*.]

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When shall we Three meet again,
Index-Tablets, prim and plain?
When our *Civil War* set's won!
When the Roxburghes all are done!!
Will that be ere 'Ninety-One?

"The last drop, my boys! *super-nagulum!*"

Finale.

"Thou can'st not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well."—*Twelfth Night*, ii. 5.

BAGFORD BALLADS *end here, Gentle Readers!*
Shake hands, ere you sit down to dine.
Men on books, as on meat, are quick-feeders.
What, no more? Then pray take off your wine.
We've been free from intrusion vulgarian,
City-men and the Curate denied,
Lest they prate still of slaughters Bulgarian,
And the Stock-Exchange—Tallows and Hide.

It was pleasant, to slip back two hundred
Past years, from this date Anno D.,
And behold the wise statesmen who blund'red
On "Exclusion" and great "Popish P."
(*We're not* "Rome-wards," *or prone to High-Ritual,*
Though we keep all the Non-cons. at bay:
We contentedly swallow our vi't-u-al,
Rememb'ring "each dog has his day").

No doubt, there's a lesson to pick up,
If we now to these ballads take heed;
When we see how all Rant ends in hiccough,
And Protestant Zeal *runs to seed.*

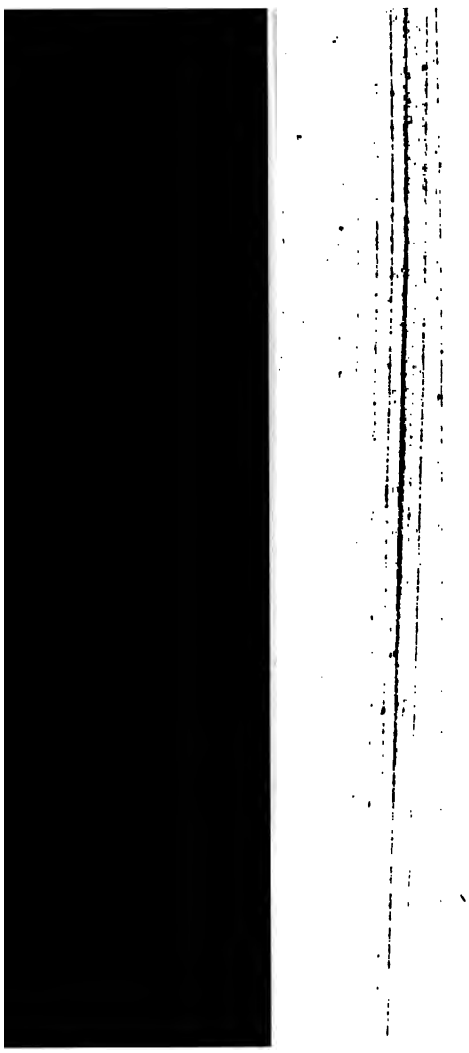
A good cause needs no scoundrel defenders;
All excess-charge is taxed on the bill:
We discount mere saintly pretenders,
And put down their virtues at nil.

Ours no Bacchanal taste, nor our quaffing
Of stronger than Adamite-wine,
While at total-abstainers' cant laughing:
We don't think Old Rowley *divine;*
Feel no rapturous love for his "Misses":
(*In this Moral-Age voted* fie-fie!—
It will soon give up scandal and kisses,
And of Pepys and De Grammont fight shy).

While we can, let us prize **Bagford Ballads**;
Till we all become goody and dull;
On a diet of cold-tea and sallads,
Or "Three Hours' Discourse with a Scull."
When you're weary of endless debating,
Convocation, School-Board, Spelling-Bee,
The new Novels, and Beadledom prating,
Please return to

J. W. E.

Yule-Tide, 1877.



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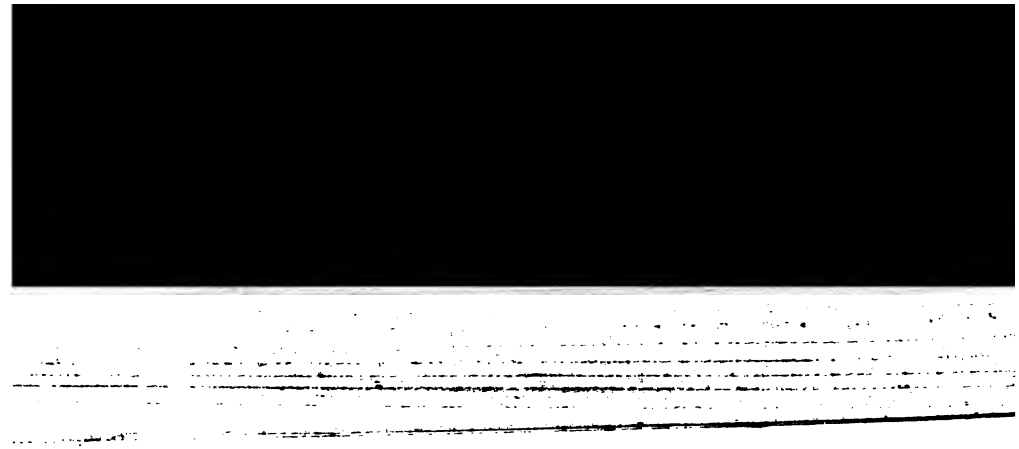

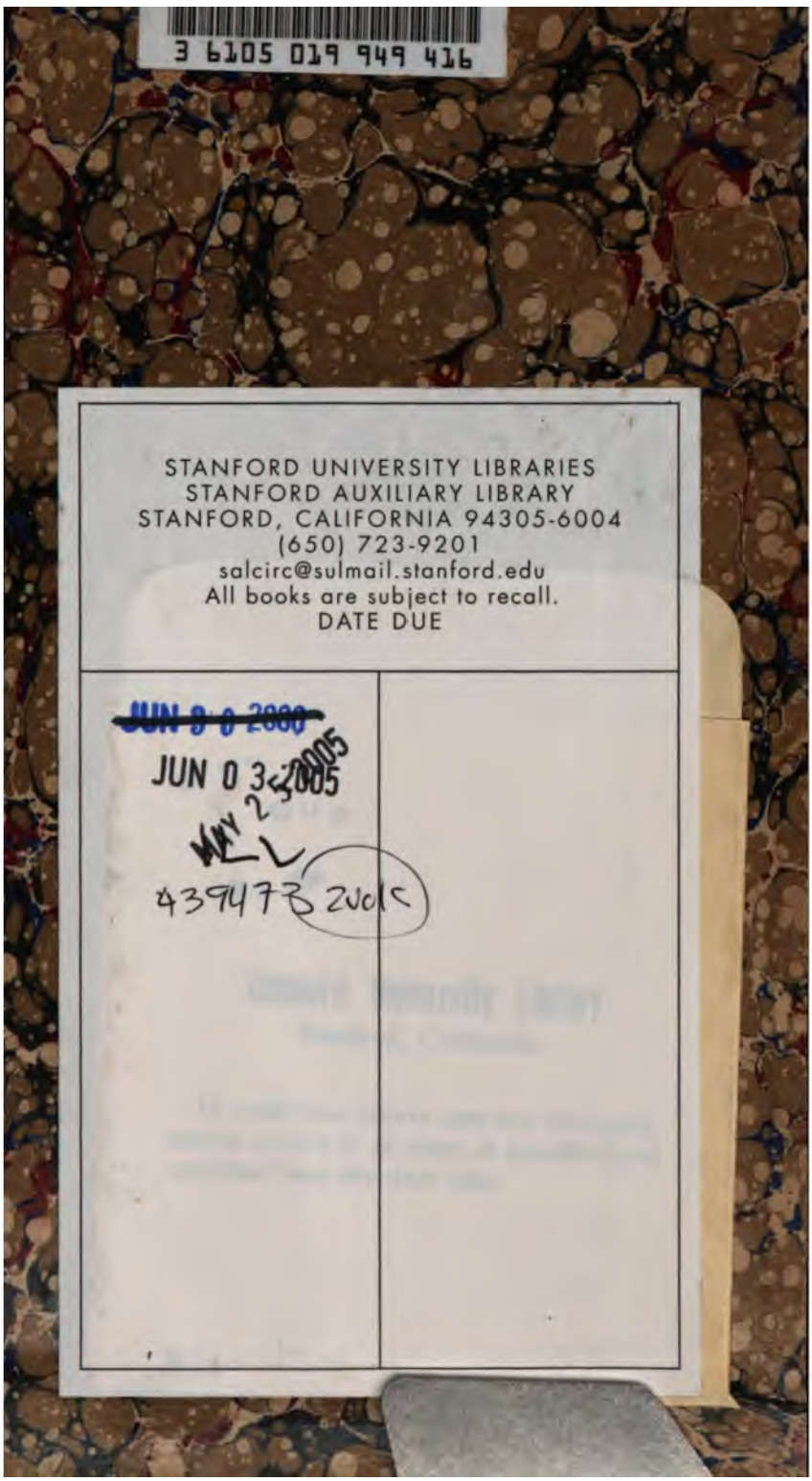
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